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Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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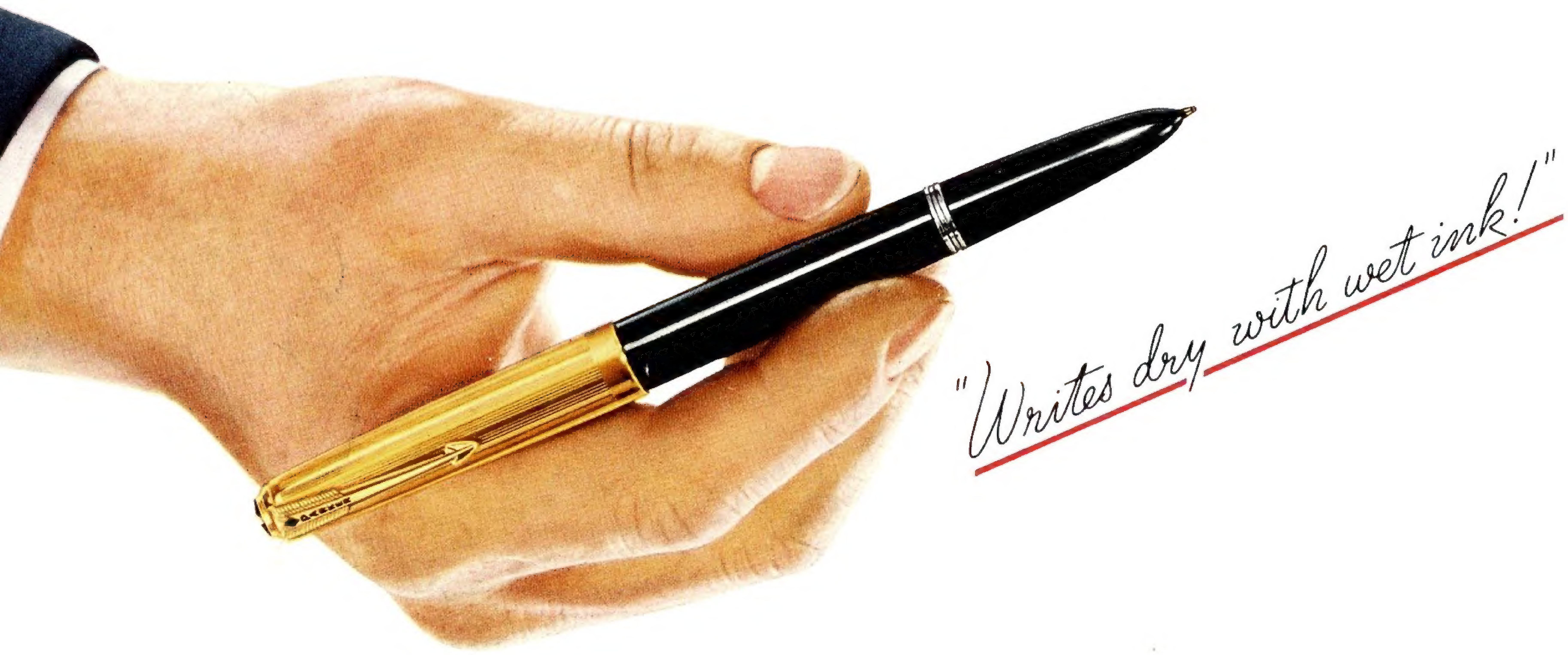
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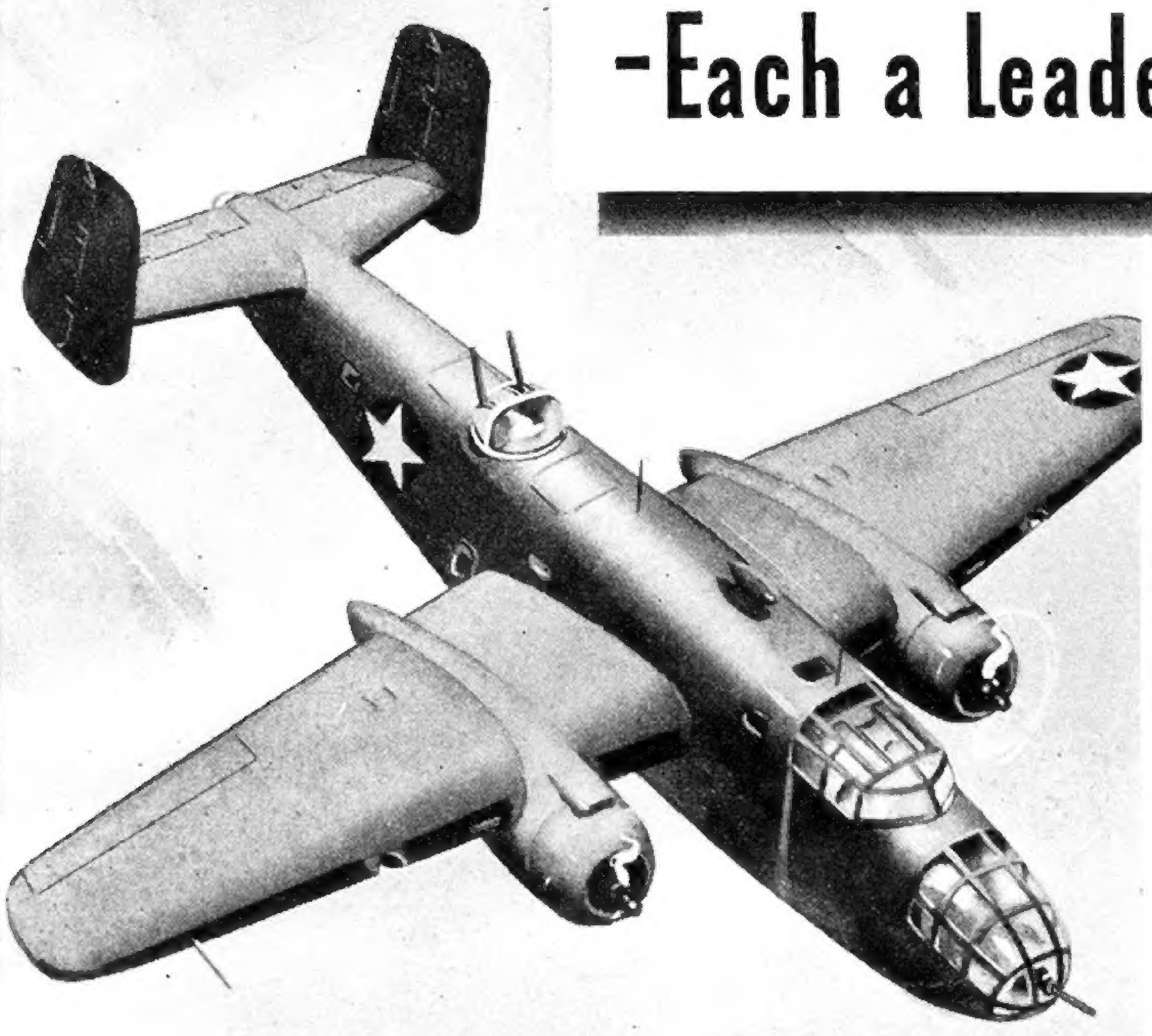

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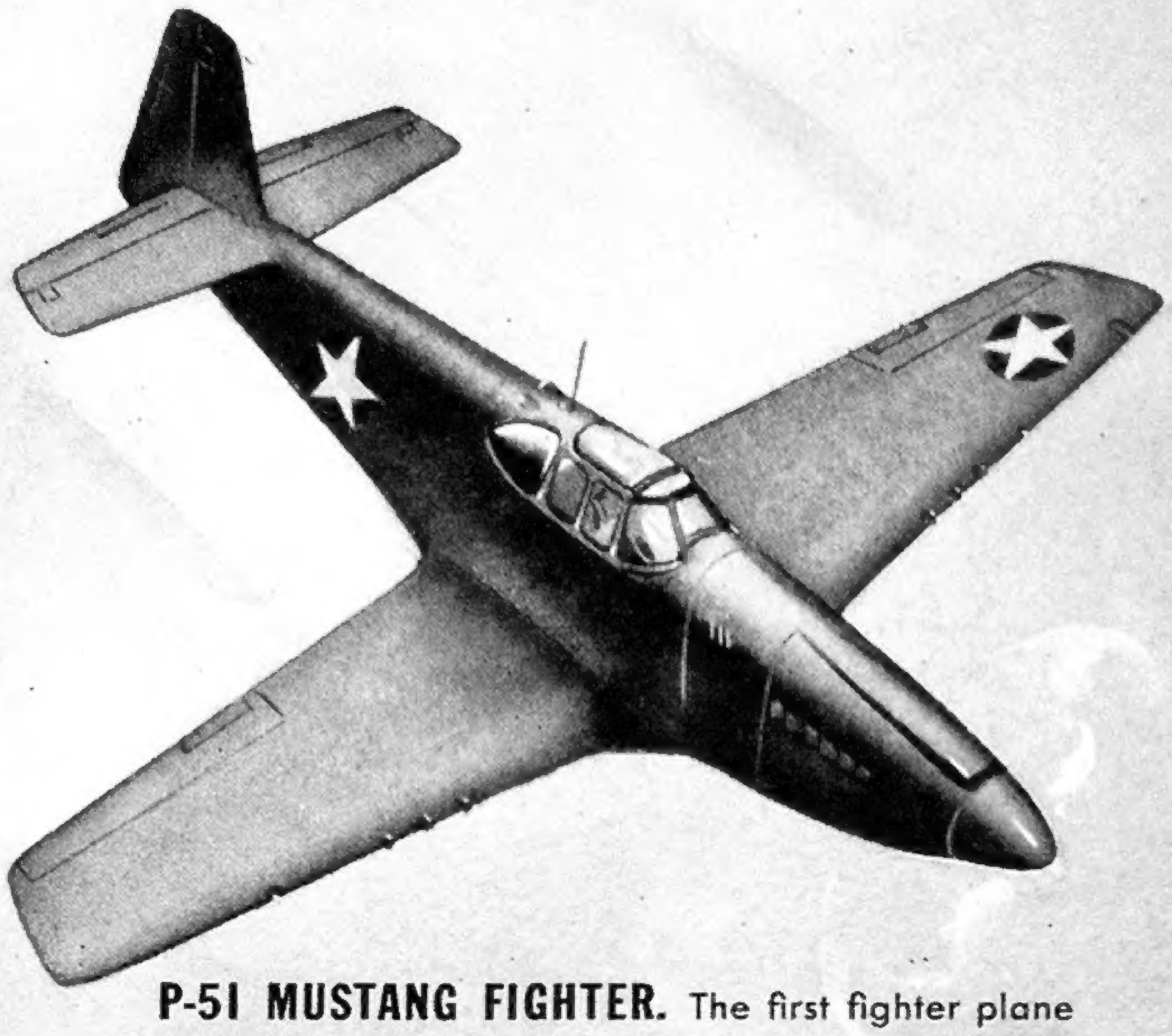

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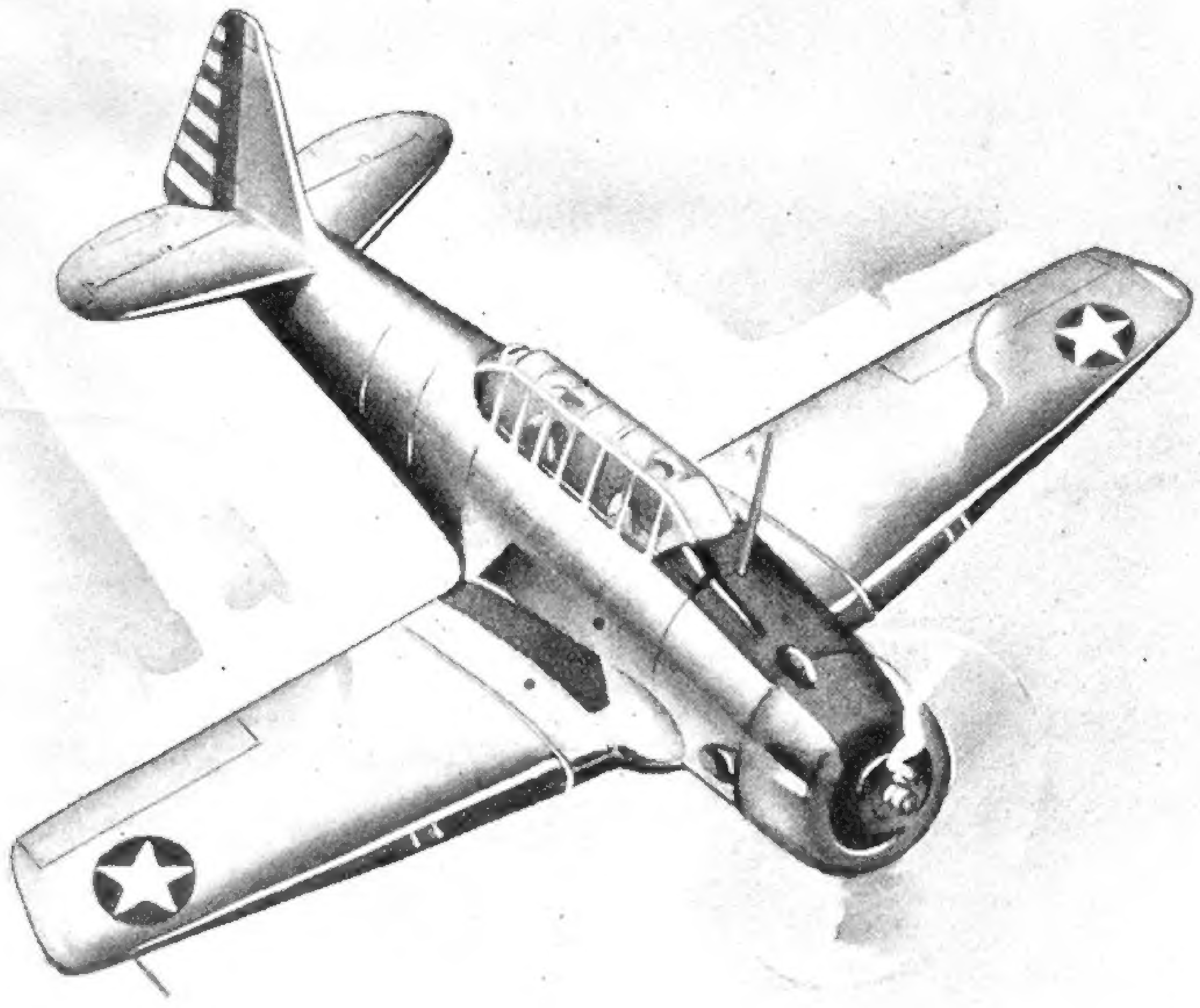

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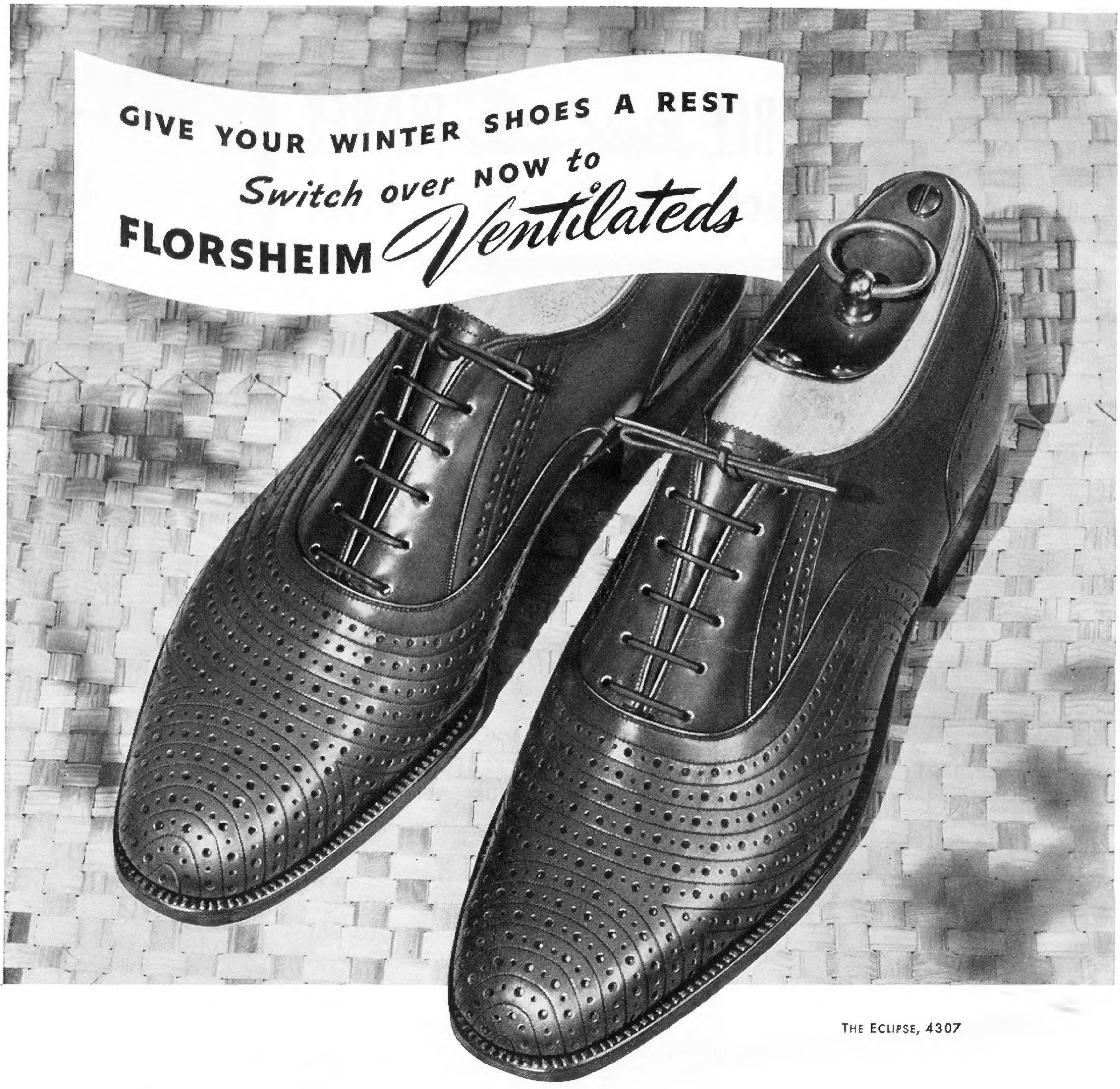
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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publisher: David A. Smart
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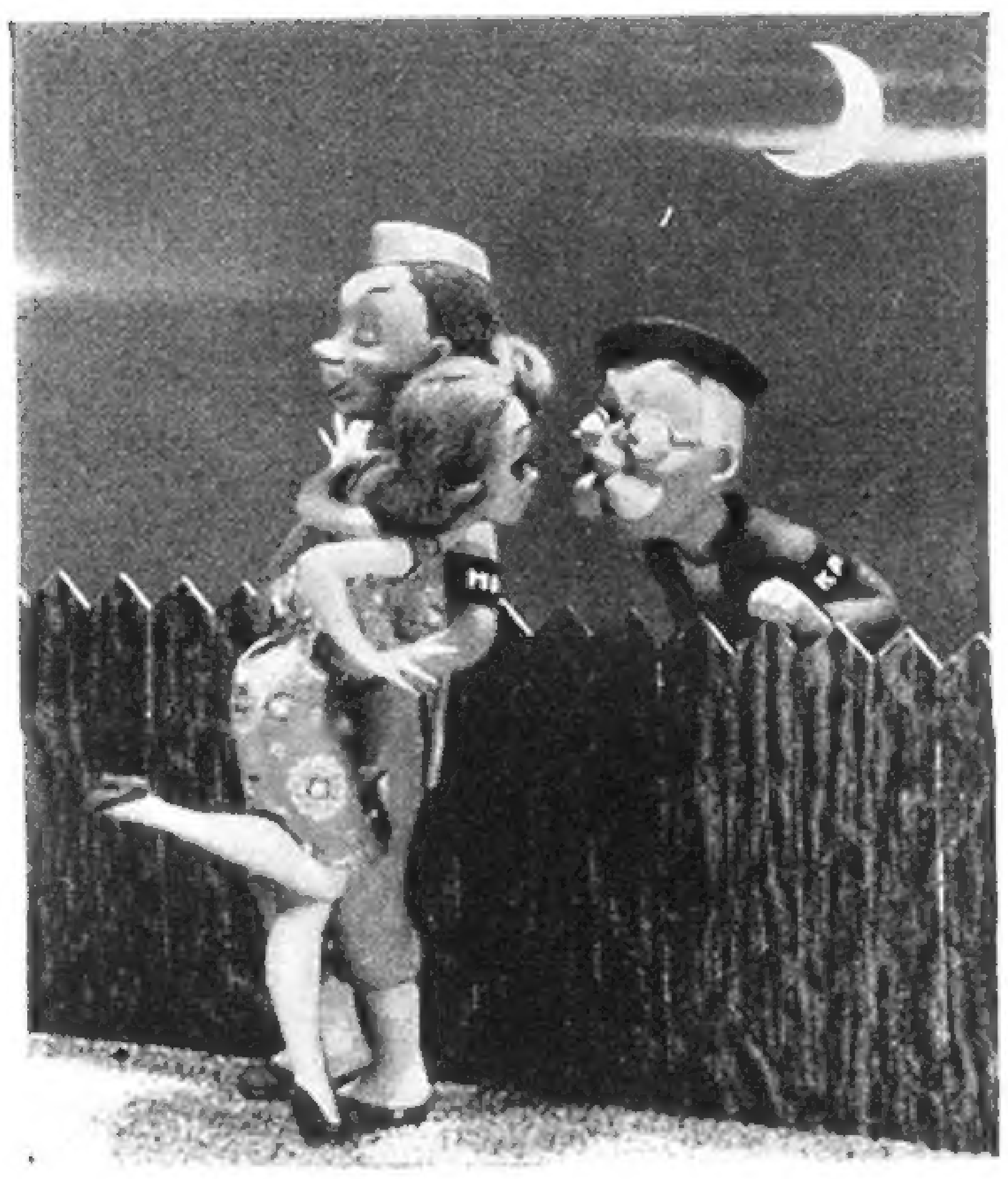

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ESQUIRE
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Whole No. 114

T.M.REG.

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EDITORIAL: As events overtake the predictions of airpower's original prophet

This is written to the blare of a radio giving out the amazing details of what must surely be history's most one-sided battle, the Battle of the Bismarck Sea, where the Japs lost more ships than our side lost men. This engagement, between land-based aircraft and fighter-accompanied ships, is the most complete and conclusive victory achieved to date by "pure air power." It has even overshadowed, for the moment, the news of the bombing of Berlin in the present air-offensive over Germany. And that, too, has begun to take on an increasingly close resemblance to the shape of things to come as outlined in these pages, not so many months back, in our digest of William B. Ziff's *The Coming Battle of Germany*.

As for the Battle of the Bismarck Sea, which MacArthur credits to a "merciful Providence," it suggests a revision of the dictum about God's favoring the side with the strongest artillery, to make it read "air superiority." If the actual, factual details of such a battle had been written, not in an official communique after the event, but in a prediction beforehand, it would have been hooted at, and its author jeered as a fanatical extremist. But apparently the only thing that is more extreme than air power's advocates is air power itself. It is to be wondered whether even Billy Mitchell could have believed, or claimed, beforehand, that planes alone could completely wipe out an entire force of twenty-two ships and fifteen thousand men, with a negligible loss to the attacking air force. To look for a prescience of air power's potentialities extreme enough to envision such a fantastically lopsided event as the Battle of the Bismarck Sea would take us clear back to Douhet, the first and most extreme extremist of them all.

To go back to Douhet isn't such a bad idea, at that. He's the man to read, this year. Up until now he's simply been the classic that everybody cited but nobody read. The citations were usually derogatory, too. Somehow the idea got around that Douhet was a crackpot who said that this war would be fought and won by the Germans in the first forty-eight hours. The minute the forty-eighth hour passed without a decision, everybody dismissed Douhet as a discredited prophet. Nothing could be more cockeyed. Such a Sunday-supplement distortion of Douhet's theories was completely unfair. What Douhet did foresee was that an independent air force would, unless met by another independent air force, determine a decision within forty-eight hours. He didn't say that all fighting would be over after forty-eight hours, but that the decision would be determined so that the fighting could inevitably go only one way after that. And that is precisely what happened in Poland in 1939, and everywhere else in the one-by-one program of Nazi conquests, until the *Luftwaffe* met the RAF, and what happened then is precisely what Douhet said would happen.

Those who were led back to Billy Mitchell's writings, after reading Seversky and Ziff, were surprised to find that the latters' basic arguments of 1942 were still the same arguments that Billy Mitchell had advanced in 1930. The same surprise is now in store for them when they go back to Douhet. They will discover that there is little in the credo of "pure air power" today that was not advanced by Douhet as far back as 1921, and much of it even earlier than that.

Here, for instance, is a passage from Douhet: "From now on, it is necessary to become accustomed to the idea of aerial warfare. All aerial forces must be organized on a concept similar to that now governing armies and navies, with aerial warfare in view—warplanes must be essentially capable of fighting in the air and not merely of carrying out special missions like observation, liaison duty, etc.... and the Army and Navy must not look upon airplanes as auxiliaries capable of being of some use in certain circumstances only, but rather must see in airplanes the birth of a third brother, younger but no less important, in the great fighting family."

Douhet wrote that just six years after the Wright Brothers first precariously fluttered off the ground at Kitty Hawk, and one year before Bleriot in his monoplane first hopped across the English Channel, in other words, in 1909, thirty-four years ago!

One good reason why Douhet has not been widely read over here is that until this year a complete and unabridged English translation of his writings was not available. An excellent one has just recently been published by Coward-McCann, in a translation by Dino Ferrari, under the title of *The Command of the Air*.

Douhet foresaw, as far back as 1920, the inevitability of a "shadow air force" in Germany, a secretly prepared *Luftwaffe* under the cover of a civil aviation program. He foresaw the development and the function of the battleplane, the "self-escorted fighting bomber" such as our Flying Fortresses and Liberators. It is only this year that Douhet's vision in this direction has been confirmed in actuality. Read Douhet's *The Command of the Air*, in its four parts written in 1909, 1921, 1926 and 1930, and you will catch up to the latest developments of aerial warfare. You will also read a few that are still ahead of reality. Whether they still will be by the war's end is anybody's guess.

Our own guess as to the time of the war's end still stubbornly stands, unchanged by any of the recent events. We didn't feel inclined to shove it back a year when the Battle of Tunisia momentarily backfired, nor to move it up to midsummer after hearing about the bombing of Berlin or the Battle of the Bismarck Sea. We still think the Germans will fold up on or about November fifteenth. Of course, we've been thinking so for a long time. But we still think so, and our hunch is based simply on two things. First, that the extent of our war-effort is on a scale that would fit a five year war. If it weren't, then the war would undoubtedly drag on for five years. Second, it will take the German military mind only until the end of the year to realize that the war has reached the point of being a "mathematical certainty." Such a realization would not affect the illogical British or Russian military mind. It will affect the German one, as it did the French in 1940, and as it did the German in 1918. The Germans, as Hitler himself has said, are not "military idiots," and they would have to be, to go on fighting past next November.

By no means the least of the factors that should help to make up the German military mind by that time, it seems to us, will be the command of the air. For that's the sword that Hitler first picked up and used on all Europe with apparent impunity. But the fate of him who lives by the sword was determined long ago, when the Bible was written. ⌗

A Note on the Paper Used in Some of this Issue's Pages

As announced in this space last month, with this issue we begin using lighter paper on many of the pages of this magazine. In some forms the difference is hardly noticeable, while in others it is immediately apparent. The ACBD stock (so named after the Anthologies, Bibles, Concordances and Dictionaries for which this weight of paper is most commonly used) will be employed to an increasing degree as present paper inventories are used up. From the standpoints of printability and durability it is superior to the paper we used for corresponding pages in our 1942 issues. However, its greatest virtue is that it enables us to continue to meet the increased demand for copies of Esquire in the armed forces, both in camps at home and overseas, and still observe the decreased tonnage requirements imposed by the necessary paper-curtailment program. Since nobody but Hitler can be blamed for the latter, we trust that you will appreciate the fact that it is only by dint of using lighter stock that this copy of this issue of Esquire could have come into existence at all, for otherwise the prevailing tonnage allotment would not have provided anywhere near enough copies to go all the way around.

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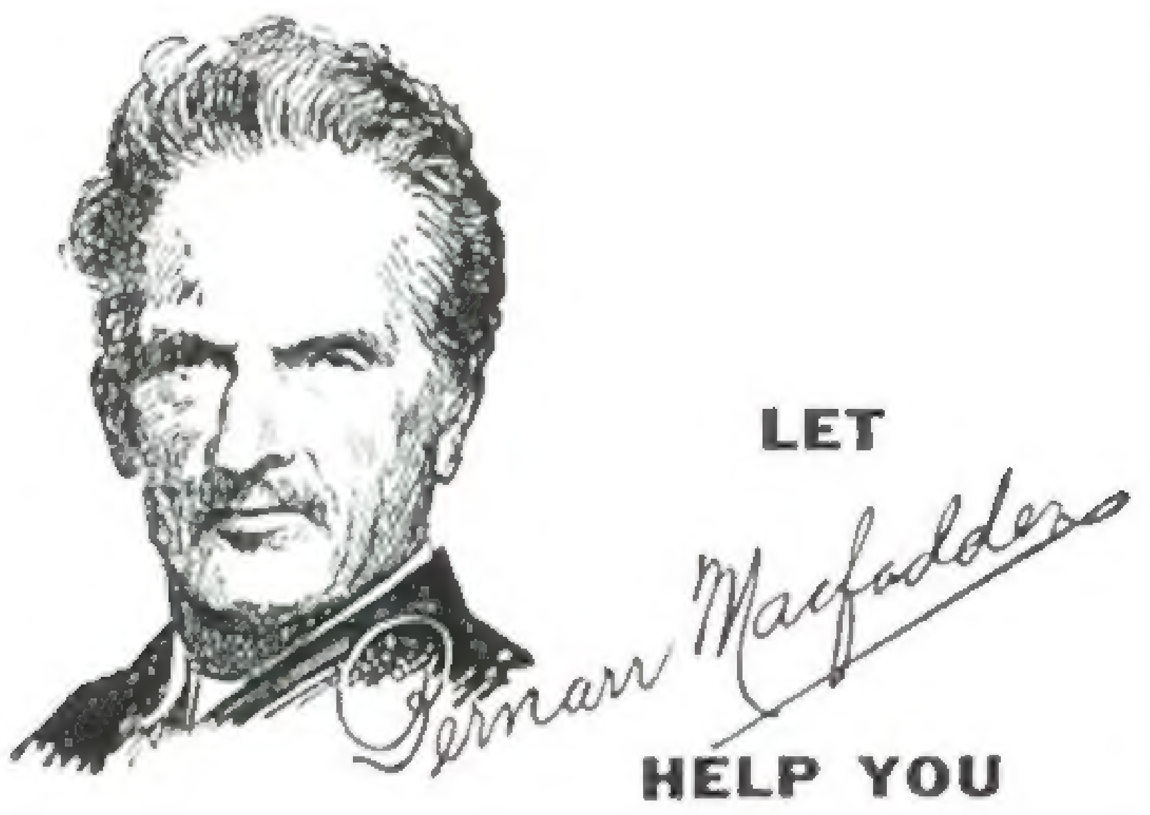

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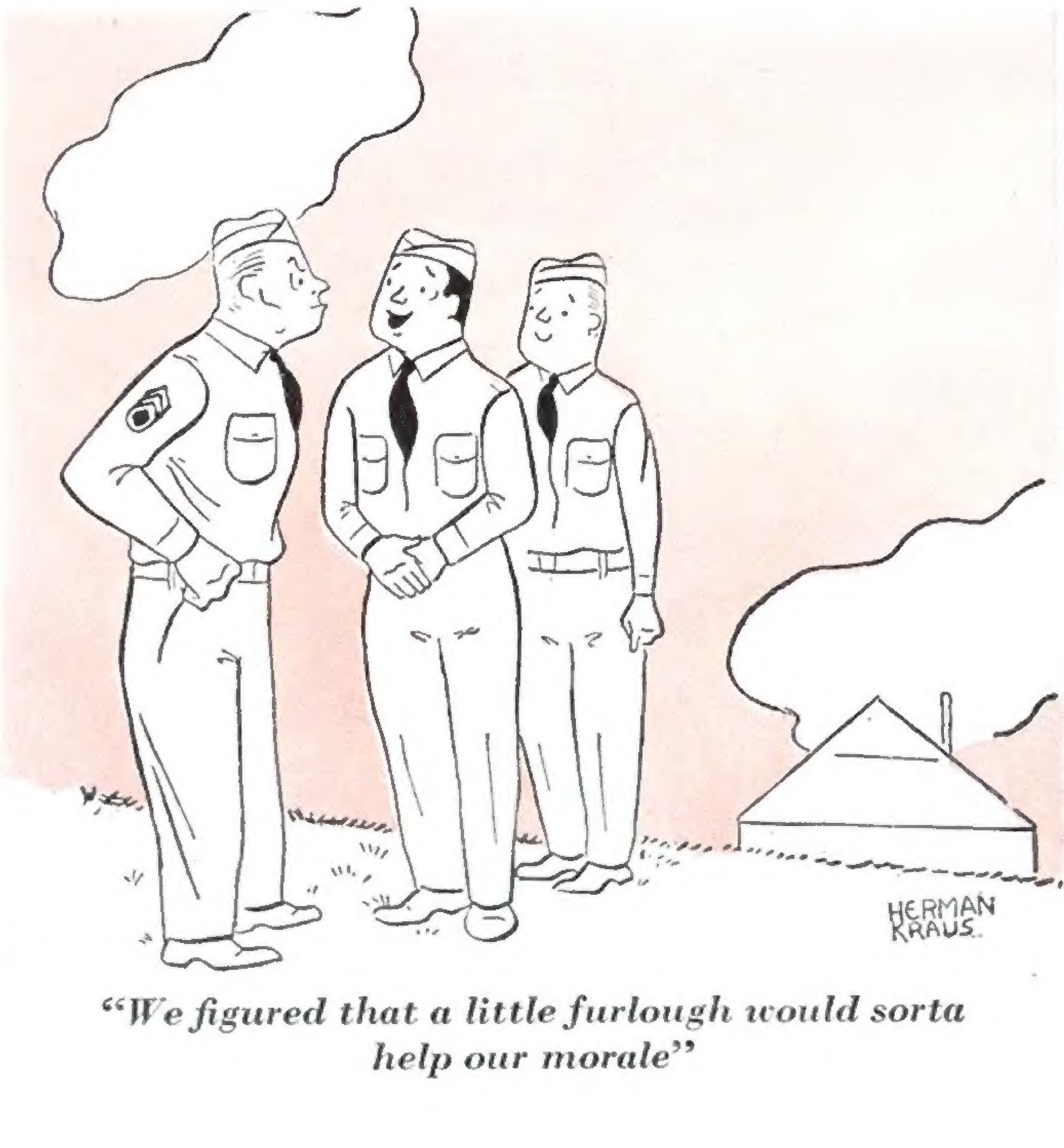
"MARTINIS GO ROUND AND ROUND . . . and come out here"! 1943 drinks are going to be scientifically mixed, and with a minimum of effort, via a circular routine, instead of the old fashioned up and down agitation. The new glass cocktail shaker, yclept a "mixarium" and designed by a chemist, looks like a goldfish bowl with an opening slightly off center. To mix, you take an underhand grip and swirl contents counterclockwise. Then for pouring, you change your grip and the handle becomes a pourer and strainer. Mixarium holds a full quart of liquid, and due to angle of design, spills not a drop while in motion.

AIR COMBAT TRAINER . . . an instructive game, sponsored by the National Aeronautic Association, to tie up with the Air Youth Program adopted by schools nationally. Game is played like the final course in an advanced army air combat problem. The 32 planes used in the game's battle maneuvers, are exact cutout miniatures of our best fighters. In addition, 6 U. S. and 10 Nazi-Jap planes are used for identification training. Object of the game is for attackers to score 7 bomb hits on ground objectives before being driven from combat area by Defenders. Another game, Ranger Commandos, is inspired by commando raids. The board represents the English and French invasion coasts, the playing pieces are wooden barges which attempt to move in and capture strategic enemy spots.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



"We figured that a little furlough would sorta help our morale"

COSMETIC BRACELET

Complete with Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, 3 Puffs and 2 Mirrors cleverly hidden within the bracelet. A turn of the gold-decorated band transforms this unique bracelet into a complete make-up kit. Ultra-smart! $2.20 Postpaid complete with 9 extra refills. . . . . (Tax included) Exclusive with the

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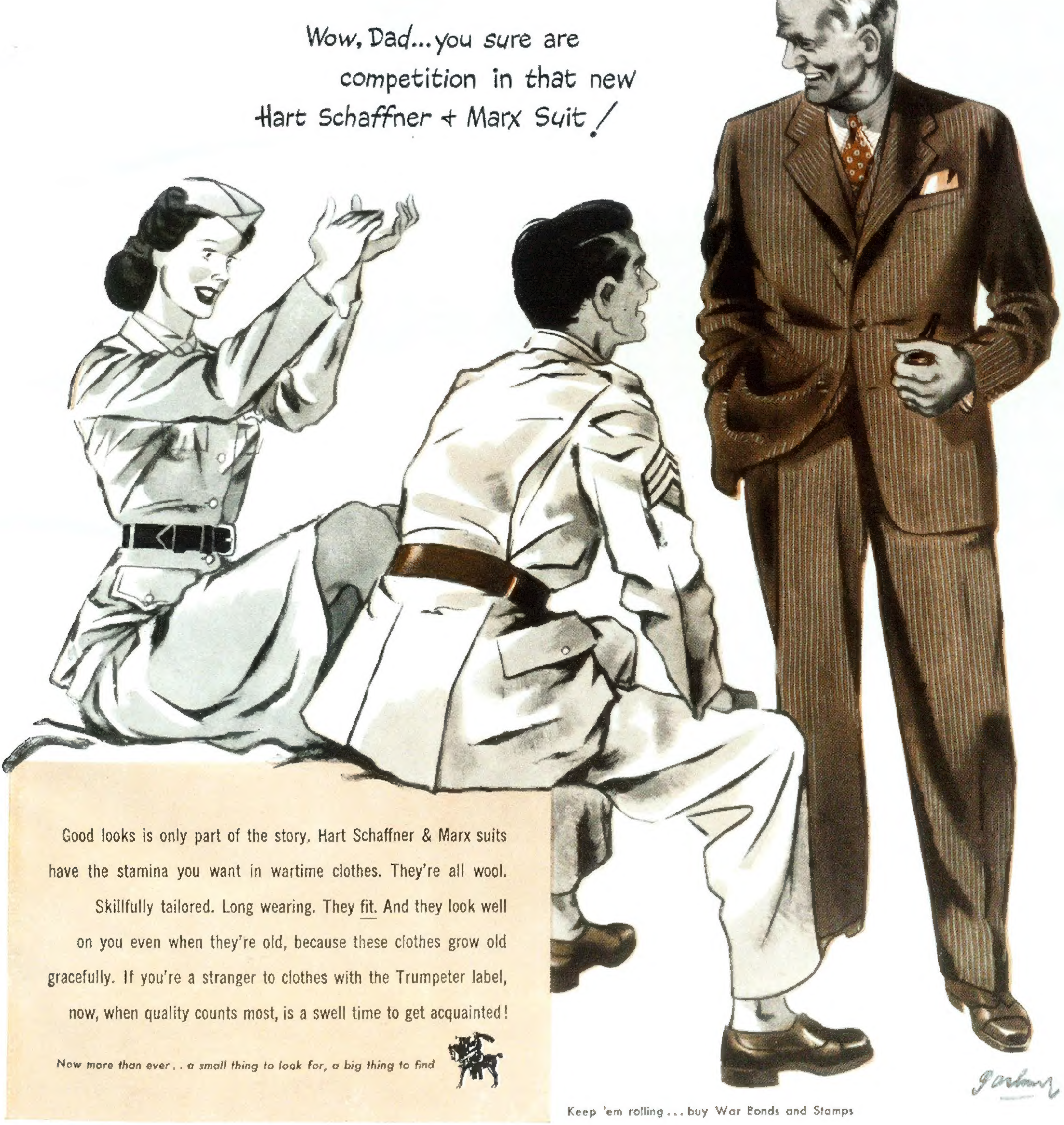
WHEN YOU MUST BUY LESS • *INVEST* IN THE BEST

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX


Wow, Dad...you sure are competition in that new Hart Schaffner + Marx Suit!

Good looks is only part of the story. Hart Schaffner & Marx suits have the stamina you want in wartime clothes. They're all wool. Skillfully tailored. Long wearing. They fit. And they look well on you even when they're old, because these clothes grow old gracefully. If you're a stranger to clothes with the Trumpeter label, now, when quality counts most, is a swell time to get acquainted!

Now more than ever . . a small thing to look for, a big thing to find

Keep 'em rolling . . . buy War Bonds and Stamps

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

ADD EVIDENCES OF ESQ'S UBIQUITY

Can't tell you how swell your magazine is, especially over here where there are only six pages in a Sunday newspaper. There is only one wish I have, and that is that you would send a roll of barbed wire along with my copy to keep the boys away until I at least have a chance to look at the pictures. I've seen your magazine everywhere, on transports, in bombers, in all recreation rooms, and I have yet to see one that hasn't been used so much that it was dog eared and falling apart.

The only real suggestion I have is the more cartoons, the better. A little good American humor goes a long way toward lifting that feeling of lonesomeness we all feel at times.

I remain,
Lt. Donald L. Smith
London Base Command

A SERGEANT ON WAR STORIES

In the March publication of Esquire, there was the story of the Navy's *Nevada* by Lt. J. K. Taussig, Jr., USN. It was a story of facts, not fiction. That is what we like and appreciate. These war stories that have appeared from time to time are all right but, for our part, leave the glorifications out. There is no glory to war and there will never be. Place what glory that is in warfare next to the reader's eye, when it is factual, not fictional.

Sincerely yours,
Fort Knox, Ky. Sgt. Rana

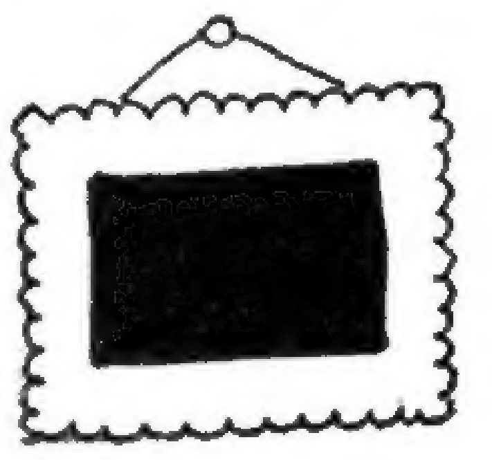
ON THE EXPLOITATION OF ESKY'S EXPLOITS

So far as I am concerned, the "Exploits of Esky" can be classed as very non-essential industry, if it is industry; a bad waste of four full, high-yaller pages. You are exploiting the customers, not Esky.

Yours very sincerely,
Toronto 2, Canada J. F. McGarry

LAST WORD ON "BLACK & WHITE"

I read the story in the November issue of the little Negro boy. My reaction was not for an instant that you were insulting the Negro but rather I experienced a feeling of a deep sadness or hurt over a condition, seemingly undefeatable and terrible, that exists between the Negro and poor whites. Frankly, I think the reaction to your November story may not have been so violent because of the use of the word "nigger," but also of the story itself and the vivid picture it brought home. Some people need to have this picture painted for them—it helps them realize. But can you see, perhaps, how unnecesary it is to the Negro reader and what would possibly be their reaction? Similarly, the book and play "Native Son" and many other works by well wishers were surprisingly enough criticized by the very people they tried to help. Such stories, such articles, such pictures must be brought to the public, I am afraid, if anything is to be done for that terrible wound race prejudice has and is inflicting. But are you able to in some measure understand that while others are being made aware of this wound, the wounded are suffering and oft times are reluctant to show their hurt?



I hope this has given you a little light, and I further hope that you will receive as many letters appreciating your apology as demanding one. It reminded me of the old saying, "never explain—your friends understand and your enemies won't believe you." Although the violent reactions were both surprising, and their reasons hazy, you understood.

Sincerely yours,
Mildred F. Mitchell
Washington, D.C.

IN SEARCH OF A JAN. '35 ESKY

And as an old subscriber (and I mean old as I have every issue including the original), I am asking a favor. Do you have a copy of the January, 1935 issue for sale? It was loaned out, never to be returned, and now keeps my set from being complete. If it is not available thru your office could I run the following note in the *Sound & Fury* or wherever else proper?

Lost, Strayed or Stolen "Esquire"

Do you have a little January, 1935 issue in your home? If so, please communicate with me. My best pal borrowed mine and it now keeps my set of good old Eskies from being complete. Name your price, and if it is within the realms of possibility, a pretty good check will be in the return mail.

Yours for bigger and better Eskies,
Hillcrest Village
Hillcrest Housing Corp.
540 Glenmoor Road
East Lansing, Mich. Tom Collins

LAST WORD ON LANG VS. LOOSLI

By this time the Loosli-Lang argument is beginning to be somewhat absurd. Fritz Loosli must smile at the stir his articles have caused, for to him it means another misguided soul on his little packed slope, eager for the ski instructions in rapid, easy doses. Loosli must have realized too that Otto Lang can hardly retaliate with another article deriding the parallel technique without appearing the fool.

And ski-wise Otto is no fool; the Arlberg technique he defends was conceived through a long period of trial and error by many, many skiers. This is not true of the Loosli scheme which offers a supposedly cheap shortcut toward mastery of the hickories. A new, radical method of doing most anything attracts attention for awhile. Every season brings another amazing system of ski instruction to the hill by a would-be "Hans" out for a name and the monetary business connected with it.

Those impatient first season snow bunnies who long for ten easy lessons in how to be a downhill champ ought to at least think about the rest of us. I hope that by the time Loosli has switched to a better money maker—perhaps teaching mastery of the piano in five easy lessons—there aren't still any of his sucker-victims on the hill, endangering the lives of the rest of us.

Sincerely,
Cpl. Frank H. Campbell
Smyrna, Tenn.

ASIDE TO WM. LYON PHELPS

March is also known as:
1—the hirsute month—March Hare.
2—the nationalistic month—March Slav.
3—the traveling month—March thru Georgia (by Sherman).

Yours,
(Norman) N. Greenspan (Pfc)
Madison, Wis.

LAST WORD ON LIEUT. LATHAM

The following little news item on your favorite Lieutenant really should rate space in *The Sound and the Fury.*

Fan Club

If each of you girls who are writing to Lieutenant Albert J. Latham, renowned in *The Sound and the Fury* and elsewhere, will send your name and address to us, we will in turn forward to you almost at once the Club Button bearing the Lieut's likeness on one side and something equally silly on the other; a diploma personally signed by A. J. certifying that you have entered the charmed and charming circle; and you will also receive a copy of the loquacious Latham's monthly epistle to the Club Founder. You need only to be free, white, twenty-one, and a subscriber to Esquire.

Cordially yours,
Elizabeth Knight,
St. Louis, Mo. Founder and Flounder

WHEREIN BEEP RAISES A PEEP

In this, my first letter to *The Sound and the Fury,* I would beg to remind you that there is a great deal of sorrow and heartbreak in the world today. We, here in the wilds of APO 868, feel that there is enough depression in this veil of tears without the horror of "Ad Libbing With Esquire." Would the members of the staff who are responsible for this literary tragedy be kind enough to devote their time to some more constructive war effort? Excluding "Ad Libbing," Esquire is the most welcome magazine in all our jungle home. Let's have more of everything but . . . I can't even say it.

And down here it's two shillings & six pence. Phooey!

Overseas. Lt. G. W. Kelley

OVERSEAS REPORT ON THE VARGA GIRL

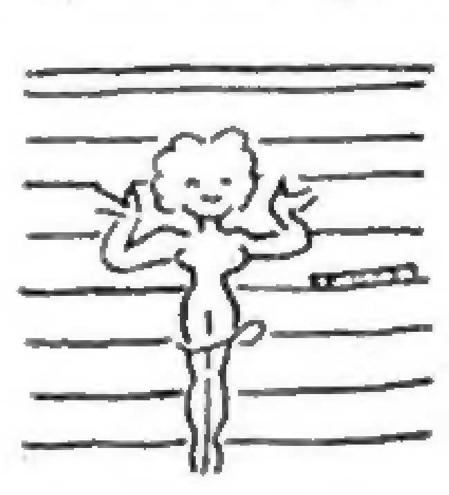
Let me aver that each Esquire is regarded as a precious gem. But uncut gems—issues with Varga pages intact—are extinct. Hurrell and Varga art rate AA1 as wall and locker adornment.

Yours for Victory,
Overseas. Eugene Brinkman

AFTERMATH OF A FAIR OFFER

Further in re my offer of old Esquires, as printed in S. & F. for March, I hereby declare that my library, *once* so plentifully stocked with Esquire magazines (before the March '43 issue) is now quite as bare as the butcher shops here are of steaks. Ah me . . . But that is getting off the track.

I have been swamped, in fact quite overwhelmed by the myriads of requests for them (not the steaks) and I have put in overtime trying to reply to most of these personally, not to mention the blondes in N. Y. getting the magazines out. I *am* sorry to say that we cannot possibly take care of all the requests. One thing is very evident, the U. S. Army certainly does go for Esquire *and* in a BIG way! So—even though I've an acute case of writer's cramp, a very empty pig bank, and perhaps a few—uh—friends at the P.O., I say more and more power to Esquire. My case history is proof enough for any magazine. Certainly the boys in service know a good thing when they see it and thus deserve none but the best.



It will take me another five or ten years, between the two brothers, before I can again stock a library with as much humor and intrigue, so really now my only regret is, that I haven't *another* copy of Esquire to give to my country.

Sincerely,
C. Cactus Peters
alias Helen Villon
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

CHINESE DON'T PROTEST

The Negro plaintiff has had his say through *The Sound and Fury* column in his protest against the Esquire Magazine for publishing a story which, according to his opinion, carried some insulting remarks against the Negro race. The defendent editor has made his categorical defense in a full-page editorial in the current issue of the Esquire. It appears much has been said on this subject. But, much more remains to be said.

Since the Esquire magazine is published in a democratic country, where its readers are likely to be people of many races, colors, creeds, etc., the non-Negro reader has as much right to voice his opinion on this subject.

華人忠厚

That any one with a sense of decency and honor will not tolerate any insult is wholly logical and natural. However, to misinterpret an unpleasant remark in a fiction as an insult as to lodge a vigorous protest threatening subscription-cancellation, is either a matter of sheer ignorance or, to borrow an expression from the famous Austrian physician and neurologist, Sigmund Freud, "inferiority complex."

No race in this world has been more insulted and humiliated than the Chinese. It is no less pleasant to a Chinese to be called a "Chinaman" than for a Negro to be called a "Nigger." Chinese don't protest when "Chinaman" is used on the screen, in the newspaper, on the air, or at conversation. They know that they, too, have unpleasant names for other races in the world. Name-calling is nothing but humor, which, in turn, is one of the most important parts of the democratic way of life. After all, rose still smells rose even if you call it onion. Onion still smells onion even if you call it gardenia.

The dignity and honor of a people is determined by deeds and acts and not measured by name-calling or some unpleasant remarks.

No matter how people like to make fun of the Chinese people with all kinds of insulting remarks, the Chinese people command as much respect as any other great race in this world.

In the face of unpleasant remarks, the Chinese either answer with equally unpleasant remarks, or remain silent. They never protest.

Very sincerely yours,
Chicago, Ill. D. J. Lee

HOT GUITARIST, QUICK OR DEAD

When I was in Great Britain a few months ago, it was reported and confirmed by many British jazz critics that Django Reinhardt was alive and actually broadcasting from a French radio station. I wish the distinguished Dr. Robert Goffin would confirm his statement that Reinhardt is dead and clear up this confusion.

Yours sincerely,
Bruce R. Tough, RAF.
Western Ontario, Canada.

Why the four real roses in the cocktail shaker?
To emphasize that Four Roses in your Manhattans
makes the finest cocktails you ever tasted!

How to make the world's finest Manhattan: Take one part Italian type vermouth and two parts Four Roses Whiskey. Add dash of Angostura Bitters. Stir well with cracked ice (don't shake), strain, and serve with cherry.

* * *

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies —90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

"This is a fine time to take a smoke, Tom!"

"It's COUNTRY DOCTOR PIPE MIXTURE."

"OH! THAT'S DIFFERENT!"

Yes, Country Doctor IS DIFFERENT, soothingly cool, satisfyingly mild-mannered with not a bit of bite or burn. Years of careful testing and blending of eight of the world's finest tobaccos produced superbly fine Country Doctor Pipe Mixture.

COSTS ONLY A PENNY A PIPEFUL

Country Doctor *Pipe Mixture*

25¢
A PRODUCT OF PHILIP MORRIS

For particular Pipe Smokers

If your dealer doesn't have it, write Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., 119 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

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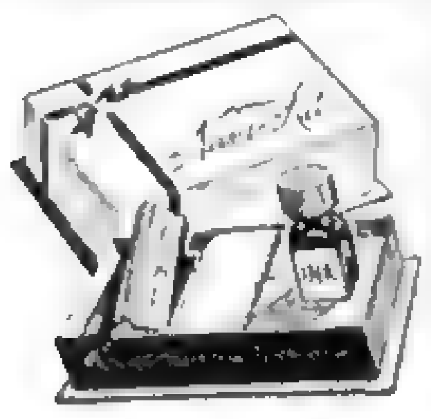
STAMP YOUR NAME ON EVERYTHING



Name-Kit enables you to mark your name permanently on personal apparel and on all sorts of objects. Ideal for the soldier or sailor. Black indelible ink, pad, and your name in script or block letters (enough for 1000 stampings). *Only* **$1.00** *postpaid.*

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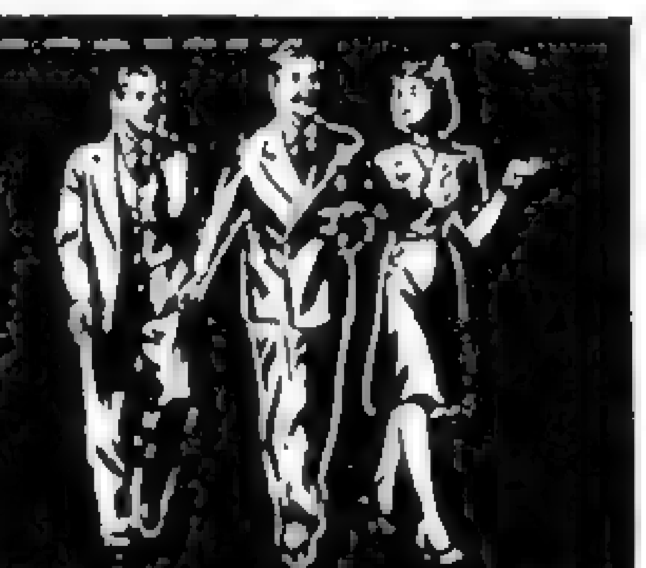

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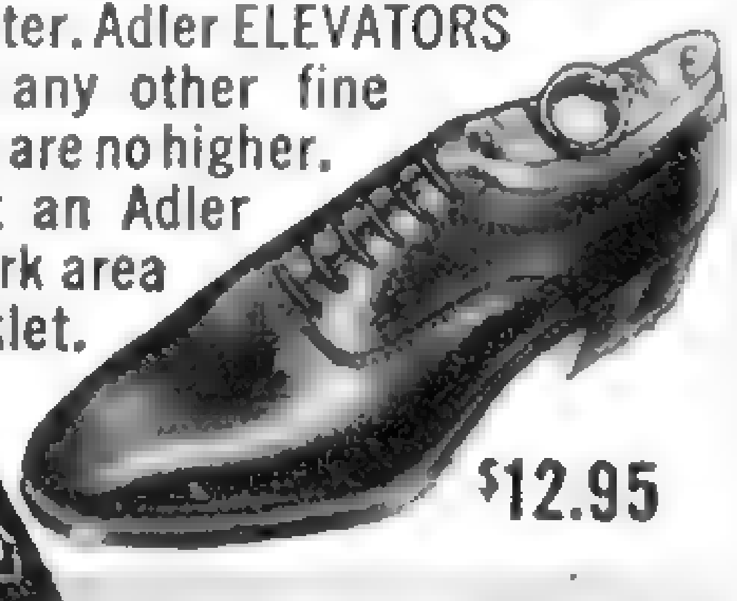
FREE BOOKLET

IN FULL COLOR—it explains how

Adler ELEVATOR Shoes

Make you **TALLER** Than "SHE" Is

It's a grand and glorious feeling when you wear your first pair of Adler ELEVATORS. You're almost **2 INCHES TALLER.** You have that "head-in-the-clouds" buoyancy which tall men take for granted. You walk better, look better, FEEL better. Adler ELEVATORS look just like any other fine shoes; the heels are no higher. Select yours at an Adler Store in New York area or write for Booklet.



$12.95

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ADLER SHOES for MEN

Dept. 5-43, 122 E. 42 St. N. Y.

Gentlemen: I am interested in BEING TALLER. Please send me your Booklet in Full Color.

NAME..................................
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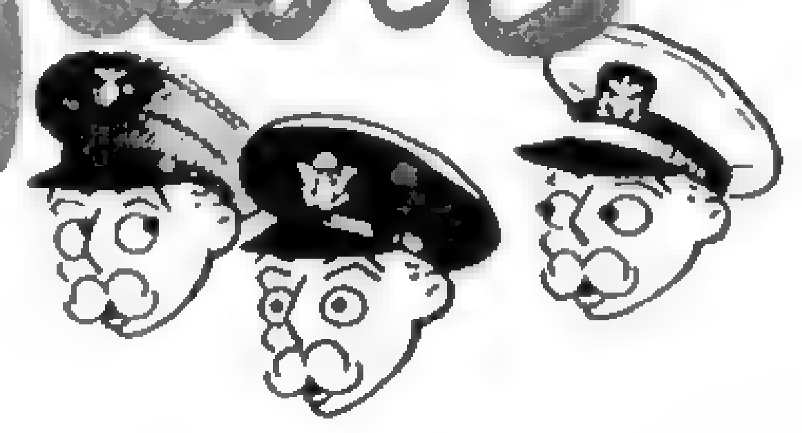
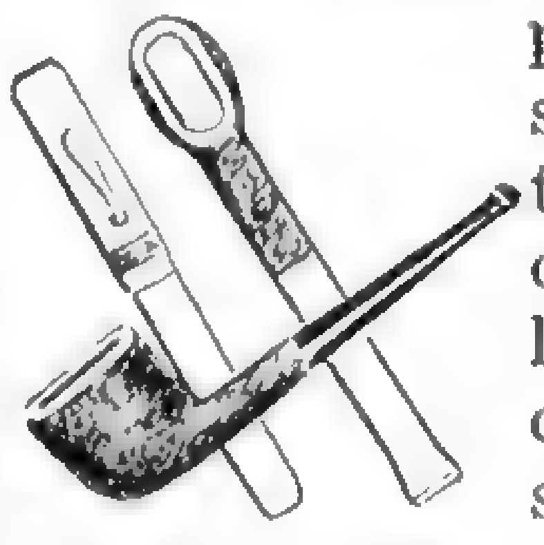
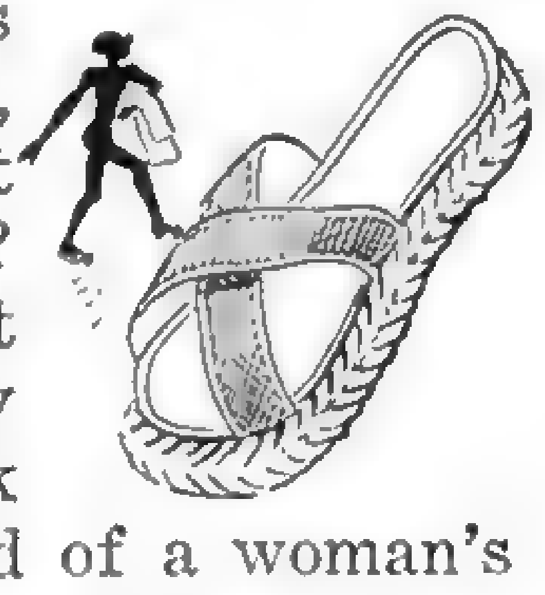
Talking Shop with Esquire



STRICTLY NON — G. I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.



POKIT PIPE. This handy Briar stowaway takes no more depth in your pocket than a fountain pen. Holds the same amount of tobacco as an ordinary pipe, yet lies so flat you can carry it in your shirt pocket where it will escape any gimlet-eyed Top Kick. Gives an unusually dry smoke due to the flat shape of the bowl and the large floor. Easy to clean, too, when you run a pipe cleaner through the stem it "mops up" the floor of the pipe. Lightweight, and easy on the mouth.



MALE BAG. Requests from you fellows have been pouring in. Sgt. Kelly from Fort Lee writes: "Shower shoes are a necessity, can you suggest some good ones? We can only get them with flimsy laces that look like the back end of a woman's corset". OK, Sarge. Best shoes we've seen are wooden clax, well carved to fit the foot and held on with a durable canvas strap. Also popular are khaki or navy waterproofed sandals with non-skid rope and rubber soles.

"CABBAGE" LOCKET. New type of money pocket hangs around your neck under your shirt. Compact, but roomy enough to hold plenty of foldin' money, coins, jewelry and keepsakes. Strong slide fastener and water-repellent fabric. Another new money belt can even be worn under the shower because of its special water-coated material. Equipped with 3 big pockets, snap fastened. And speaking of showers. Before you get all dogged up for a date with some neat job, lave the body with your own shower bar, aroma-ed in refreshing pine or sandalwood. Designed with a patented non-skid grip as easy to hang onto as a femme's waistline.

LADY LURE. Want a gift for your girl? Something hot off the press? Here goes. 1. *Solid Cologne.* Newest idea in perfume comes in solid form packed in a slender circular compact to carry in her purse without spilling or evaporation. To renew her fragrant allure, she just gives the salve a once over lightly and applies to pertinent points. 2. *Of V we sing* . . . box of 12 United Nations flags on 12 cakes of fragrant toilet soap. 3. *"Salut" perfume,* a scent that makes you snap to attention and stay that way. A bottle so beautiful, you'll be her No. 1 man. 4. *Novel lapel pin,* winged dove in sterling silver carrying a jeweled branch of peace. Earrings to match.

FOR ITINERANT OFFICERS. Impressive enough for an Admiral, inexpensive enough for a one-striper is the "Bunk Bag". It's made of tough water-repellent sailcloth in olive drab or navy, handsomely trimmed with tan cowhide. Measures 25x19x9, weighs only 8¼ lbs., and completely packed, doesn't exceed the 40 lb. minimum for air travel. Holds 2 uniforms without wrinkling, 2 prs. shoes, slippers, half a dozen shirts, underwear, dressing gown and other military haberdashery. There's a matching cap case, too, which can be strapped to the bunk bag.

Ranger

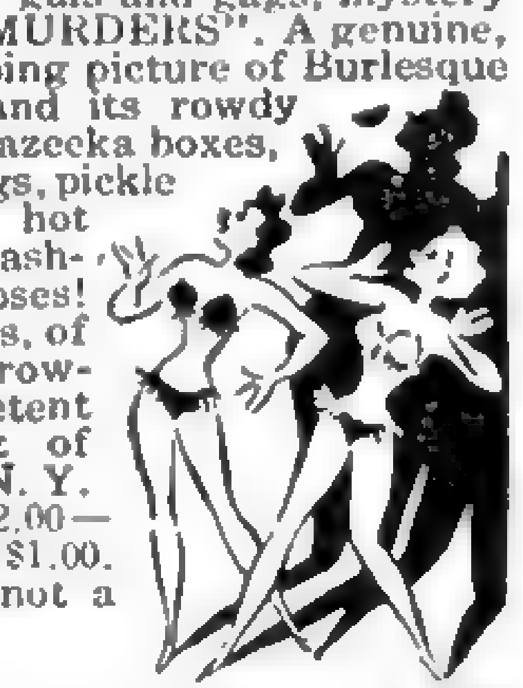
SERVICE MEN: THIS IS YOUR PAGE

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

THE G-STRING MURDERS

by **GYPSY ROSE LEE**

(the most famous "Strip Tease" Artist on the stage today)



who takes you behind-the-scenes of Burlesque—in telling the gaudy gruesome, gals-and-gags, mystery story of "THE G-STRING MURDERS". A genuine, thrill-packed, hilarious, peeping picture of Burlesque—its High-Stepping Girls and its rowdy Laffs,—with its four-a-day, gazecka boxes, chorus girl sirens, grouch bags, pickle persuaders, night life and hot spots, dolls and wolves, cash-register hearts and three corpses!

300 Pages, with illustrations, of the rousingest, rollickingest, rowdiest, and most highly competent detective story — right out of Burlesque block, 42nd St., N. Y. Regular original price $2.00—SPECIAL EDITION only $1.00. Money Back Guarantee if not a treat. Mail coupon Now!

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92 Liberty St., New York, N. Y.
Send me a copy of THE G-STRING MURDERS!
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SEND NO MONEY UNLESS YOU WISH

Derlene Ointment will be sent to you for $1 plus small C.O.D. fee, or prepaid if you include $1 with order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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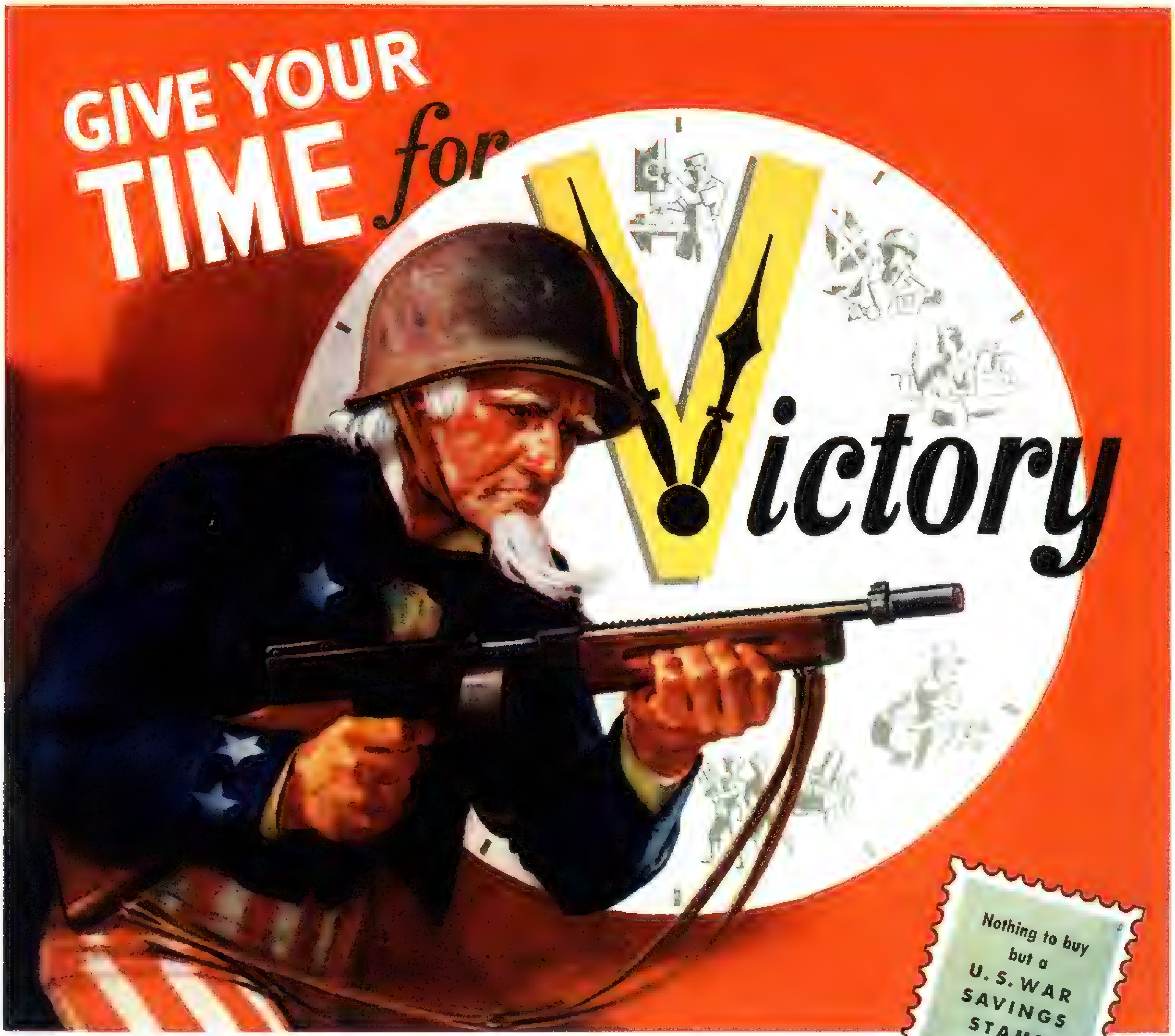


WIN $2,500. in U. S. War Bonds

or one of 101 Distinguished HELBROS Watches

in HELBROS "Time for Victory" CONTEST

NEVER BEFORE has Time meant so much. A single hour may decide the fate of our nation . . . the life or death of thousands of our fighting men. So guard each minute carefully. Don't waste even one watch-tick! Uncle Sam is counting on you to "Give Your Time for Victory." Produce more. Avoid time-out and lateness . . . particularly if your job is in a war plant or on a farm. Join in Civilian Defense, scrap drives, and other vital home-front activities.

And, above all, buy War Savings Stamps! For every War Savings Stamp you buy *today* gives us war-winning implements that much quicker... brings Victory that much closer.

WHEN WILL THIS WAR END?

Your war efforts may decide the answer! The Helbros Watch Co. will present $2,500 in U. S. War Bonds to the person who best answers this question, stating his or her estimate of the day, hour and minute on which the "cease-fire" order will be given, signifying our victory over Germany. To each of the 101 persons submitting the next-best answers, will be given a handsome Helbros Watch . . . as illustrated here.

TO ENTER THE CONTEST: Go to your jeweler and buy for yourself a U. S. War Savings Stamp of *any* denomination. Get a free entry blank and complete contest rules. Submit as many entries as you wish, provided each is accompanied by the purchase of a U. S. War Savings Stamp.

Should Germany surrender—we hope—before this advertisement is published, the contest will be considered closed as of the official time of the "cease-fire" order.

WIN THESE HELBROS PRIZE WATCHES

"Victory Queen" for women Smart, dainty, dependable. HELBROS 17 J. guaranteed movement in 14K rose gold case; high-domed crystal $57.50

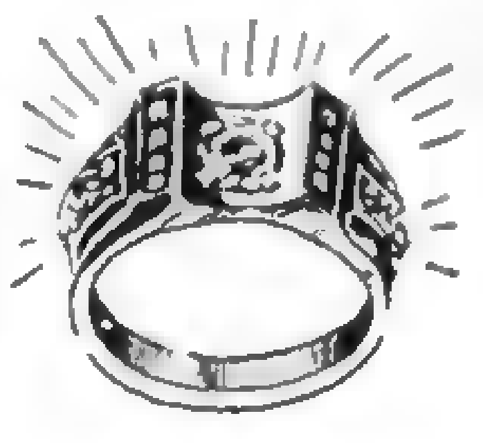
"Victory Master" for men. Handsome ultra-thin model. HELBROS 17 J guaranteed movement in yellow gold-filled case; modern expansion bracelet to match $57.50

CONTRIBUTED TO THE WAR EFFORT BY HELBROS WATCH CO., NEW YORK, N. Y.

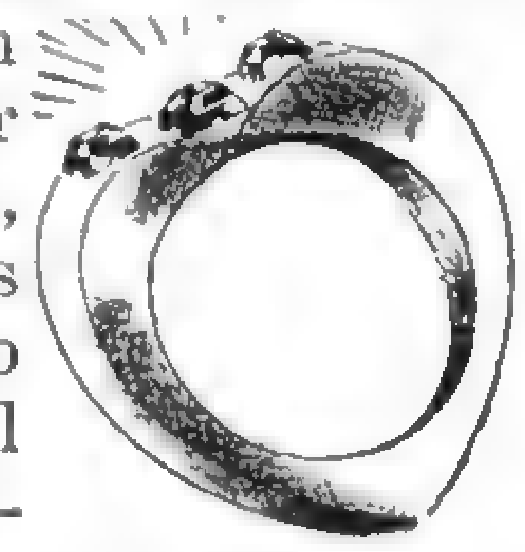
Talking Shop with Esquire

A MILLION WEDDINGS IN '43! Yes, Messieurs, that's the estimate at the rate you're now going. And that means a million engagement and wedding rings. Main thing to remember is that the engagement ring is the most important gift in a girl's life. So pick a jeweler with an excellent reputation. The more famous he is, the more likely you will get your money's worth. And she'll get twice the kick out of her ring if it comes in a box labeled with a glamour name.

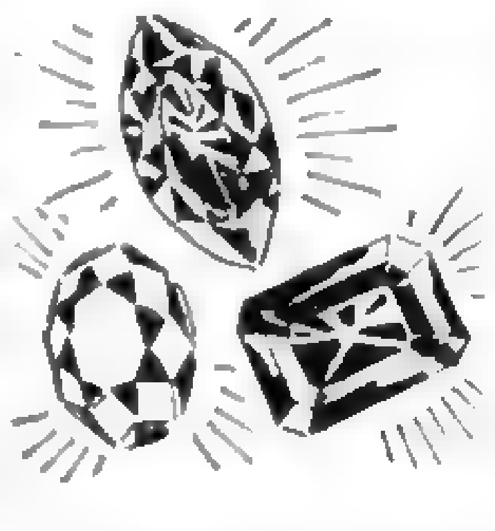
CONSIDER THE COLORED STONE. Many gals with an eye for chic individuality, prefer a *colored* stone rather than the usual diamond. First in importance is the ruby, the "emblem of love". Rubies are graded according to color . . . highest priced are the blood-red Burma rubies; next, Siam rubies in dark garnet red, then Ceylon rubies, pale and brilliant. Rubies combined with diamonds are the last word in elegance. Pictured herewith is such a ring from a renowned Fifth Avenue jeweler . . . a ¾ carat ruby solitaire banked with small rubies and diamonds . . . at an unbelievably low price. Some girls prefer just *one* ring, a combination engagement and wedding band. These are about a quarter of an inch in width or more, and are studded with rubies and diamonds set in a lacey gold design.



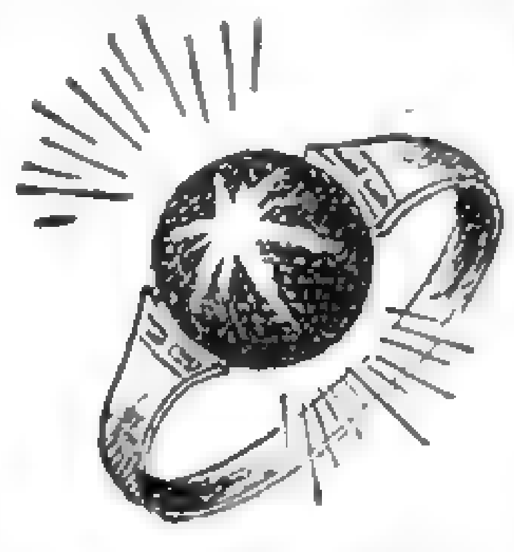
"AMERICA'S MOST EXPENSIVE JEWELER" is really a sentimental soul at heart. Besides specializing on million dollar jewels for Hollywood stars, he is turning his creative talent to designing nuptial symbols for practically a pittance. We've sketched his "Heart's Desire", a lovely white gold, heart-shaped ring, topped by three diamonds. Also in the heart theme, and for a few more shekels, a ring composed of sixteen heart shaped diamonds!



HOW TO BUY A DIAMOND. All stones are weighed by the carat which is subdivided further into 100 points, so that, if a diamond weighs four fifths of a carat, the jeweler may speak of it as an 80-point stone. Color counts for quality. Clear, bright, frosty white is the standard. It's the facets or little planes cut into the gem that catch the light and give the stone its multi-colored reflection. The cut of the diamond is important. Usual cut for solitaires is round with 58 little facets to catch the light. This type is called "brilliant", and is becoming to any type of hand. Another cut is square or oblong in outline, with the four corners nipped off . . . called the "emerald cut" and beloved by the gal with an athletic, capable hand. Then there's the "marquise" cut, a graceful oval with pointed ends . . . made for the delicate hand with slender fingers.



STAR SAPPHIRES FOR SOCIETY. Young lovelies of the social register are wearing star sapphire engagement rings in lieu of the traditional diamond. Stars are beautiful, mysterious and impressive because of their size. They're priced by their color (pale grey stars are the least expensive, while pale to deep blue are far more valuable) weight and the clear perfection of the "star" in the stone. You can get a 10 carat star set in silver for around a hundred, or a 30 carat giant, diamond set, for a grand!



MEET THE ZIRCON—a sparkling precious stone just below the diamond in brilliancy and many times less expensive. The colorless zircon is often mistaken for a diamond, but the most beautiful zircons are blue . . . the color of a sunlit ocean. Imagine a 2½ carat zircon with two small diamonds set in gold for a private's one month's pay!

Ranger

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Enjoy living, breathing music in your own home, with the Duotone Star Sapphire. Its highly polished, genuine sapphire point, unique construction, and 5 patented features eliminate distortion and needle scratch. Assure your favorite records gem like reproduction with the Star Sapphire. Acclaimed and used by the world's most critical musicians! At better record shops, or Duotone, 799 Broadway, N. Y. C.

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Patent No. 2,166,362 Other pats. pending

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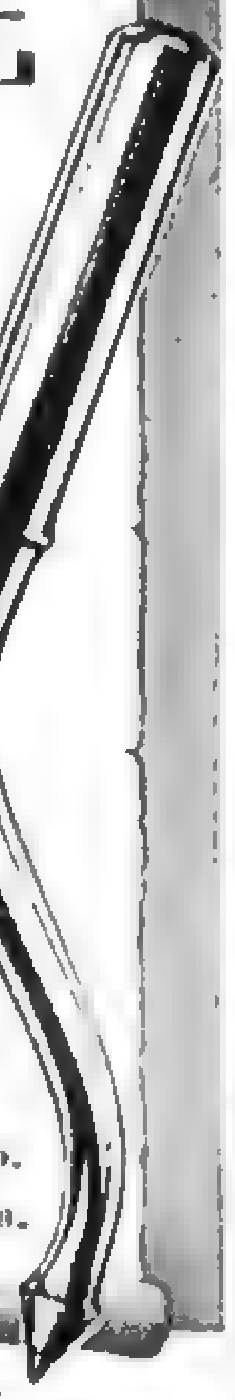
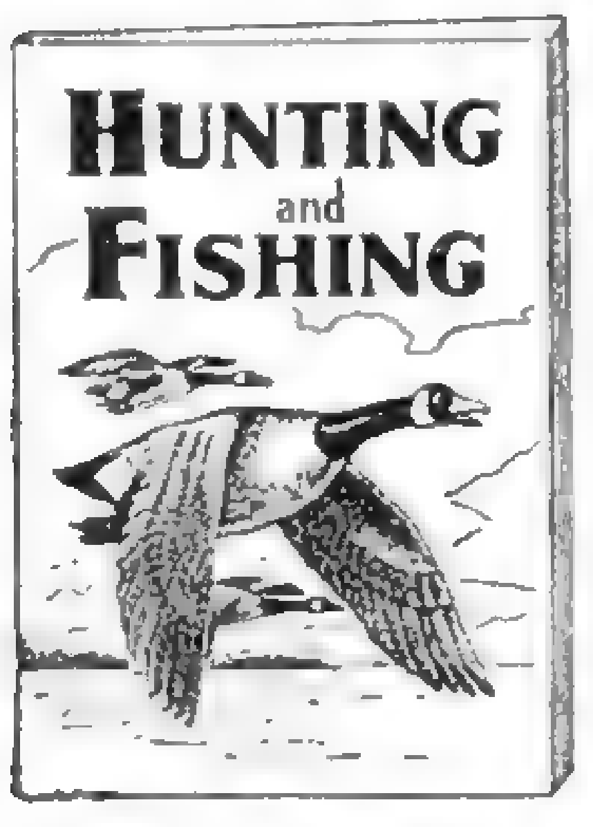
THE WORLD'S FINEST NEEDLES





HUNTING & FISHING is a monthly magazine crammed full of hunting, fishing, camping, dog and boating stories and pictures, invaluable information about guns, fishing tackle, game law changes, best places to fish and hunt—countless ideas that will add more fun to your days afield.

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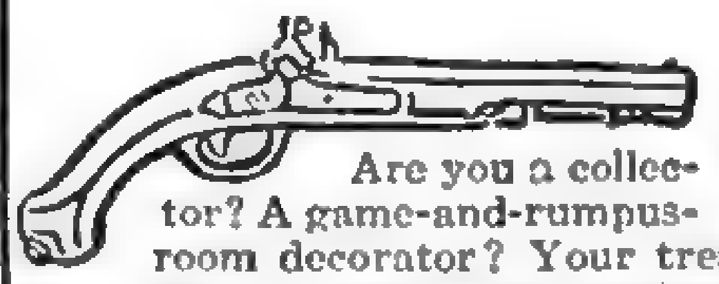

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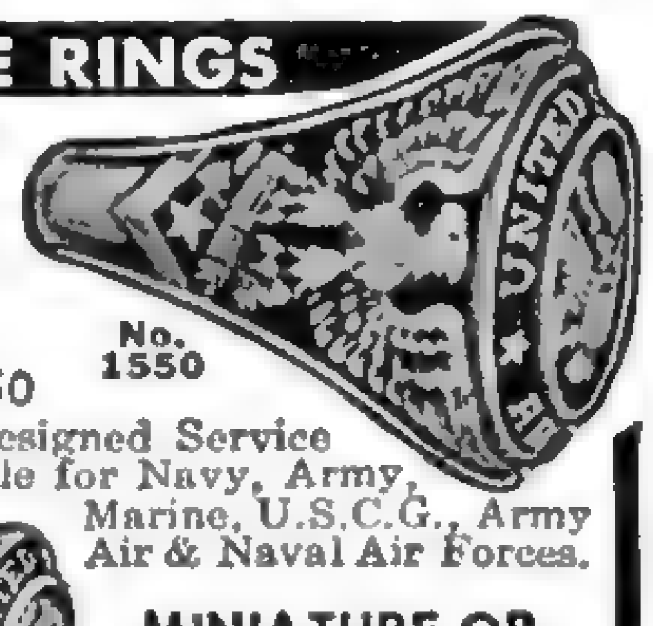

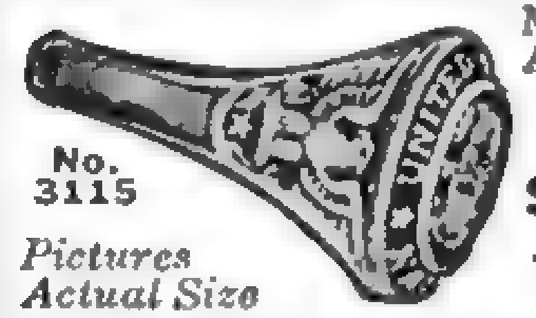

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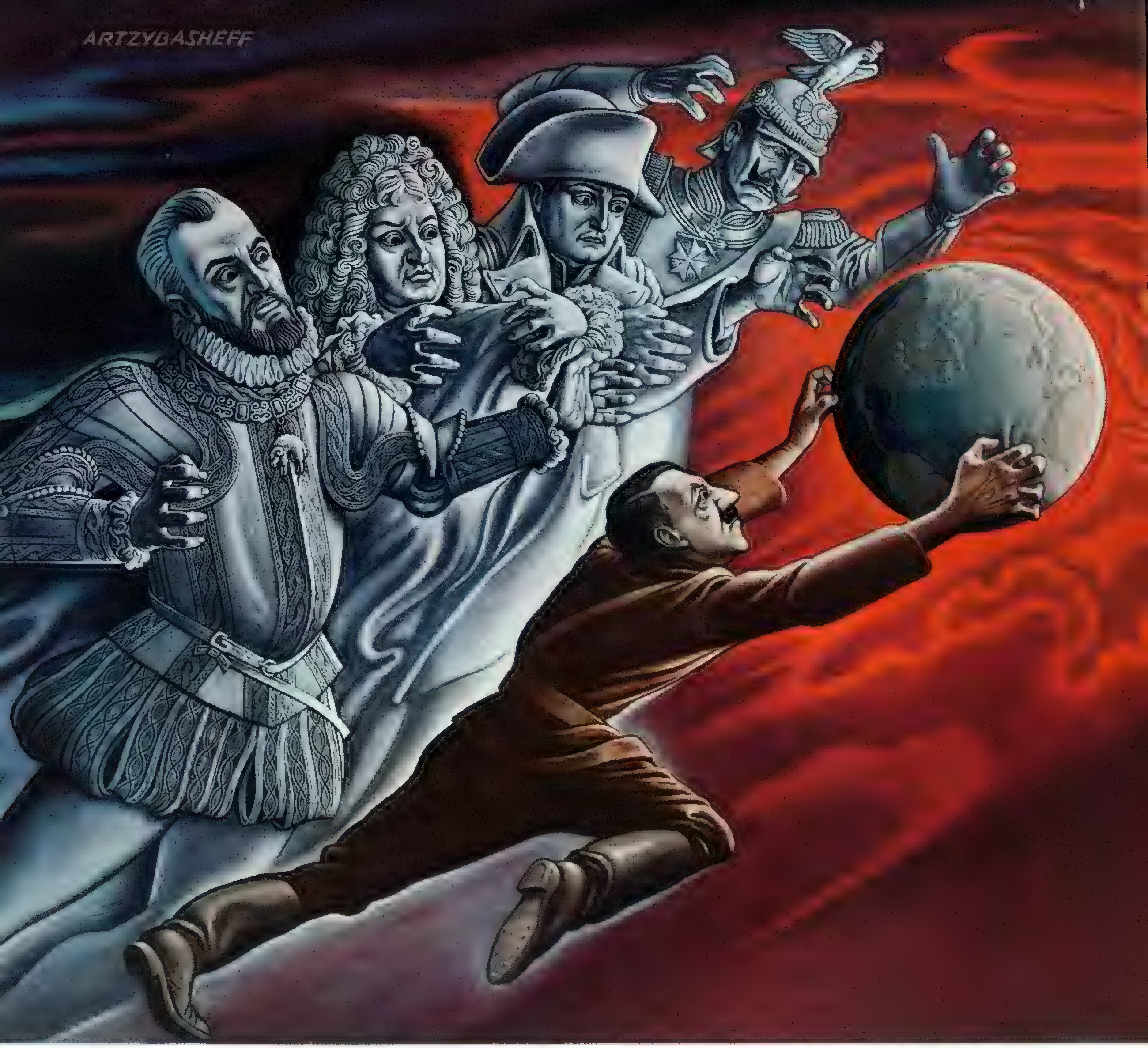

Hitler came the closest... *by using the air*

Recurring attempts to conquer the world bloody the pages of history. Let us tabloid the tale: When the ancient *flat* world bordered the middle ocean, the Mediterranean, conspicuous contenders were the Carthaginians and Romans. With the discovery that the earth is *round*, attempts at world-conquest grew in intensity on a widening scale: Philip II, Louis XIV, Napoleon, William of Hohenzollern! Until World War I, battles were confined to the earth's *surface*. Then came the dress rehearsal, in Spain, for World War II, with aviation the dominant factor. "It was the handwriting, not on the wall of Belshazzar's Palace, but upon the universal sky for all mankind to read." This, the first global-war, is the birth pain of the human race entering its greatest era, the Air Age. To hasten victory, our entire aviation industry continues to perform miracles of war-plane production. But the ocean-of-air will remain after this war, *and we must remain dominant in it.* To that end too Vultee labors, because the Air Age has just begun.

Vultee
"VITAL TO VICTORY"

VULTEE AIRCRAFT, INC., VULTEE FIELD, CALIFORNIA
Builders of Trainers, Dive Bombers and Fighters
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Send today for this Complete Trial Application of GLOVER'S famous Mange Medicine and the new GLO-VER Beauty Soap Shampoo, in hermetically-sealed bottles. *Test* the Glover's Medicinal Treatment, yourself! Complete instructions and booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair," included FREE! Send the Coupon today!

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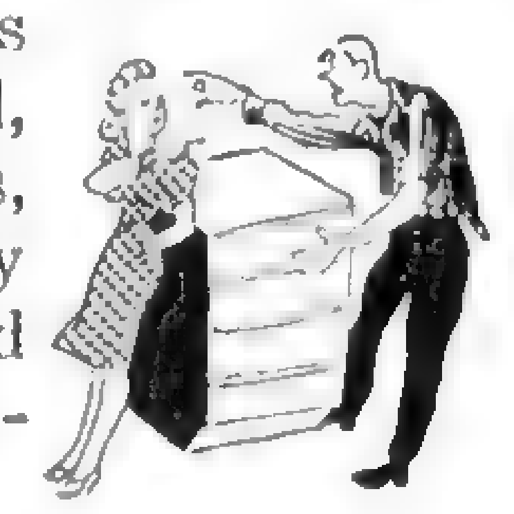
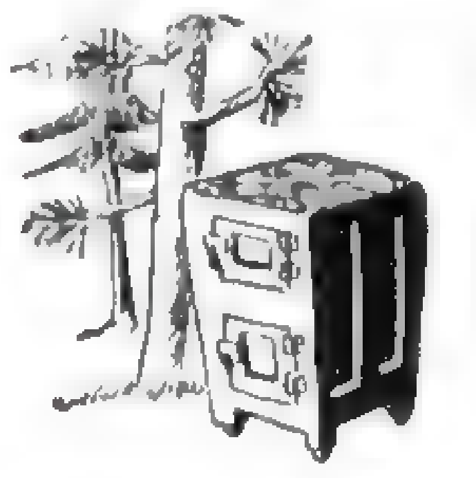
Talking Shop with Esquire

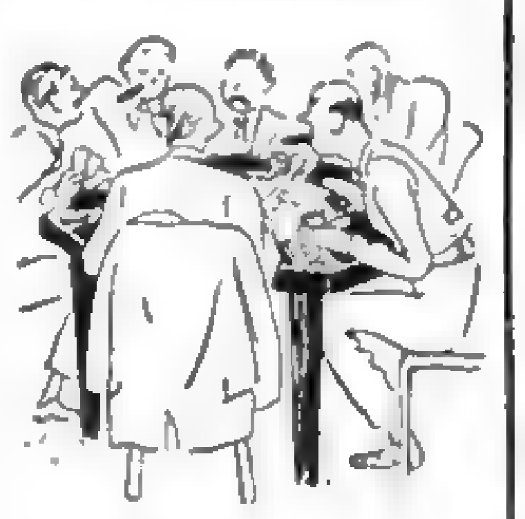
AMERICA ON THE MOVE. Designers are busily turning out all manner of ingenious, collapsible furniture that is practical in small, crowded quarters, and can be readily packed up and shipped from pillar to post.



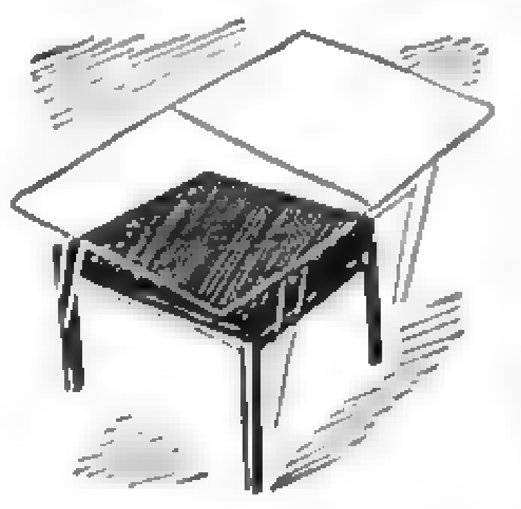
HAIL THE WOODEN ICEBOX! Jimmy Durante can well revive his old song "Wood, wood, wood", what with chromium and metal kitchen equipment gone for the duration. The 1943 bride, however, will revel in her new tables, chairs, cabinets and refrigerators of the new pressed wood, a product developed from the second growth of the southern pine. The new refrigerators use only 8 pounds of metal, thereby saving 139 pounds for Uncle Sam. Actually 10% more efficient than their metal counterparts, the wooden refrigerators operate at an even temperature of 46° with 100 pounds of ice a week. Keep food fresher, too, and no covered dishes are needed because of the balanced humidity.



FOR THE BOYS IN THE BACK ROOM. The weekly game can be carried on in the kitchen or wherever, via the new porta-poker table, a sturdy, lightweight item which folds down to a thickness of only 4 inches. Its official 4' diameter provides card playing space for a gang of eight, and it boasts of such professional touches as the proverbial nonglare green felt cover; 8 recessed compartments to hold chips, cards and "what-are-you-eating"; 8 non-spill ashtrays and as many non-tip glass holders.



MULTUM IN PARVO. You start with a 36x36" bridge table with felt or leatherette top. Then for a dinner for eight people, the bridge table obligingly opens to 36 x 72" size. Firm, too . . . no wobbly leaves. Another stunt utilizing an ordinary collapsible card table is the auxiliary circular plywood top, strategically grooved to fit with non-slip safety over the table. Seats six people.



Ranger

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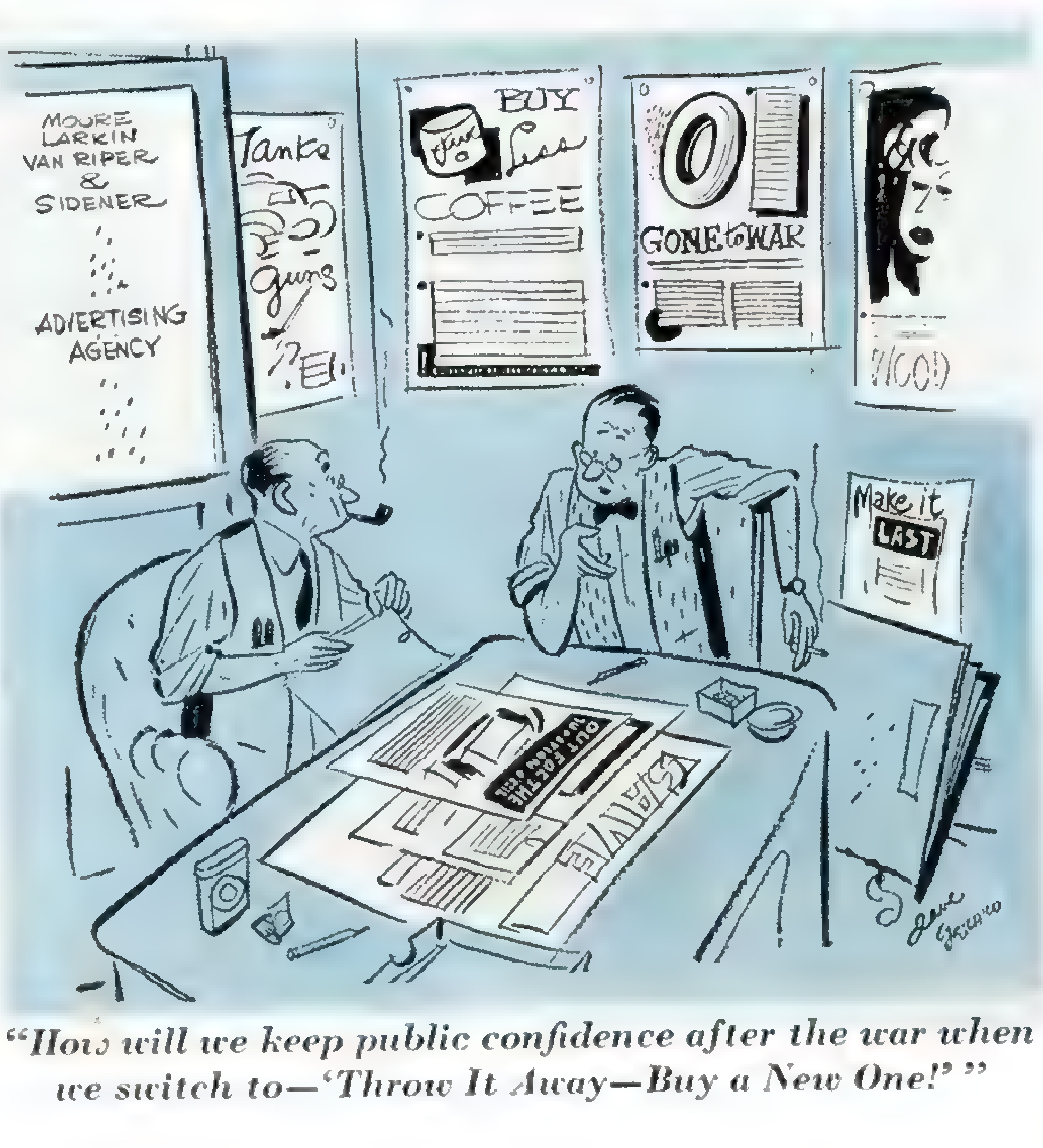

"How will we keep public confidence after the war when we switch to—'Throw It Away—Buy a New One!'"

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YOUR REPUTATIONS ARE NOW SAFE

Yes, safe because Hodgman now offers this 100 page book, ram-jam full of hitherto unpublished secret methods for cramming your creel and garnishing your game bag! From now on, with Hodgman's Handy Book of Sportsmen's Secrets you can scotch rumors that you are a feckless fisherman or hopeless hunter! No time-worn tripe here, but swell new success secrets.

Compiled by Mark W. Burlingame, famous sportsman, author and former sports editor,—specially for Hodgman Rubber Co., oldest rubber company in America, as a service to those who have worn or some day will wear famous Hodgman Waterproof Garments. No, we can't sell you any merchandise right now because it all goes to Uncle Sam. But we can send you loads of information if you will just slip a dime in the mail for this rare "sporting reputation protector".

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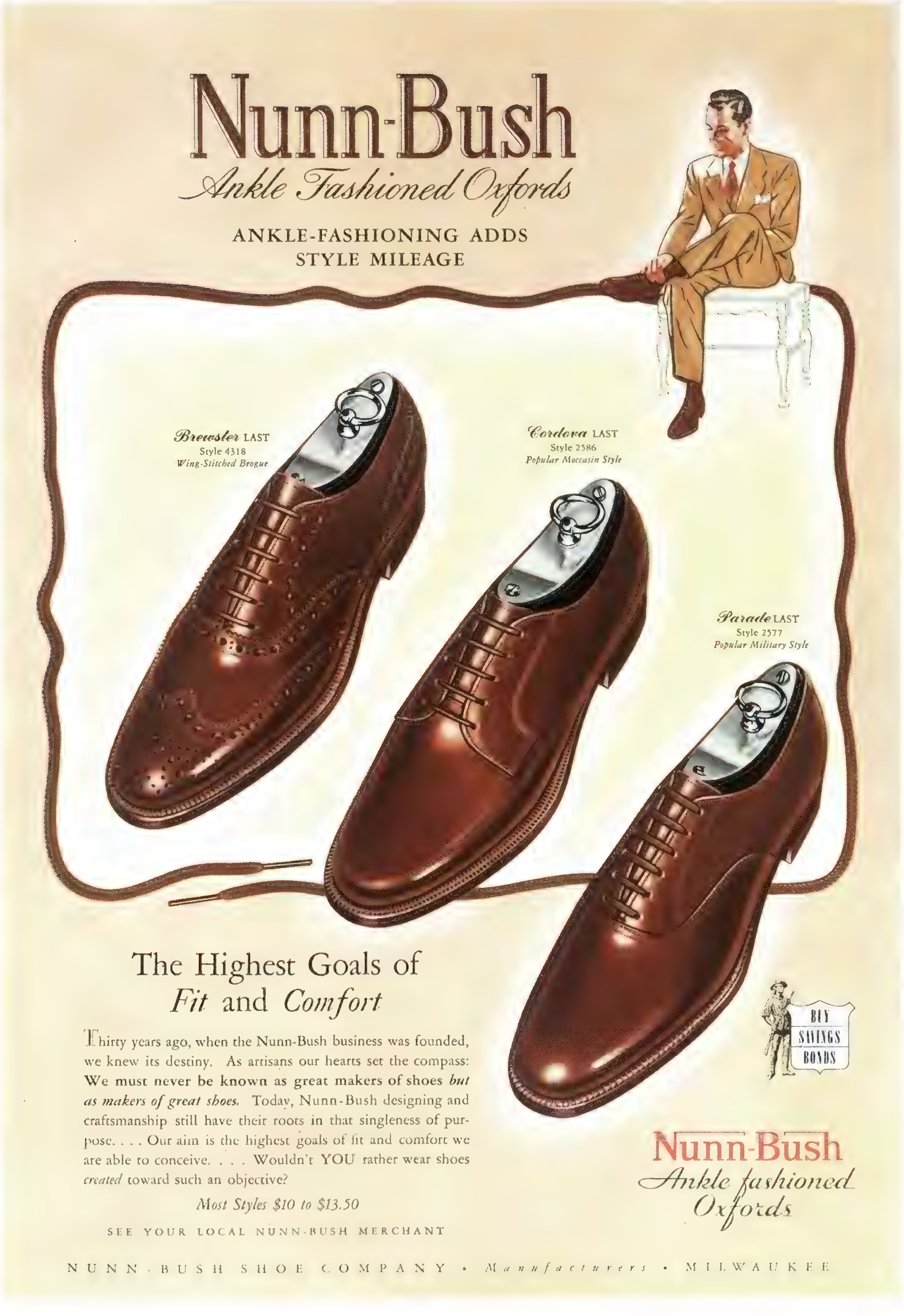
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The Highest Goals of *Fit* and *Comfort*

Thirty years ago, when the Nunn-Bush business was founded, we knew its destiny. As artisans our hearts set the compass: **We must never be known as great makers of shoes** ***but as makers of great shoes.*** Today, Nunn-Bush designing and craftsmanship still have their roots in that singleness of purpose. . . . Our aim is the highest goals of fit and comfort we are able to conceive. . . . Wouldn't YOU rather wear shoes *created* toward such an objective?

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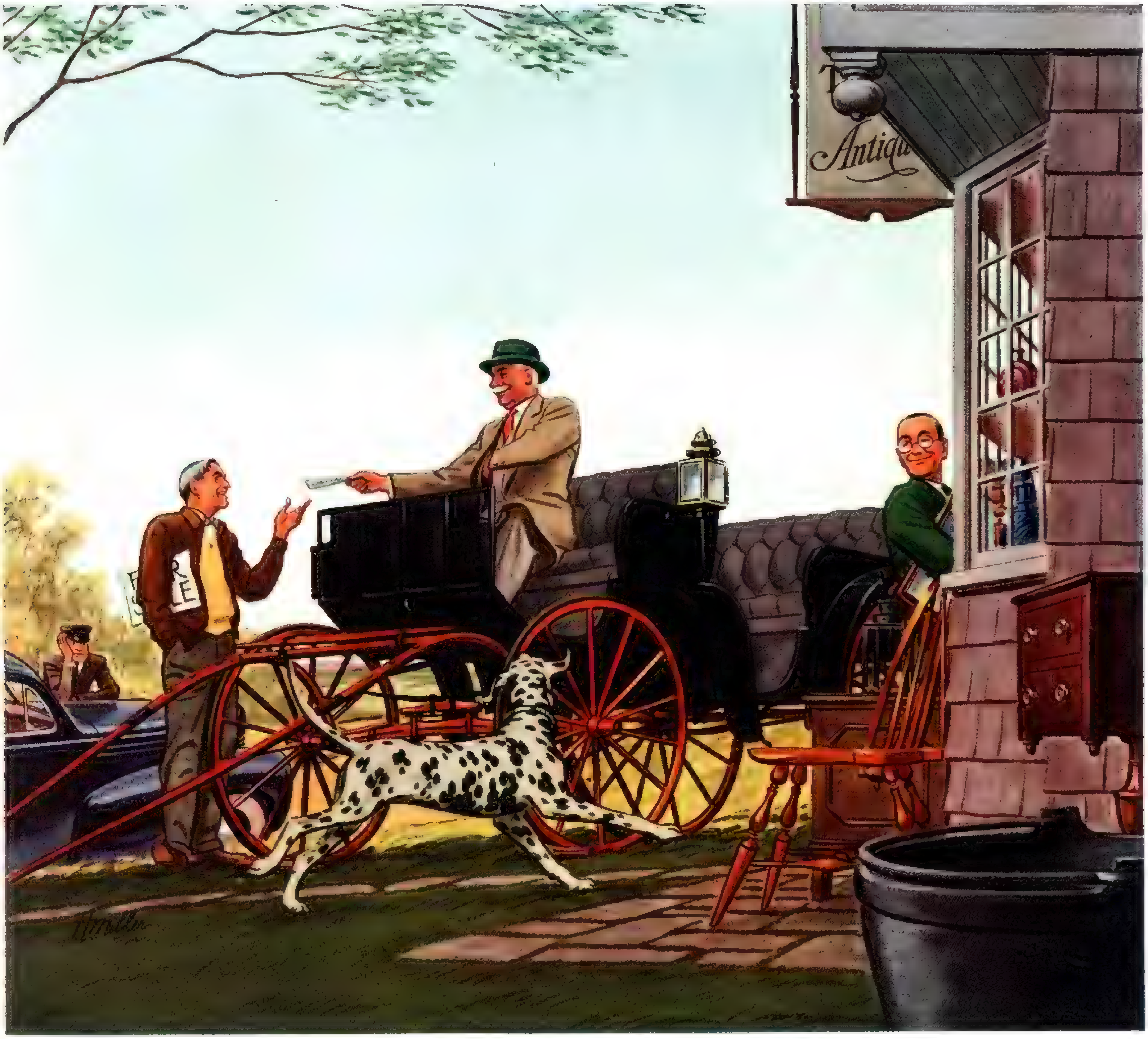

Latest Car Model, 1943

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We may do less traveling this year, but we will cheerfully find a way to make the best of it. We may extend our old-fashioned hospitality less often, but it will always be just as hearty—with Schenley Royal Reserve—America's Finest.

Buy War Bonds Regularly.

SCHENLEY
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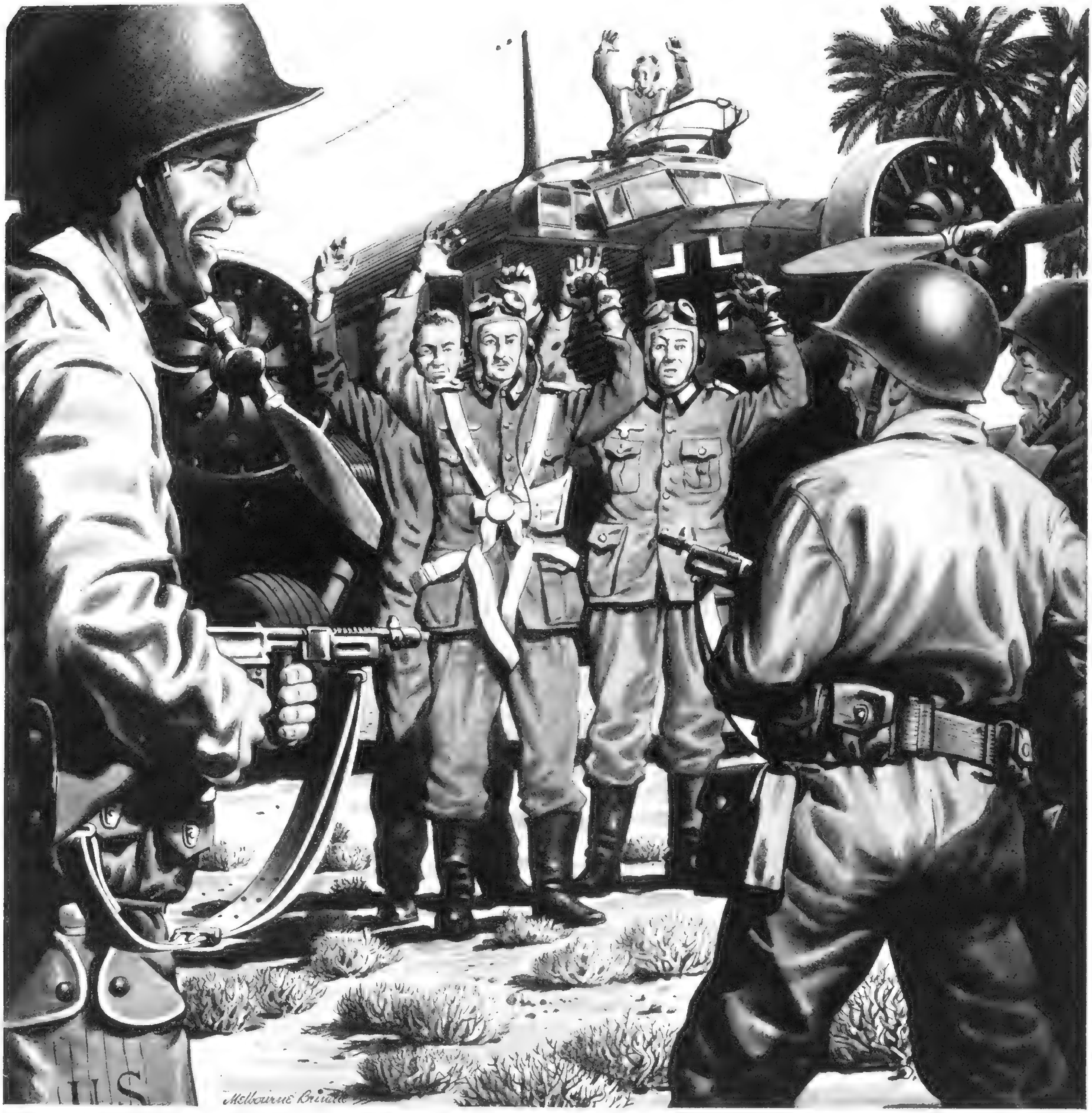
Schenley Royal Reserve, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., New York City



They trapped a Nazi plane with a few German words!

- It happened in Egypt . . . when a German paratroop plane got lost on a mission and asked for a beam home. Americans intercepted the message and, talking in college German, gave them a beam straight to a U. S. airport.

It was a surprised bunch of krauts that stepped out of that plane only to be met by grinning Yanks with deadly tommy guns!

* * *

Today our Signal Corps can send messages with the accuracy of gun fire.

The instruments that make this possible are electrical indicating instruments . . . made with all the precision of a fine watch!

For 69 years our job at Gruen has been making *Precision** watches . . . today we're honored to turn this experience also to the job of making precision instruments for Army, Navy and Air Force.

We say this, not to brag, but only to remind you that this is the reason you may not be able to obtain the particular Gruen watch you want today. The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A. In Canada: Toronto, Ontario.

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• Sample a Myers's Rum Cocktail this evening. From the first sip, you will discover that this dark Jamaica Rum—distilled by the time-honoured Pot Still method—imparts a superb, mellow taste and rich aroma. For that wealth of flavour—

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"Planters' Punch" Brand
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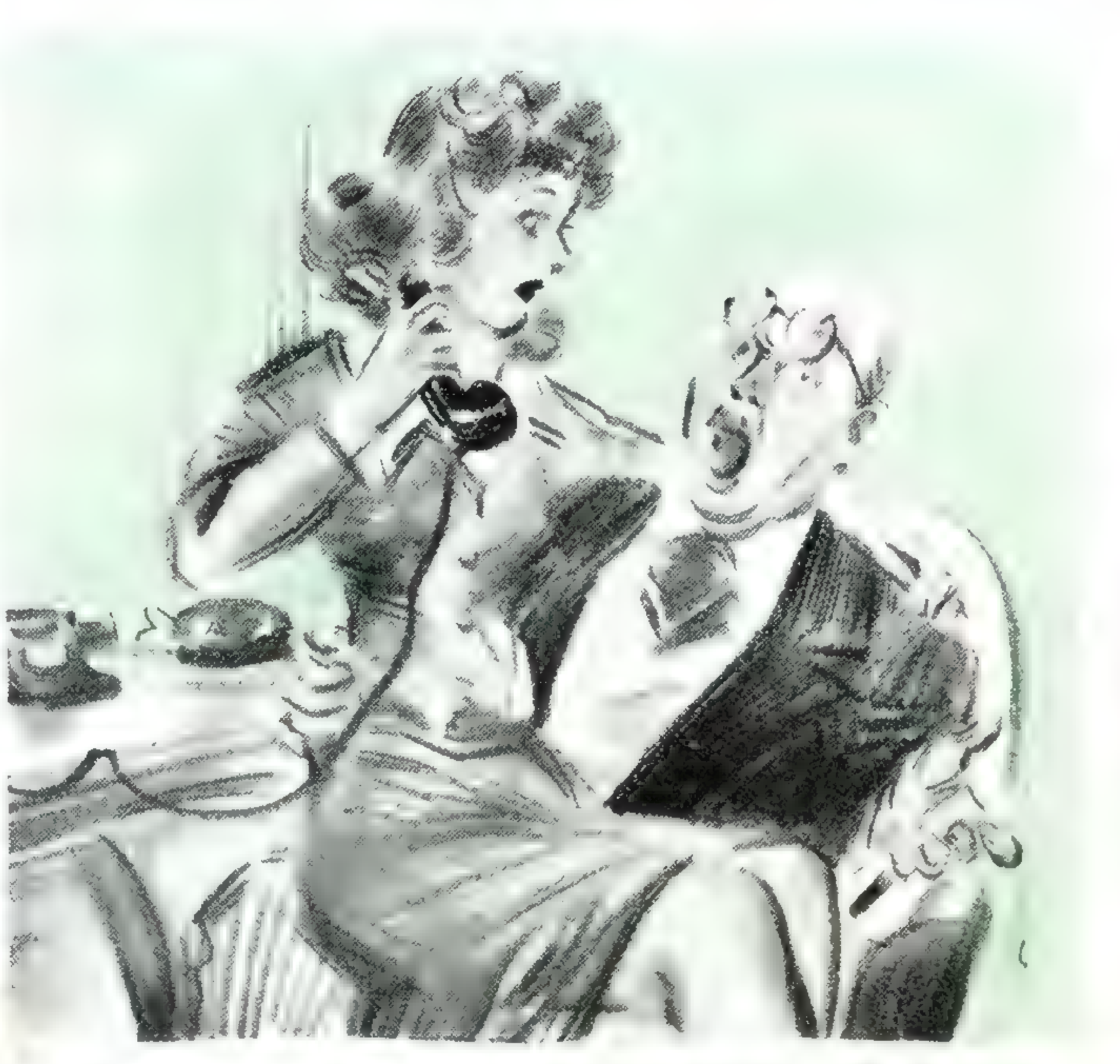
Painting the Town with Esquire

ALTHOUGH our headgear isn't blazoned with the announcement "Furlough Planning Authority," we have somehow got ourselves drafted into pinch-hitting as such—service men genially bombarding us with letters asking what's do-able in this metropolis on a limited doughwad. Lodgement suggestions are comparatively easy to offer because of New York's huge flock of hotels, many of which give discounts to service men. Slight-priced nocturnal spots, however, aren't so numerous, due to the cost of lavish revues, name bands, stellar entertainers, and the hefty taxes mine host is laboring under. But there are a few miracle-policied places where guys in uniform can have a good dinner and gala diversion for little money, along with a lot of other amiable folks on enjoyment bent.

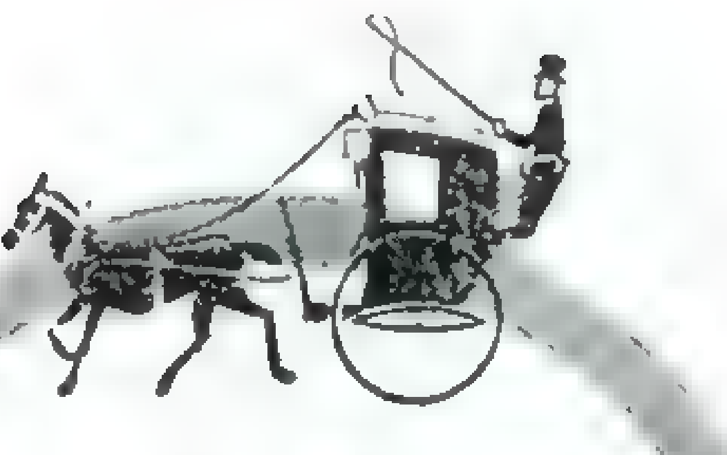
THE BALTABARIN, frinstance—discoverable subterraneanly at 225 West 46th St. (few strides Hudsonwards of Broadway) where it has been flourishing these eight years. Operated by the French-born brothers Jean ("Johnny") and Laurent Hourclé whose dad cheffed for General Mangin of Verdun, this is a true conservatory of the spirit of gay Paree, bedizened with arrays of striped café awnings which give the illusion that you are a member of sidewalk society in Montmartre. Friendly Jean roves as majordomo and sings ditties betwixt revues; Laurent shakes and pours at the bar. Two orchestras serve rhythms, eats are tasty, and a line of comelies kick up unrationed can-cans.

ALSO HOSPITABLY basemented on 46th Street—163 West—is Zimmerman's (he of the celebrated handlebar mustache) Hungaria, where 600 and 700 rollicking relaxationists sit down to hearty dinner and bob up to dance, with colorful shows entertaining them betweenwhiles . . . On Broadway itself, just North of 52nd St., the mammoth smörgasbord cave entitled Iceland feeds, slakes, and diverts its festive-mooded invaders at pop rates . . . Bunched the block below is the trio of sustenance spots bearing the names of Glorified Ham 'n' Eggs (serving leg of pork and hen fruit), The Skipper's Corner (dispensing shell and fin food), and Bird in Hand (where Southern fried chicken is gone at with all ten digits) . . . Chow Mein is manfully might and mained at Canton Village, 163 West 49th. Chopsticks optional.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Avenue, New York. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.



"I wish you wouldn't receive personal calls during office hours, Miss Fosgate"



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at 5th Ave. and 59th St.
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DAMES ALWAYS FOLLOW HIM— HE SMOKES LONDON DOCK TOBACCO

AMERICA'S FINEST AROMATIC

2 Ounce
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40¢
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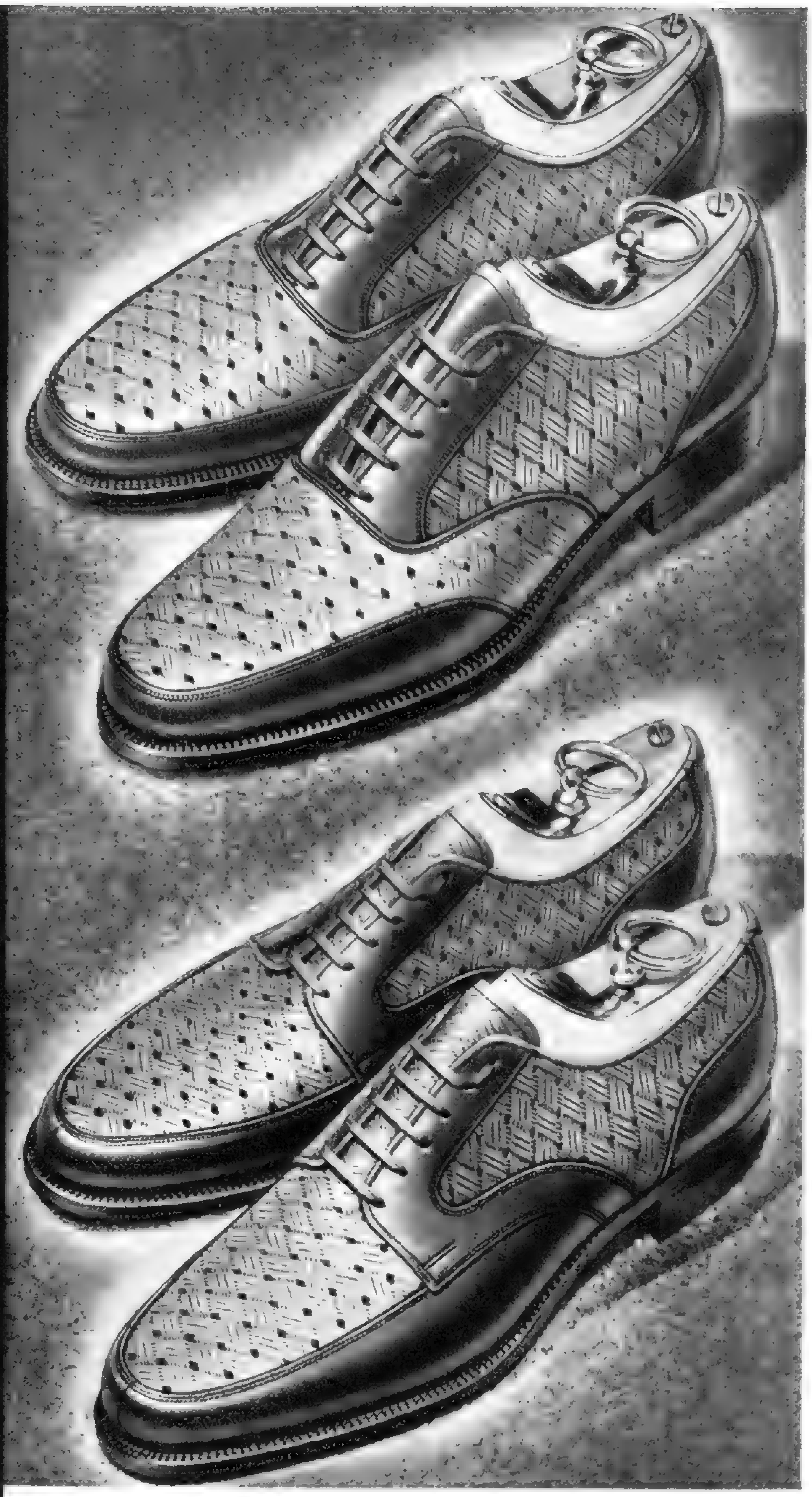
YOU CAN *Step into a Fortune* FOR FIVE DOLLARS



Style No. 6131, above, and 6137, below. Two of Fortune's many outstanding styles for Spring and Summer wear.

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$5 to $5.50

SOME STYLES HIGHER

- In these days, when walking is the popular mode of transportation, comfort is the most valued feature in shoes—and it's good to know you can buy a fine pair of Fortunes for as little as five dollars! You'll appreciate, too, the authentic styling, fine leathers and expert workmanship that go into every pair of Fortunes.

- The models illustrated are two of Fortune's distinctive "Airweave" styles—with tiny perforations that allow cool breezes to flow in and out with every step you take. They'll keep you cool through the hottest days of Summer! Try a pair, today . . . step into a Fortune for a wealth of walking pleasure.

RICHLAND SHOE COMPANY • NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
A DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORPORATION

Fortune

SHOES FOR MEN

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Paul Gallico

In 1936 **Paul Gallico** resigned as New York's highest paid sports reporter on the *Daily News* and asked for a seventy-dollar-a-week job as a reporter attached to the *News* City Desk, to learn the ropes. For three years he spent his summers in Salcombe, South Devonshire, a little fishing village on the English coast just above Plymouth, writing fiction, and his winters reporting for the *Daily News* and *International News Service*. When he quit the newspaper game for good and all, he had become one of the highest paid reporters in the field. He has contributed to the *Post*, *Cosmopolitan*, *The New Yorker*, *Reader's Digest*, and his books include *Farewell to Sport*, *Adventures of Hiram Holliday*, *The Secret Front*, *The Snow Goose*, *Golf Is a Nice, Friendly Game* and *Lou Gehrig—Pride of the Yankees.*

•

James A. Goldthwaite says: "I sold my first story to a high school magazine, the sale netting me $2.00. My second yarn was not written till seventeen years later. Meanwhile I had graduated from Harvard, got myself married, worked two years as a steel chemist and settled down in a less adventurous but more stable berth as teacher of mathematics. Daytimes I steer unwilling feet along the paths of knowledge and in my off hours rush the ball against editorial goal lines. I have a son and a daughter, the latter busy in raising more young Americans, the former engaged in blasting the Japs in the Pacific."

James A. Goldthwaite

•

Walter Clare Martin, ex-editor, radio broadcaster and advertising man, is currently rusticating in the Ozarks, gathering material for that great American novel. His passion is woodcraft, particularly archery, and he claims to be the only modern sportsman who has brought down a flying eagle with an arrow.

•

Ed Zern, who probes the trout psyche on page 70, graduated from Penn State in 1932. He describes his career thus: "Went to Paris with portable typewriter. Ha ha. Came home. Went to sea with portable typewriter. Ha ha. Went to work in advertising agency with typewriter provided by employer. Still there. Hobbies: fishing; talking about fishing; thinking about fishing; admiring my son; feeling sorry for people with ordinary children; collecting books about fishing."

Ed Zern

•

Last March the Art Alliance of Philadelphia gave **Struthers Burt** their annual award as "the person connected with Philadelphia who has done the most during the year," based on his contribution to the war effort through his latest book, *War Songs*, brought out by Scribner's in January. He was educated at Princeton and at Oxford, taught English at Princeton for a time, and had a fling at newspaper reporting. During the last war he was in the air service. Winters in North Carolina and summers on a ranch in Wyoming.

•

At this writing, **Clay Gowran**, foreign correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*, has sent his latest dispatches from an "Advance Southern Pacific Base," which he reached after receiving an unforgettable baptismal signifying his transfer from polliwog to shellback, on the occasion of first crossing the equator aboard a ship. He left the *Trib* news desk in April of '42 and for awhile shuttled from coast to coast on the South American continent, getting information on attitudes and intrigues in Peru, Equador, Chile, Boliva, Argentina and Brazil. Then he went to Hawaii aboard a destroyer which took him into the thick of the fighting in the Solomons. He saw the final two-hour bombing of Guadalcanal which on February 14 clinched the argument for the American forces and watched the landing of American troops which was made without the loss of a single fighting man. One of his greatest thrills, a trip aboard an American submarine, is related on page 51.

•

Hedley S. Dimock, author of *To Camp or Not to Camp*, is Dean of George Williams College and Professor of Religious Education in that school, which trains young men and women in group education, and equips them for work in the YMCA, YWCA, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, and Camp Fire Girls, as well as various settlements and playgrounds. He was for a time Director of Personnel at Camp Ahmek, one of Canada's leading private camps for boys, and before World War I, Associate Secretary of the YMCA in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. He joined the Princess Pat Canadian Light Infantry in 1916, serving for two years in England and France. He received his A.B. degree at the University of Saskatchewan and his M.A., B.D. and Ph.D. at the University of Chicago. Before joining the staff of George Williams, he was an instructor in psychology and education at Carleton College. He has written many articles and books in his field, among the latter, *Talks to Counselors*, *A Professional Outlook on Group Education*, and *Rediscovery of the Adolescent*, and is co-author of *Camping and Character*.

•

When **Steven Debb** sent from England his manuscript, *Showdown in the Pacific*, he described it as prophesy cast in fictional vein. "Not in this war, but certainly in the next," he cheerfully writes, "the plane-carrying ship, clumsy and venerable, will be superseded by—" but we mustn't give away the payoff of the story, which you'll find on page 72.

•

John W. Darr, author of *Spin the Wheel and Win*, admits he once bought a ticket on an Irish Sweepstakes. (That was the year the colored couple in Philadelphia drew a winning horse and started a co-operative apartment where they and their neighbors could have decent rooms, playgrounds, and cleanliness.) Missouri born, he attended college interspersed with years of teaching. During the first World War he was a Navigating Officer in the U. S. Navy. For the last twenty-three years he has been identified with big business publicity and spends his time commuting between offices on both coasts and in Canada, for the public relations firm he serves as vice-president and managing director. His avocation, he says, is trying to find out why people in the mass react as they do—and making them do it.

John W. Dorr

•

Commander Attilio Gatti, Italian Explorer, has spent thirteen years in African exploration, led nine different scientific expeditions and crossed the continent from North to South and East to West. He has made some notable discoveries—principally: the world's most ancient iron foundry; Bushman paintings in Southern Rhodesia; fifty tombs of ancient Bushmen; and a hitherto undiscovered Acropolis similar to the famous Zimbabwe. He once bagged a giant gorilla weighing 482 pounds, and standing six foot six. And he can, if he cares to, sign his name F.I.R.G.S., F.S.G.F., M.I.A.S. and F.R.P.S. #

Attilio Gatti

Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
Distillers
since 1857
Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY
A whiskey of distinctive character smooth, rich, full-flavored without a trace of heaviness
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, INC.
LAWRENCEBURG, IND.

Let's talk of
SPRING

"Feels like Spring, all right," said Bill;
And "Spring it is" said I—
The willow trees were green and still
Against the clear blue sky.
The savory Seven Crown we sipped
Took on a magic hue
As brimming glasses slowly tipped
And sunlight glinted through.
And sitting there, it seemed to me
That hope was on the wing...
"A toast," said I, "to Victory
Before another Spring!"

LET'S TALK, too, of Seagram's "7"...the savory-rich whiskey with "spring-like" mildness ...an epicurean blend of Seagram's most carefully guarded whiskies...smoothed, and taste-toned with soft-stilled neutral spirits...a rare experience in pleasure.

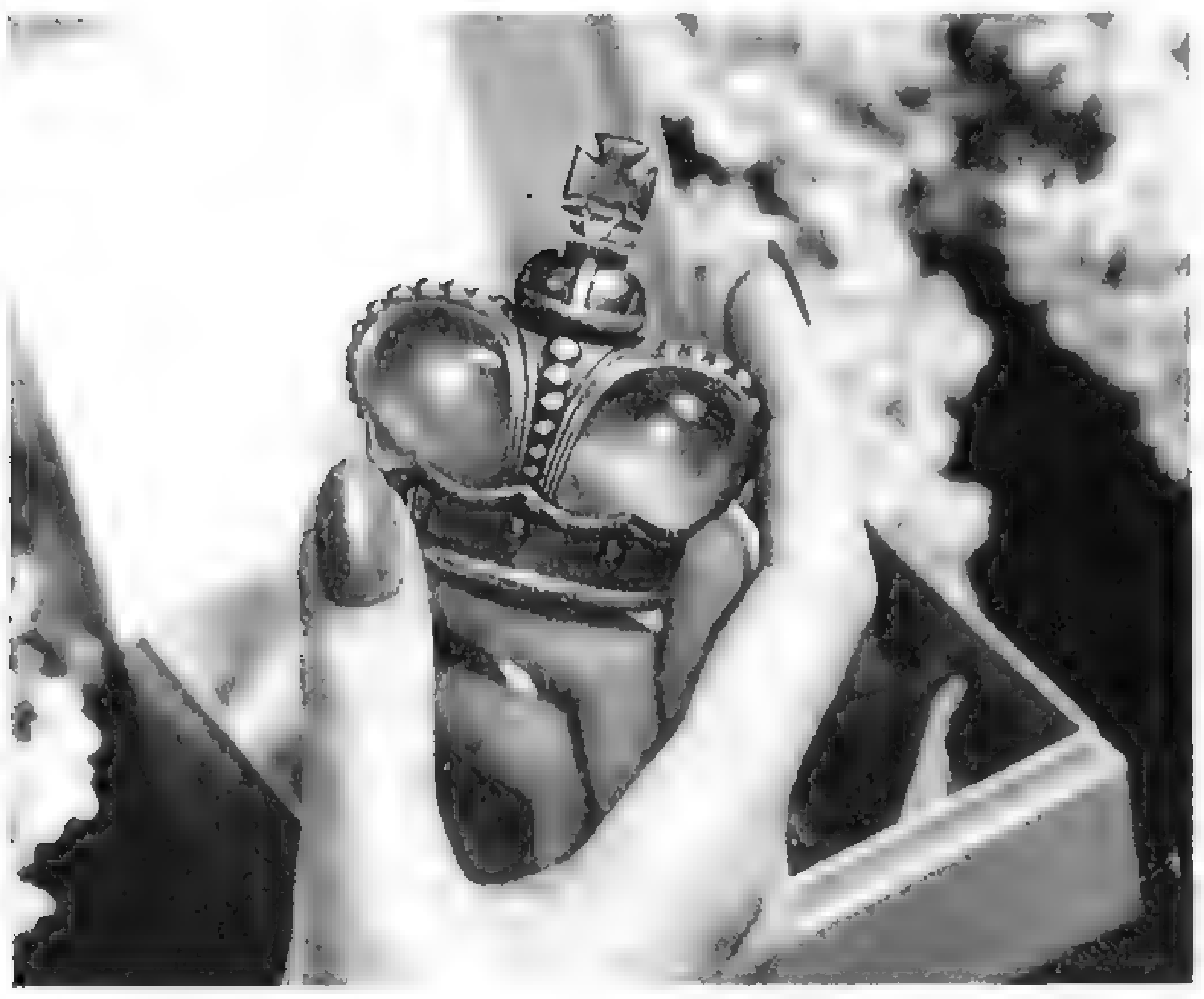
MOST PLEASING
to the Palate
LEAST TAXING
to the Taste

Seagram's 7 Crown

Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. 65% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York.

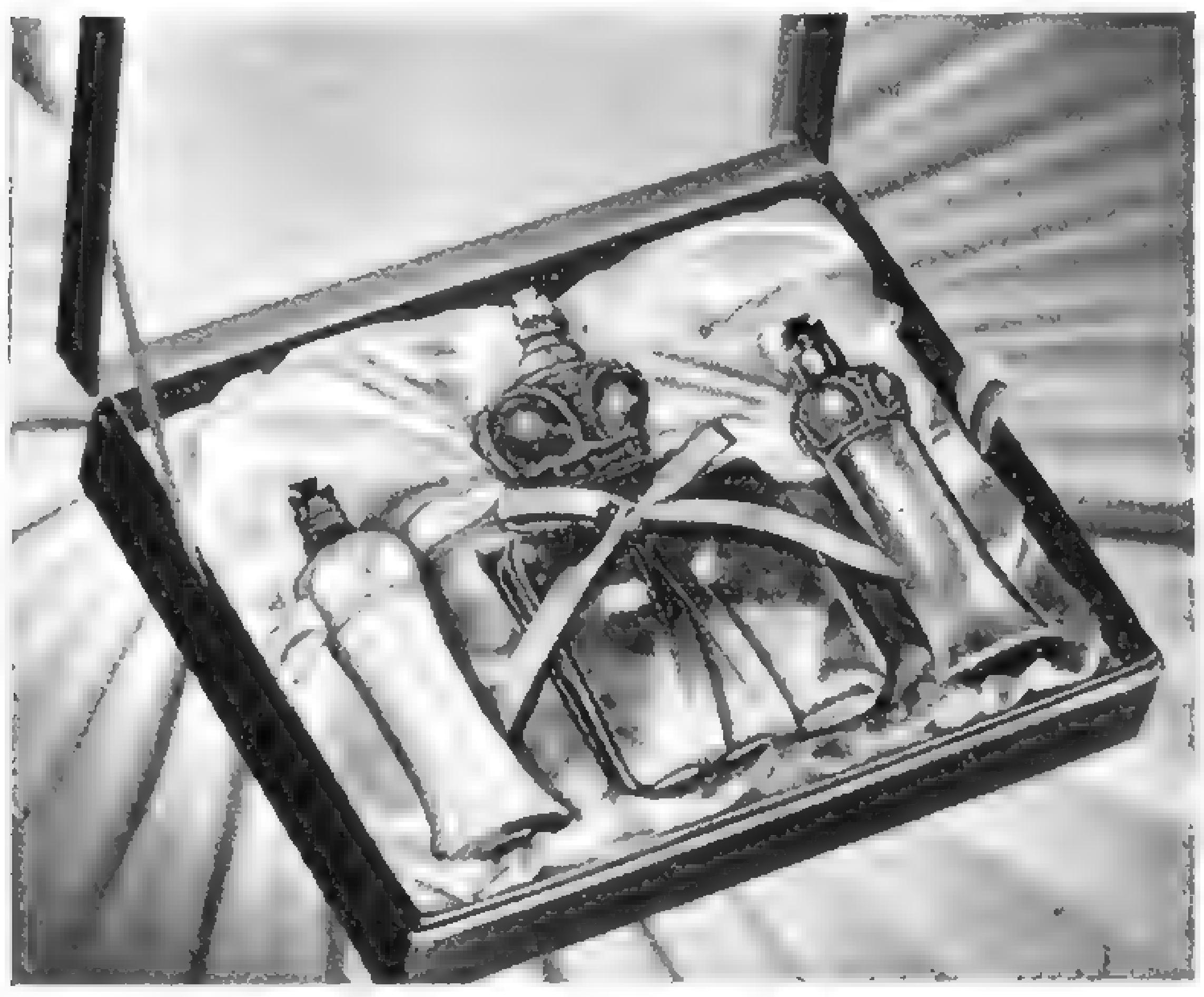
Prince Matchabelli

What would She really like from you? A perfume which is rare and beautiful...which is, unmistakably, a portrait of Her. This, above all, is why giving the celebrated, highly personalized perfume of Prince Matchabelli is such a tremendous compliment to any lady.



DUCHESS OF YORK is Prince Matchabelli's tribute to all lovely ladies in the world. Nostalgic fragrance of lilacs nodding in the twilight. Duchess of York now newly, beautifully packaged in aqua and gold. Duchess of York, one ounce, $11.50; half ounce, $6.50*

EASTER BONNET BOX . . . sky-blue with rambler-roses, and full of sweetness and light. Prince Matchabelli's perfect spring gift holds two drams of perfume...the tender Ave Maria...and beloved Duchess of York . . . . Easter Bonnet Box, $2.75*



JEWEL BOX . . . distinguished member of the Duchess of York family. Perfume, Talc, Sachets and Eau de Cologne in an aquamarine and gilt box designed to hold jewels afterward. Jewel Box Set, $10.00*

*Plus tax

Stradivari

Stradivari is Cupid's favorite instrument!

An ambrosial perfume meant for goddesses, of course.

Like the music of the Stradivarii,

Prince Matchabelli's perfume is of incomparable beauty...

So rich and heady... So near the heart.

Stradivari, one-ounce gold-encrusted Crown, $13.50;

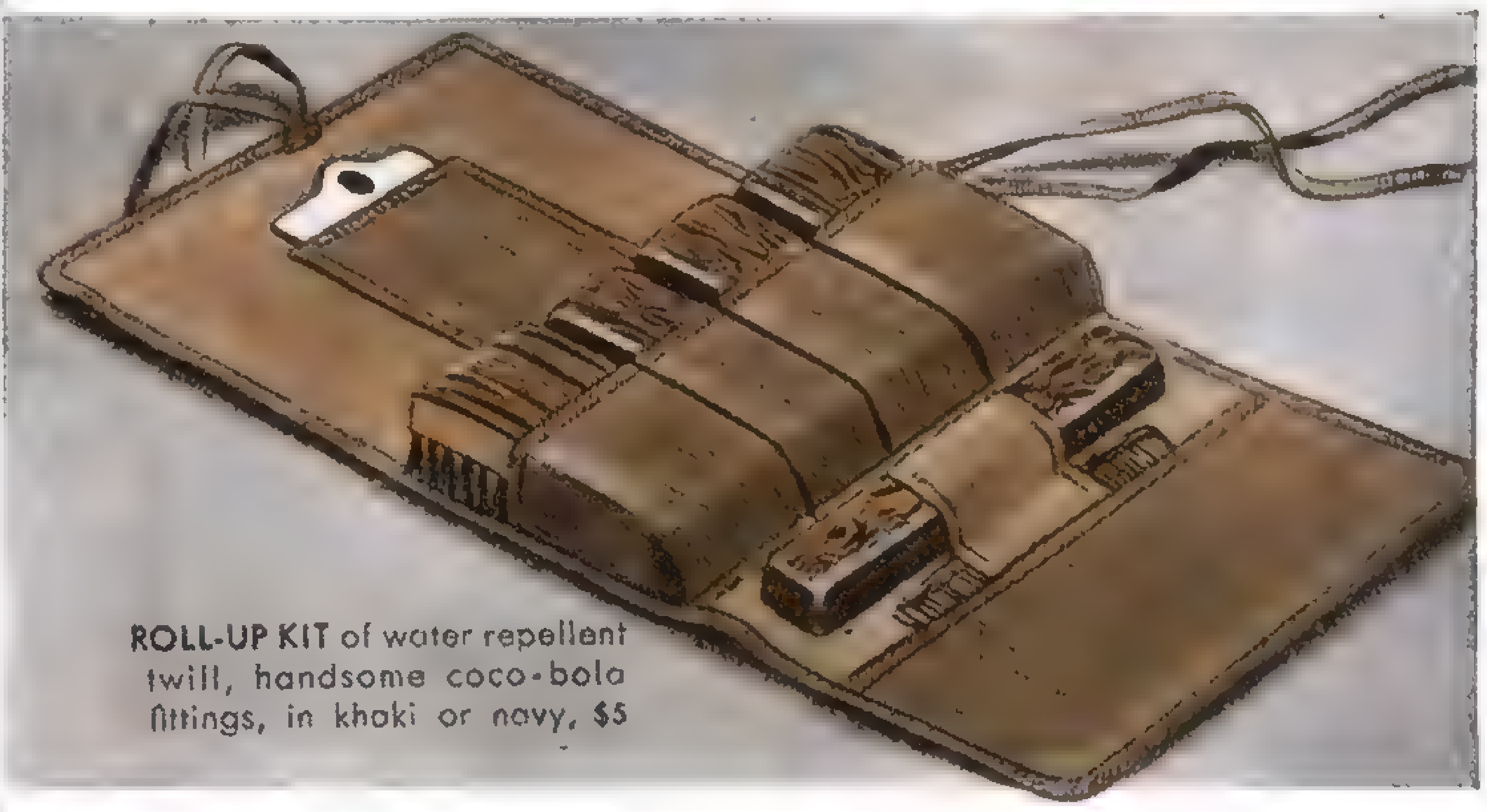
one-half ounce, $7.50*

PRINCE MATCHABELLI INC., 711 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

ROLL-UP KIT of water repellent twill with satinwood fittings, in khaki or navy, $3.50

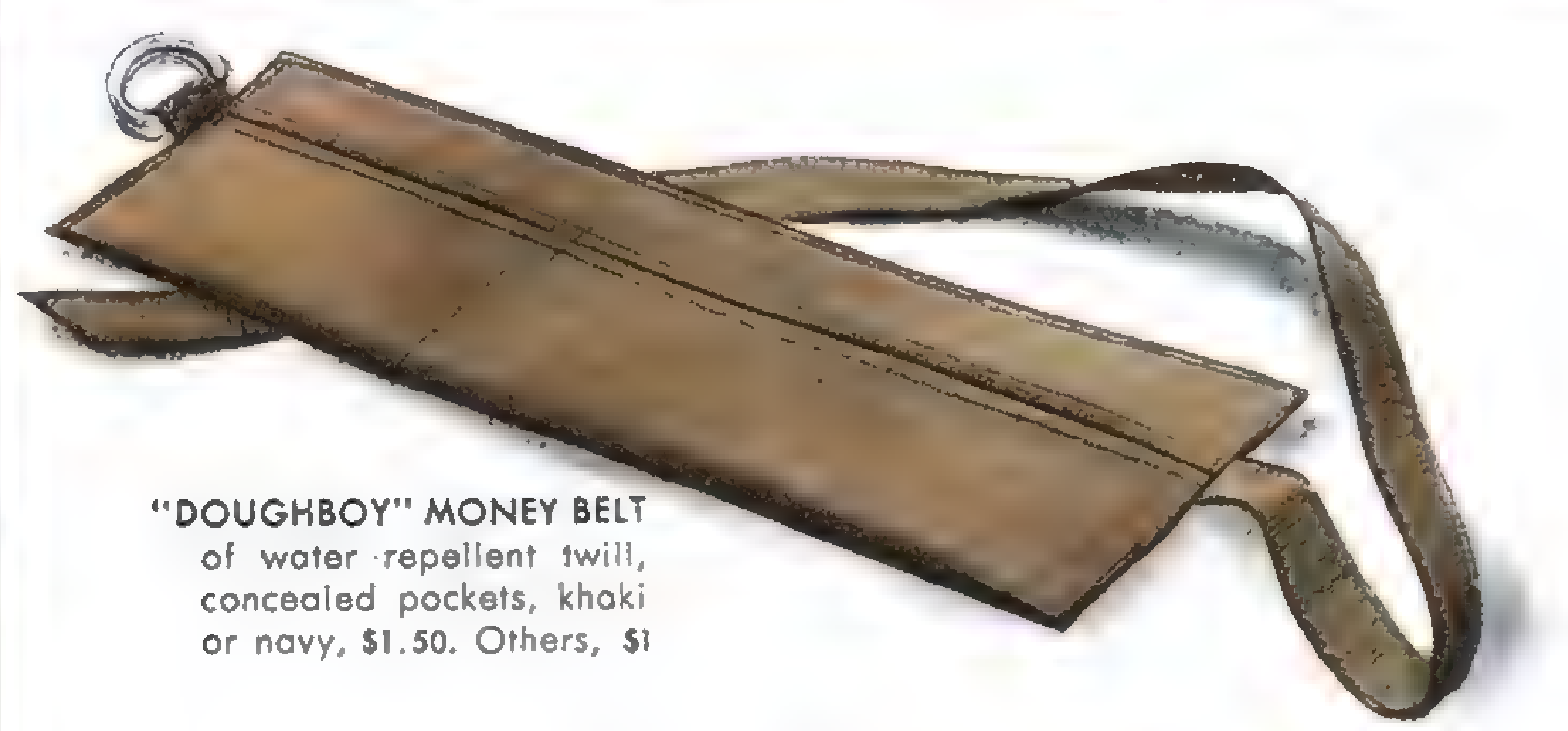
SEWING KIT of water repellent twill, completely equipped, in khaki or navy, $1.50

APRON KIT of water repellent twill with complete toiletries, in khaki or navy, $4



ROLL-UP KIT of water repellent twill, handsome coco-bola fittings, in khaki or navy, $5

INSIGNIA WALLET beautifully styled, for Army, Navy or Air Corps, $3



"DOUGHBOY" MONEY BELT of water repellent twill, concealed pockets, khaki or navy, $1.50. Others, $1

WRITING CASE of genuine pig grain leather, fully equipped, $4

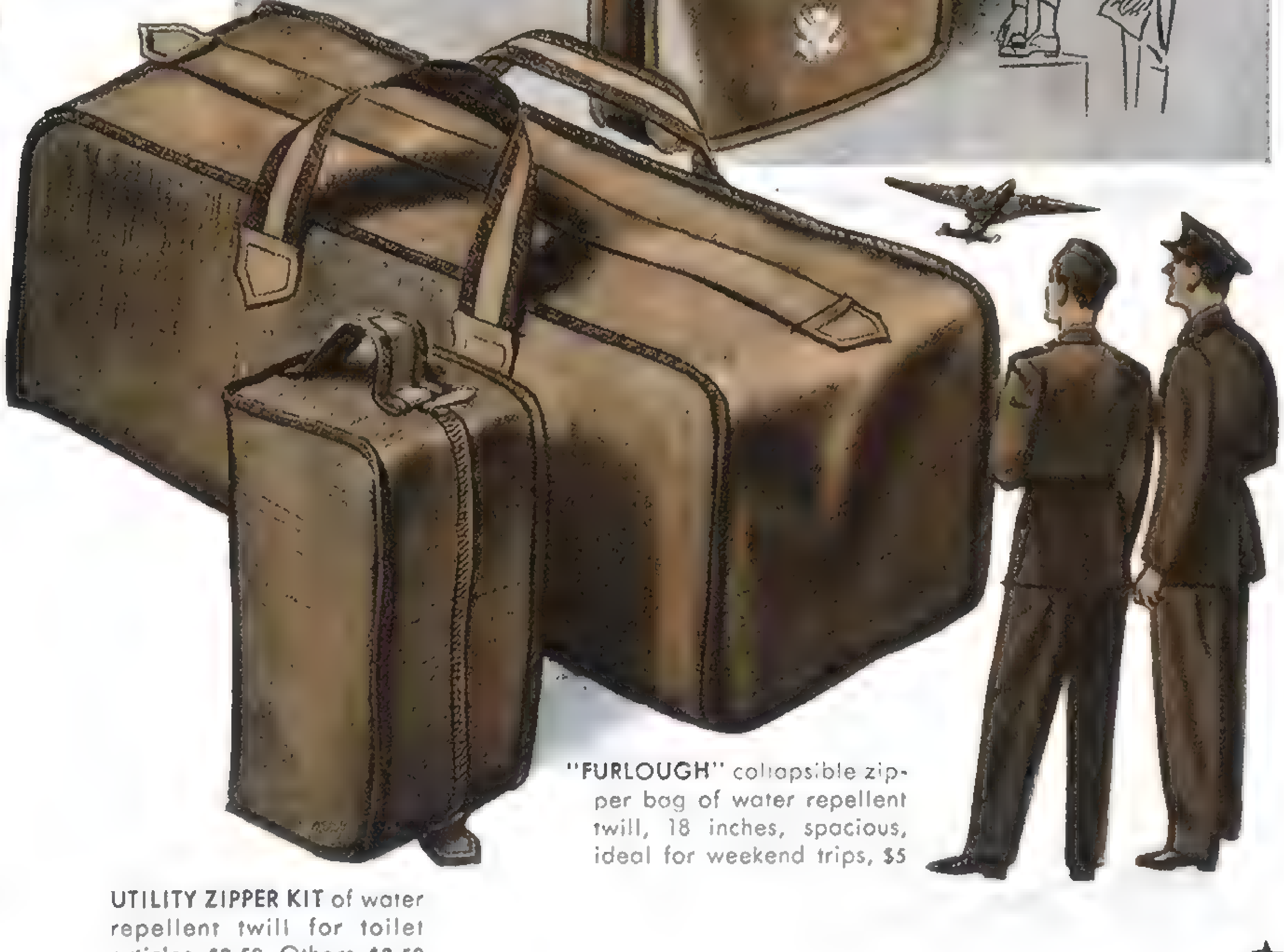
SHOE SHINE KIT, simulated leather, with complete accessories, khaki or navy, $2. Others, $1

SERVICEABLE GIFTS FOR MEN IN SERVICE

Practical gifts that win the hearts of the men who are winning the war! Knowingly designed for utility, convenience and comfort ...quality assured by the name of Swank... Ask to see them at your favorite store.

SWANK

famous for Men's jewelry



"FURLOUGH" collapsible zipper bag of water repellent twill, 18 inches, spacious, ideal for weekend trips, $5

UTILITY ZIPPER KIT of water repellent twill for toilet articles, $3.50. Others, $2.50

Painting the Town with Esquire

REMEMBER the days when a stray green pea wasn't worth pursuing? Now it's a tenth of a point and is pounced on possessively. If it has escaped onto the tablecloth, a board of review, with the waiter captain acting ex-officio, will decide which plate it came from.

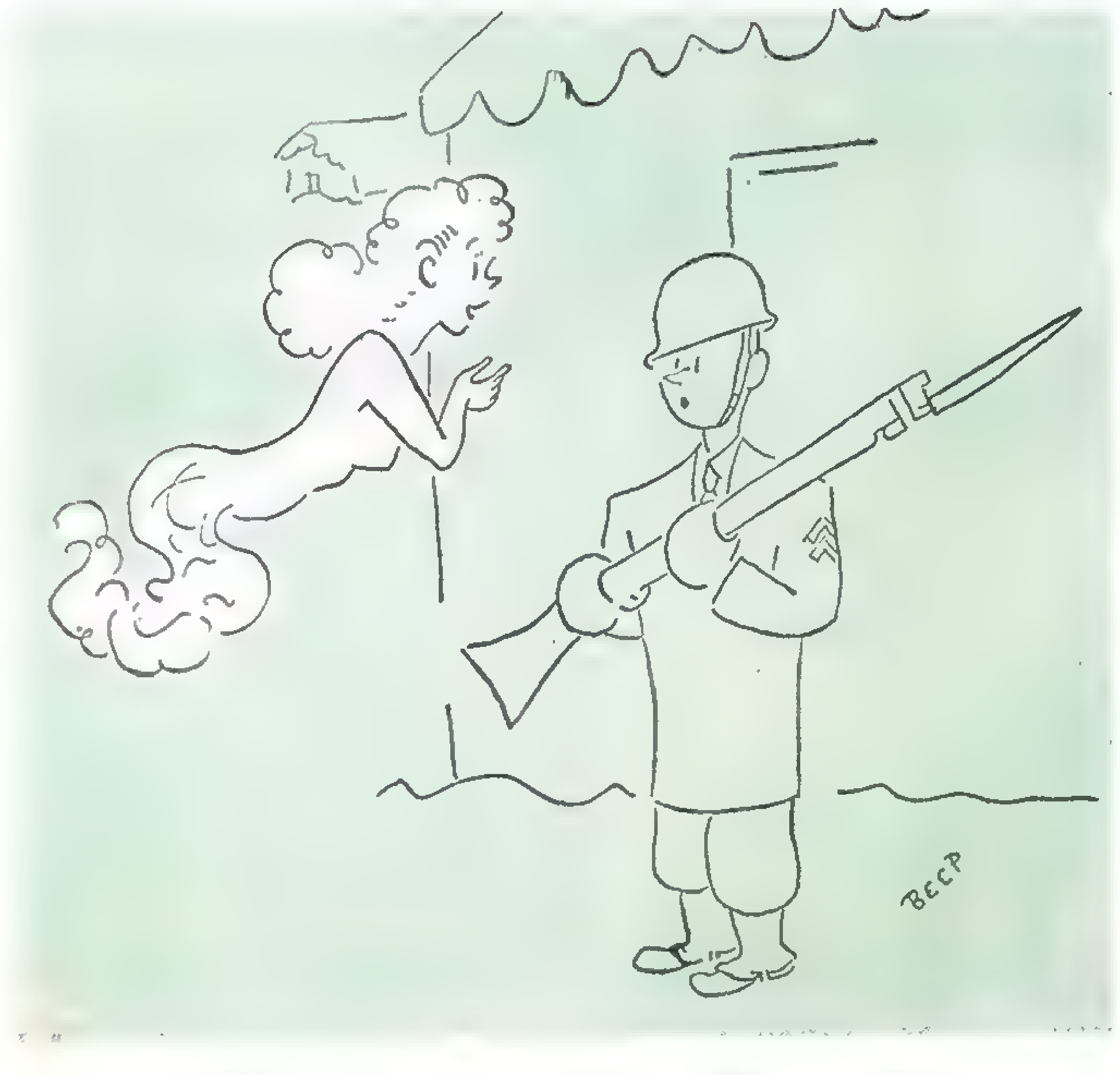
HONESTLY, we get conscience-stricken as we think of dear departed dishes we ate without half noticing. Just took them in our conversational stride. Boy, how we'd give them our undivided attention, our heartfelt appreciation, our humble reverence today! Those fresh-opened sardines. Planked porterhousefuls. Lush dark Cherries Jubilee. Baked Alaskas. Alas, this is a hell of a time to be saluting their sublimity.

REMORSE-COVERED palates have a new outlook upon intakings. No nuance of cuisine art, no beverage's bouquet, gets by them unacclaimed. We consume less and enjoy more, discovering to our amazement that reveling in vittles is not a matter of shoveling. Never mind what, so long as it's *good*.

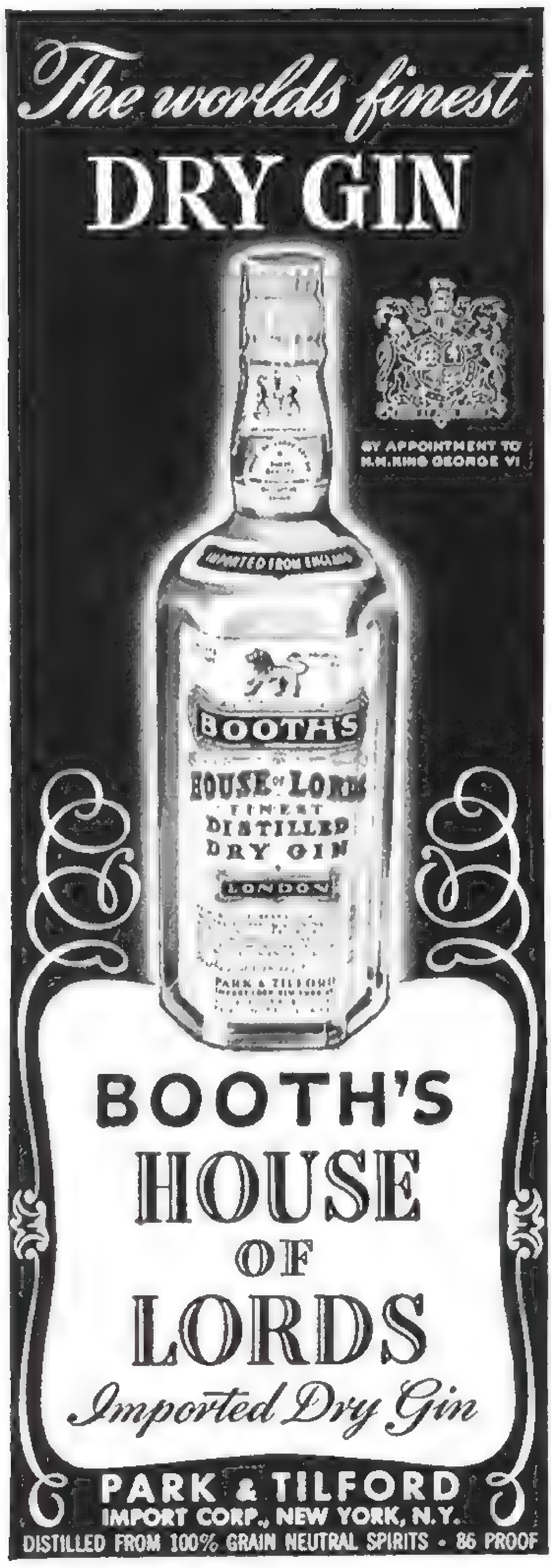
AND there's where New York diners-out are in fantastic luck, this city having the world's largest army of wizard skilleteers, casserolers, and hickory broilmen—chefs who can take anything the O.P.A. allows them and beglory it into something teasy that imparts bolsterment.

SO you draw back from tripe, sight unseen? Self deprivation, my dear sir. Gourmets in Normandy have long esteemed Tripe à la Mode de Caen (a two day preparation job involving calf's head and other valuable considerations) as only a shade less delectable than pressed duck. In Paris it was worshipped at the most genteel temples of gobblery, and here in New York it is cunningly contrived for gullet elation at various restaurants, notably Henri's, 15 East 52nd, where it is devourable daily. Ye Olde Chop House, downtown at 118 Cedar Street, has been broiling juicy slabs of elk over the coals. And turtle steak has leaped to prominence in one place and another as an item of Tuesday tooth interest. Indeed, rationing, instead of narrowing our gastronomic endeavors, has actually broadened them as the alert restaurateurs coax us into new fields of adventure. Besides, there's the whole gamut of fine American wines to draw upon for flavor companionship.

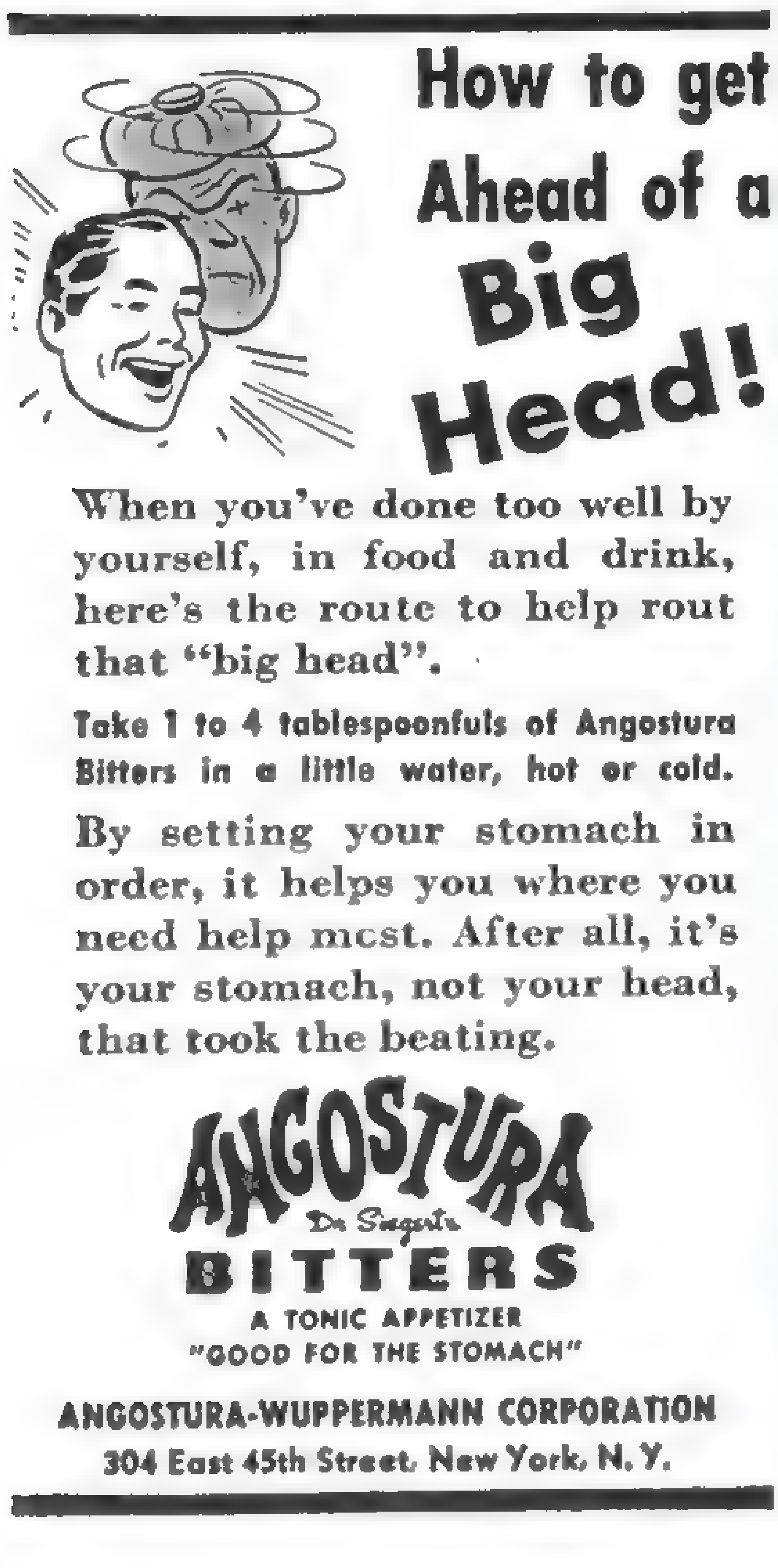
For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Avenue, New York. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.



"A dream to see Private Perkins"


The worlds finest
DRY GIN
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI
BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS FINEST DISTILLED DRY GIN LONDON
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
Imported Dry Gin
PARK & TILFORD
IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N.Y.
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

"Gay Paris in New York"
FRENCH DINNER $1.25
Glamorous Montmartre Girls
3 Floor Shows Nightly:
8:30 - 11:30 - 1 P.M. 2 Orchs.
BAL TABARIN
225 W. 46th St.
Circle 6-0949


How to get Ahead of a Big Head!

When you've done too well by yourself, in food and drink, here's the route to help rout that "big head".

Take 1 to 4 tablespoonfuls of Angostura Bitters in a little water, hot or cold.

By setting your stomach in order, it helps you where you need help most. After all, it's your stomach, not your head, that took the beating.

ANGOSTURA
Dr. Siegert's
BITTERS
A TONIC APPETIZER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"
ANGOSTURA-WUPPERMANN CORPORATION
304 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

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PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS LIQUEUR
D. J. BIELZOFF PRODUCTS CO. CHICAGO, ILL.
ROMANTIC Crystallized LIQUEURS
Creme de Menthe
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RED HORSE
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CUISINE FRANCAISE
FAMOUS FOR CHICKEN DIVAN & SPECIAL SALAD
FINEST VINTAGE WINES and LIQUEURS
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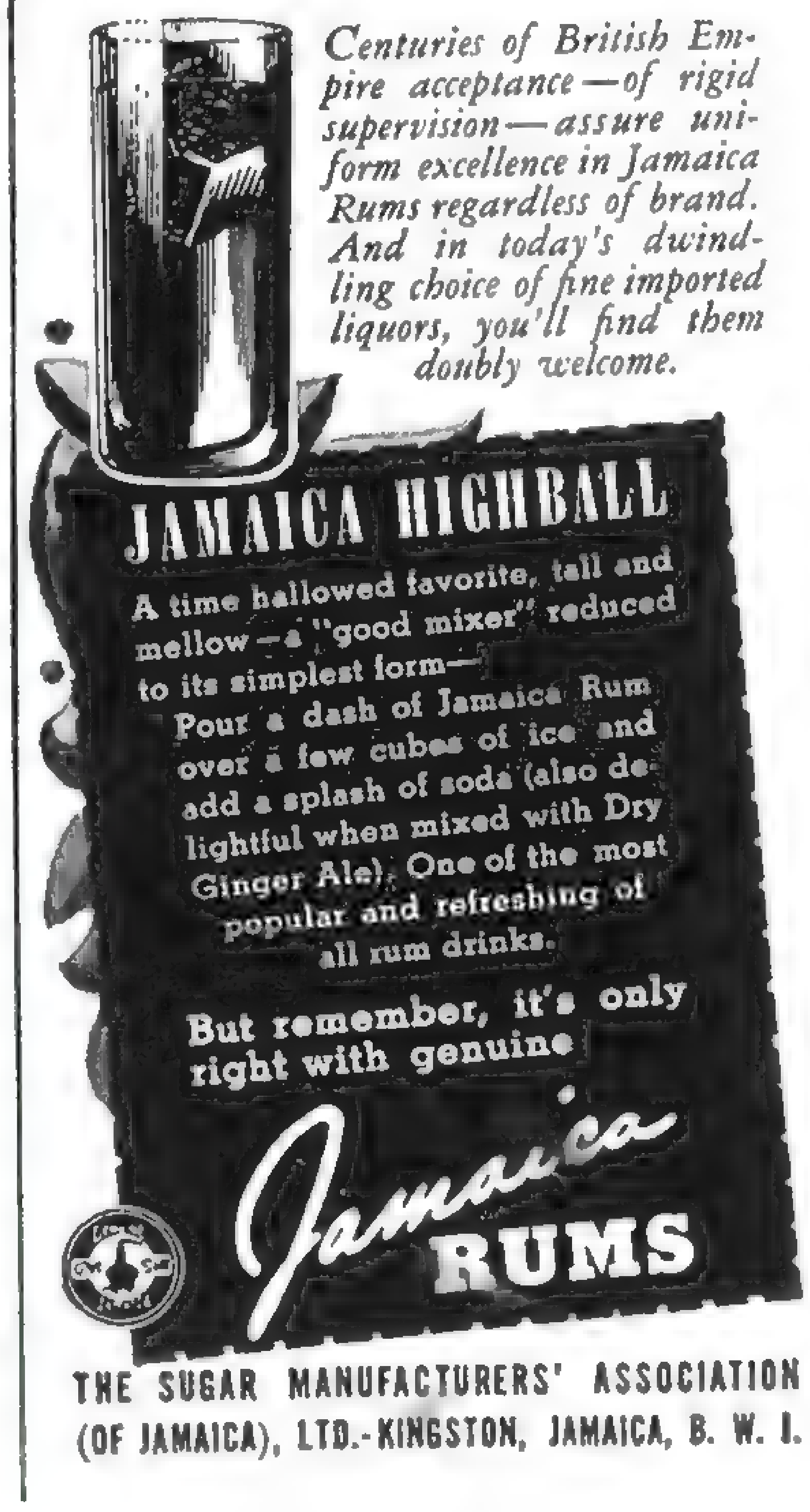

Centuries of British Empire acceptance—of rigid supervision—assure uniform excellence in Jamaica Rums regardless of brand. And in today's dwindling choice of fine imported liquors, you'll find them doubly welcome.

JAMAICA HIGHBALL
A time hallowed favorite, tall and mellow—a "good mixer" reduced to its simplest form—
Pour a dash of Jamaica Rum over a few cubes of ice and add a splash of soda (also delightful when mixed with Dry Ginger Ale). One of the most popular and refreshing of all rum drinks.

But remember, it's only right with genuine
Jamaica RUMS
THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD.-KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE *Stratoliners*?

ENTAL Line
Stratoliner
TWA

STRATOLINER MAKES 17 OCEAN CROSSINGS IN 22 DAYS

NOW SERVING THE NATION IN OVER-OCEAN FLYING FOR THE AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND

For more than a year TWA Stratoliners in Army camouflage have been roaming the airways of the world, serving urgent air transport needs of our country's armed forces abroad.

Famous cities in foreign lands have become familiar ports of call for the big four-engine airliners that introduced faster, high-level luxury flying to air travelers in the United States.

Carrying irreplaceable war cargo to rough, hurriedly-made airports, the Stratoliners have each flown thousands of miles a week, often with loads tons greater than they were designed to carry. One of the Stratoliners recently made a record of seventeen ocean crossings in only twenty-two days in delivering critically needed materials to our fighting men overseas.

The record-breaking peacetime performance of the Stratoliners, when they carried 110,000 passengers in 19 months, has been more than equalled by their wartime service to the nation.

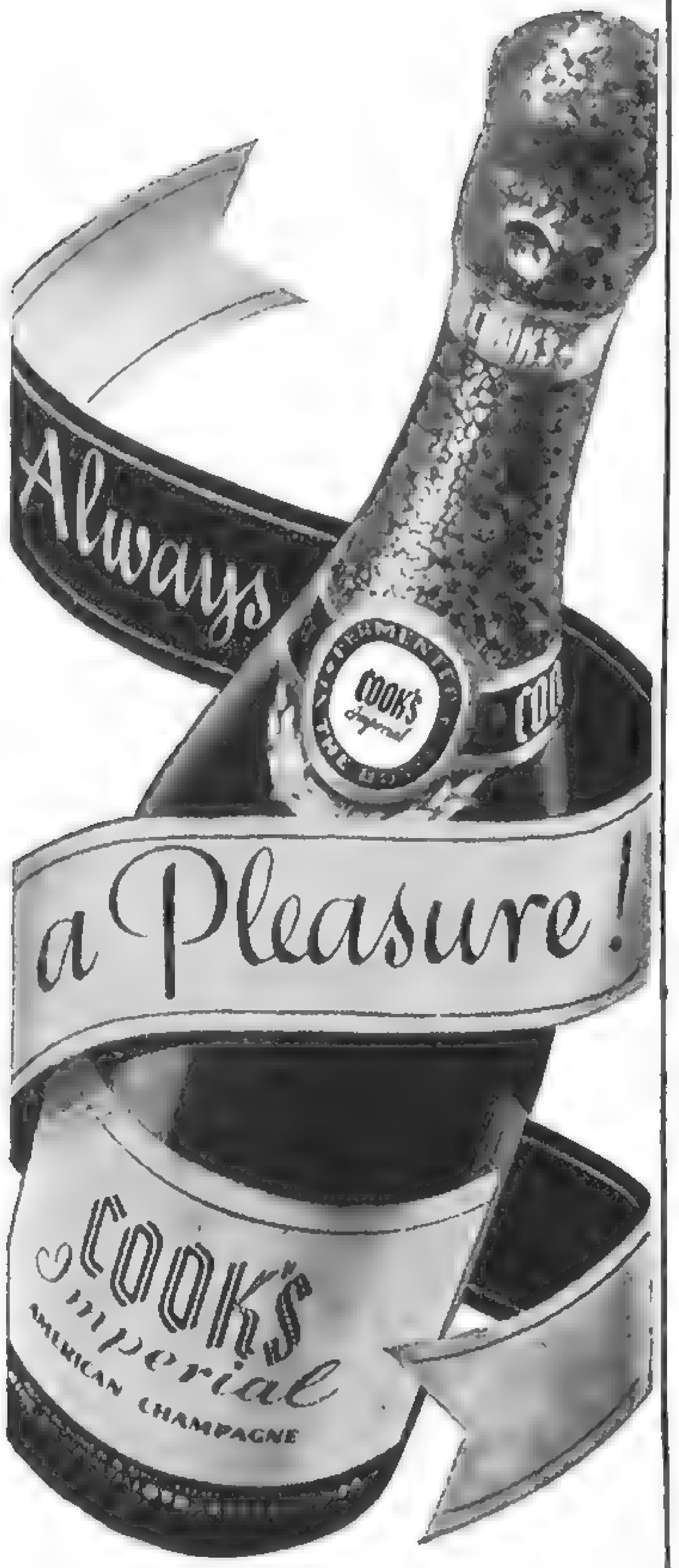
• • •

TWA Services Performed for the Armed Forces: Over-Ocean Air Transport Operations—Military Aircraft Modification—Army Aircraft Mechanic, Radio Operator and Radio Mechanic Training—Flight Crew Training—Four-Engine Training—Communications Engineering Projects—North American Air Cargo Service.

Government support has been given the airlines in part to prepare them to serve the needs of National Defense. This is another in a series of messages telling how TWA is fulfilling its obligations to the nation in wartime.

TRANSCONTINENTAL & WESTERN AIR, INC.

The TWA TRANSCONTINENTAL Airline



EXTRA DRY • BRUT • SPARKLING BURGUNDY

American TABLE WINES
SAUTERNES • RHINE • BURGUNDY • CLARET
American DESSERT WINES
PORT • SHERRY (PALE & DRY) • TOKAY • MUSCATEL

AMERICAN WINE CO • ST LOUIS

REVUE 8:45-11:45-2
OPEN SUNDAYS NO COVER
DINNER $1.50
The Montmartre of New York
Jimmy Kelly's
181 SULLIVAN ST. — AL.4-1414

Expressed Alive Daily
Ocean-Clear
LIVE LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED
LOBSTER CO., INC.
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DuBOUCHETT
Blackberry
Flavored
Brandy

DELICIOUS
AS THE FRUIT
Blackberry
Flavored
Brandy
Also
APRICOT
PEACH
CHERRY

70
PROOF

DuBOUCHETT
MANY, BLANC
MANY BLANC & CO., INC., CHICAGO, ILL.

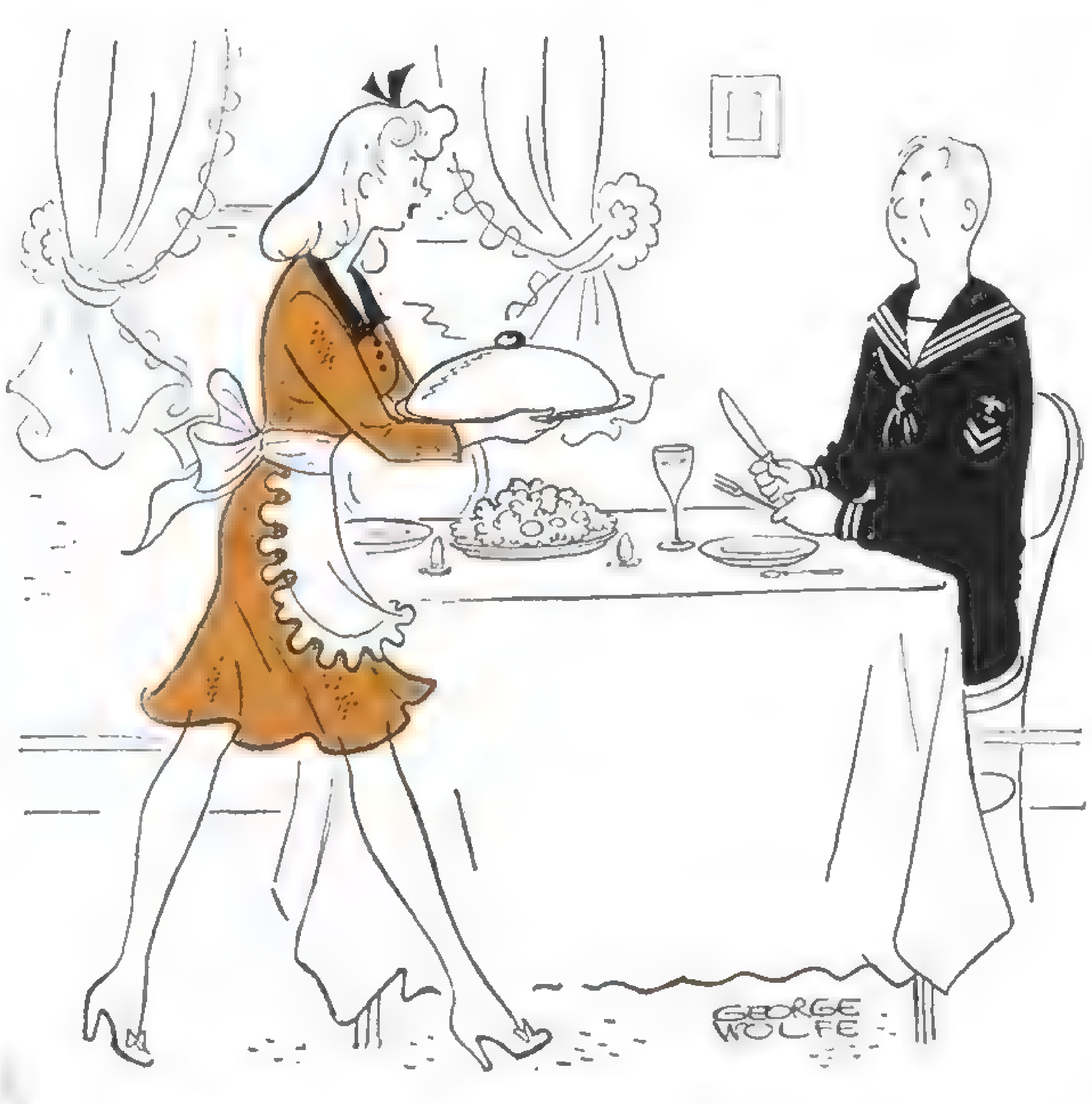
Painting the Town with Esquire

SWISS VIRTUOSITY in the arts of hostelry hospitality is manifest at the Savoy-Plaza whose helmsman George Suter hails from deep skilled Lausanne, as does his maître d'hotel Paul Gotschi of the Gotschi clan famous in hoteldom. Residentially a fastidiously appointed establishment where long leasers are in clover, this hotel, located where Fifth Avenue's smart shopping world gives way to big green Central Park, is also an inevitable magnet for lunchers, cocktailers, diners, mid-evening droppers-in, and after theaterers in quest of a sip of supper. Favorite department is the Café Lounge, themed with Prince Charles cocktails—brandy, Drambuie liqueur, lemon juice (you've heard of Brandy Prince Charlie, haven't you?)—and the step music of Russ Smith and his crew. Here appear entertainers selected by Suter himself, who is such a discoverer of stars, they are calling him the man with the telescope eye for talent.

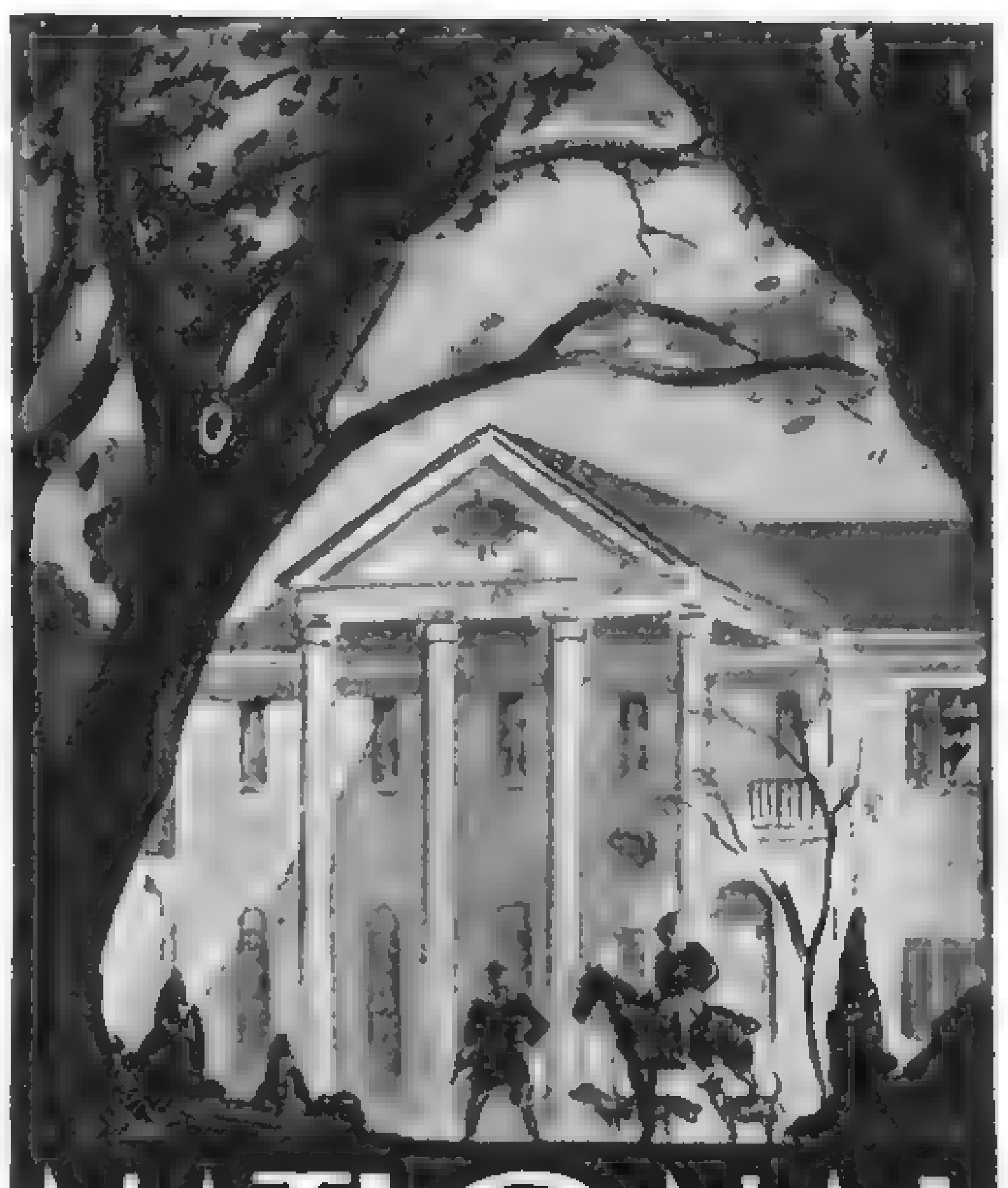
IT MIGHTN'T be considered good manners for a patron of the Chambord Restaurant, 803 Third Avenue, to press his nose against the glass peep partition of the kitchen in his eagerness to watch the white-capped performers at work. So all we can testify to is the results of that work, which are singularly salubrious from delicate smoked salmon up through potage of mushrooms, Chicken Chambord, and flaming Suzettes prepared by waiter captain Paris as per recipe of his own devising, which involves furlong serpentines of orange peel, Grand Marnier, Curaçao, and brandy. Like every place else, this restaurant, functioning under the prexihood of Roger Chauveron, is rationed, but the government permits miracles to those who know how to achieve them, and these priceless fellows do.

WONDROUS kind to hanger-tapes of overcoats is Mlle. Check-ie outside the Iridium Room of the St. Regis. Any that arrive popped, she tactfully heals with needle and thread while their owners are dining and dancing. Which is typical of this hotel, whose personnel seems to think of everything . . . Table side mystifier Dr. Sydney Ross of Rainbow Room renown is now suavely astounding around at the Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf-Astoria . . . Easing orderer's ordeal, the Baroque (14 East 53rd) offers Specialty of the Day, always a honey.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Avenue, New York. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.



"Why don't you bring your boss home for supper some night, Andrew?"



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BEER

NATIONAL
PREMIUM
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MARYLAND'S
AMBASSADOR
OF GOOD CHEER
is on the menus of the finer places from coast to coast. Costly—but well worth the price.

Brewed and bottled by
The National Brewing Co. of Baltimore, Md.

DON'T MISS
EDDIE DAVIS
N. Y's No. 1 CAFE STAR
LEON & EDDIE'S
33 W. 52 NEW YORK

15th
of every month is the day to look for the new ESQUIRE on the newsstands

J. Bavet
FINE BRANDY
THE BRANDY OF CHARACTER

NO FINER BRANDY
IN ALL THE WORLD
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84
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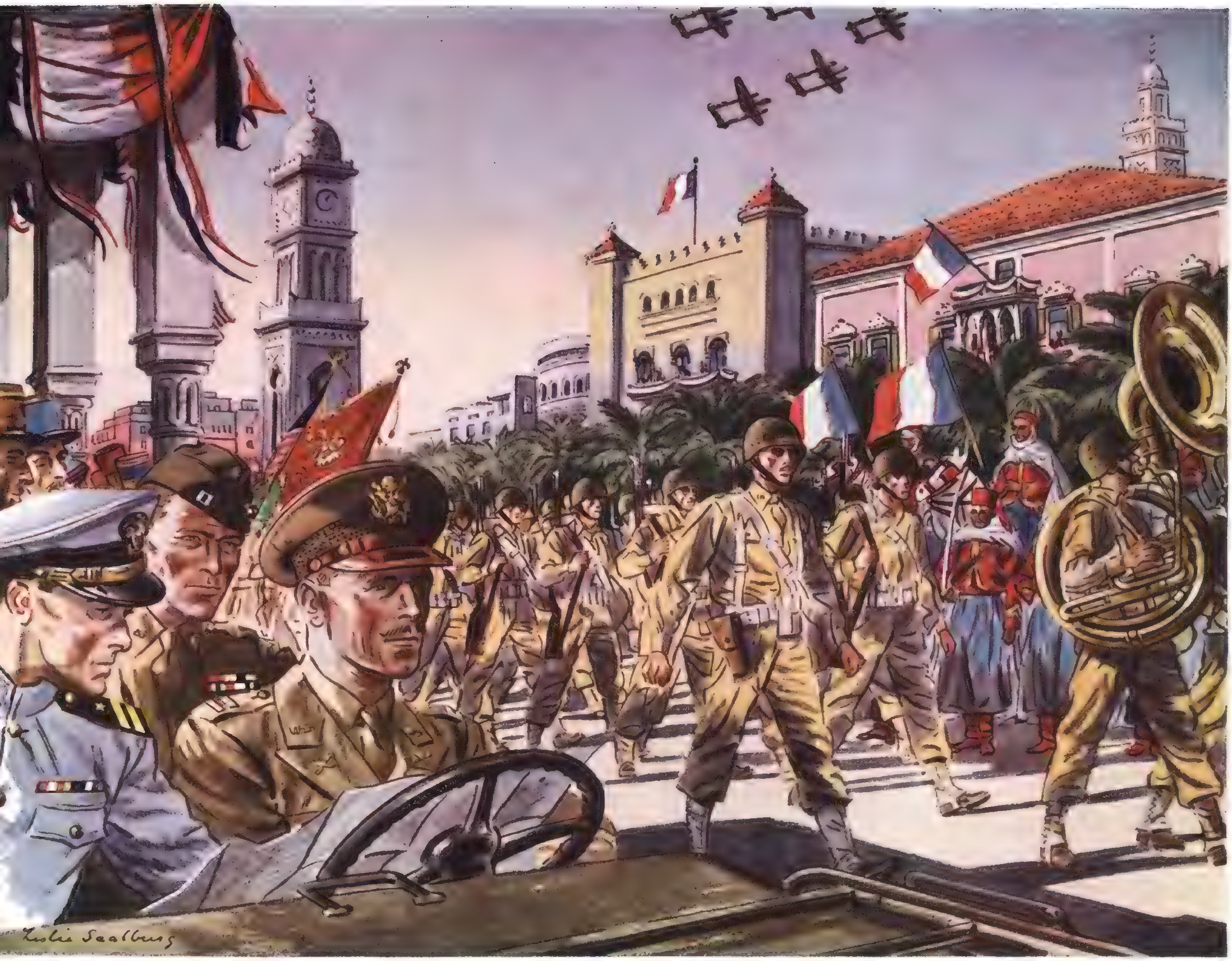


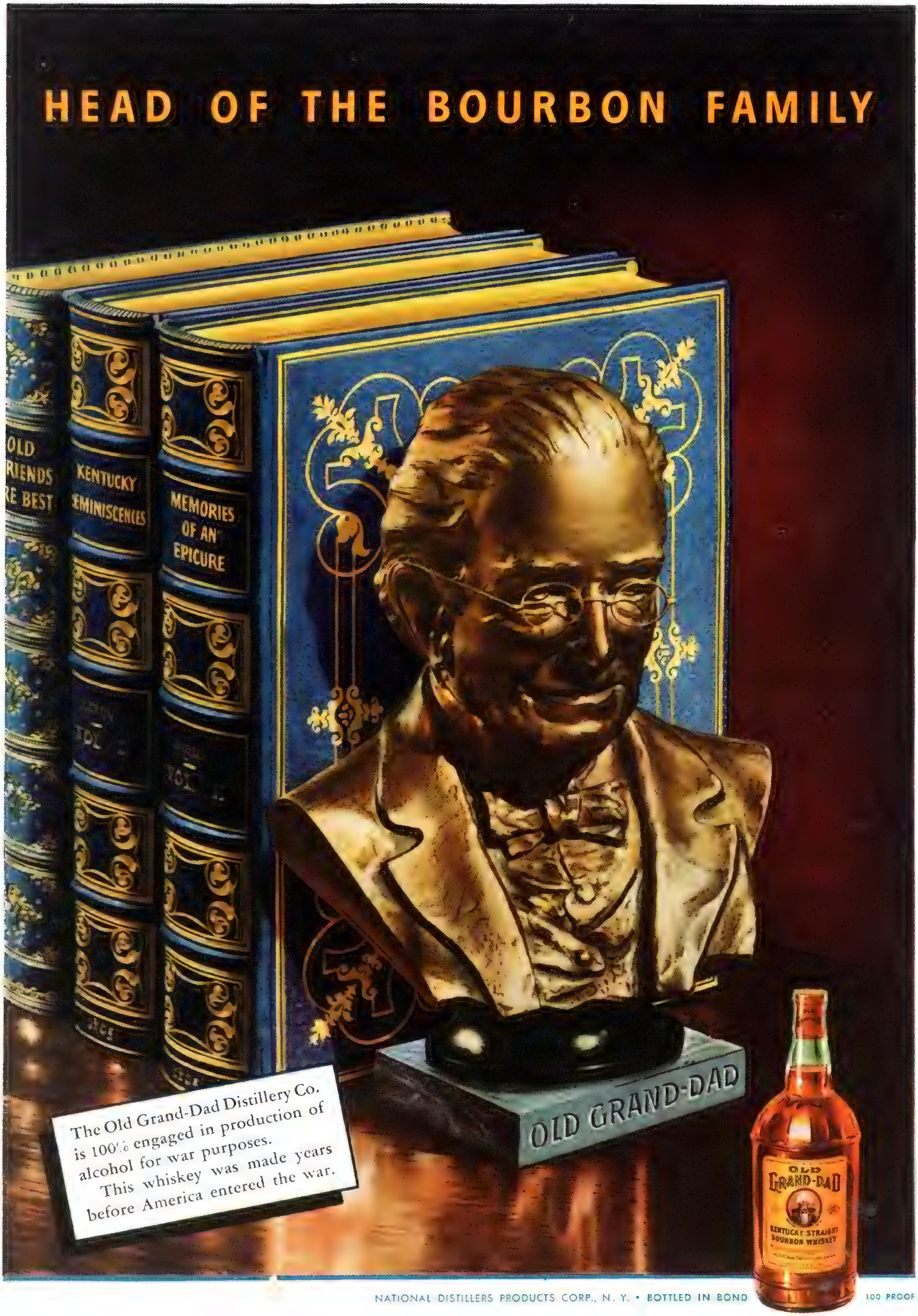
American troops marching down the Boulevard du 4e Zouaves, Casablanca, French Morocco, November, 1942 . . . painted by famed artist, Leslie Saalburg

TRADITIONALLY, America's fighting men are the best-trained, best-equipped, best-clothed, best-fed in the world. Traditionally, too, their officers are the best-turned-out. From polished shoes to dashing caps, they look the leaders they are. It is no mere accident that so many of our top-ranks in the services wear Dobbs Military Caps. Line and style are tailored into them . . . and they hold that line through to victory. In material, workmanship, and line skilfully designed to the wearer's features, Dobbs Military Caps possess the same leadership in military life that Dobbs Hats hold in civilian life. Men of action prefer Dobbs.

DOBBS

Military Caps . . . in which they serve

NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS . . . RETAIL STORE: PARK AVENUE AT 53rd . . . AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES


HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY
OLD FRIENDS ARE BEST
KENTUCKY REMINISCENCES
MEMORIES OF AN EPICURE
OLD GRAND-DAD
OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co. is 100% engaged in production of alcohol for war purposes. This whiskey was made years before America entered the war.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., N. Y. • BOTTLED IN BOND 100 PROOF

Spin the Wheel and Win

America would profit, civilians would enjoy the fun and Hitler would be the only loser if we had a Federal lottery

by JOHN W. DARR

• ARTICLE •

WAR-LOTTERY PLAN IN OUTLINE

The plan would be based on "units" of 1,000,000 tickets each, the tickets to sell at $5 each. Thus each unit would bring the government $5,000,000. For each unit, the government would set aside $500,000 in present-series War Bonds to be awarded as prizes. This amounts to 2 per cent (less than the interest rate on the present series) on $5,000,000 for five years.

The counterfoils of tickets—the buyer's receipt—would be redeemable at face value ($5 each) at any time after five years after the date of purchase. Nobody loses! To avoid their passing as currency and thus contributing to inflation, they would be non-negotiable, except by inheritance.

Now for some multiplication: Postoffices, banks and other authorized outlets would sell, say, 20,000,000 tickets a day for $100,000,000. That amount, multiplied by 300 (the number of working days in a year), would yield, annually, $30,000,000,000—which, besides being important money in anybody's country, is nearly the estimated margin between the American people's spend-ability for available goods and our national income. Economists point out that, if inflation is to be avoided, that margin must somehow be neutralized.

Some fifty years ago an American Congress investigated a financial phenomenon called the Louisiana Lottery which helped make the Nineties Gay and reaped a net profit of $8,232,888, in twelve monthly drawings. Surely our present government, at this far grimmer time in our history, would do well to explore the feasibility of a similar expedient to help finance World War II—and, incidentally give us all some fun.

The lottery goes far back in recorded history. Across Europe and into Asia, governments of states have sold tickets, spun the wheel, passed out the prizes—and raked in the proceeds. And westward, the idea crossed the Atlantic in colonizing days and took root in the New World. It spread through Latin America. In the early days of our own republic, it flowered—and I use the word advisedly—in New England.

Our conservative forefathers merely followed tradition. The country was young, undeveloped, and poor, its people devout, but practical. They needed churches, schools, colleges, public roads, canal systems and they cheerfully turned to the lottery. Nor did they fret at what, in the light of latter-day opinion, might seem a compromise with morality.

Thus, at New Haven, the General Court of the Colony granted a charter in 1701 "for the founding, suitably endowing, and ordering a Collegiate School within His Majesty's Colony of Connecticut." As rector of the school, the founders chose the Reverend Abraham Pierson; and, in March, 1702, when the first student entered what is now Yale University, he enrolled at the rector's parsonage. When, in 1750, Yale needed a new building, the state authorized a lottery to raise the funds. If any Yale alumni feel that that wild-oat episode in the youth of their *alma mater* would best be glossed over, they may derive consolation from the fact that similar episodes occurred in the histories of Harvard, Columbia, Princeton, William and Mary, and Union.

Not only did morality condone the lottery as an institution, but so also did scholarship. In the 1830's, the literature of mathematics was enriched by the printed reports of Professors John Allen, of the University of Maryland, and Henry James Anderson, of Columbia, rendered to Messrs. Yates & M'Intyre, "agents of the managers of a lottery for the use of the University of Maryland"—a learned, double-barreled document in which the professors proved to the hilt that the permutation plan of drawing, as practiced by Messrs. Yates & M'Intyre in establishing the lucky numbers in a lottery for Maryland U., was fair and honorable and mathematically sound. To clinch the matter, the eminent Professor Edward Hinkley, of the Maryland faculty, sat down with his quill pen and his conscience and wrote the rules for the University lottery.

To a greater extent than you'd gather by looking at the classic edifice today, the cornerstone of our higher education was laid by a trowel paid for by drawing numbered buttons out of a barrel.

And if our country's people were poor, our country's governments, state and national—particularly during and after the Revolution—were broke. As they are now, wars then were expensive. Robert Morris, on the home front, and John Adams and Benjamin Franklin on the diplomatic and financial front abroad, had wrought financial miracles; but the Holland bankers acting for the Colonies had scraped, at last, the bottoms of their bins.

Our government needed, badly, 2,000,000 guilders. At home, the government had offered the people bonds at 6 per cent. Then it had offered 7. But other governments, blessed with better credit, were offering 6 and 7 per cent, too; and American bonds had found no takers. To meet the emergency, Adams and Franklin engineered a Federal lottery—the first in our country's history—and saved the country's credit and its honor. In the conservative words of one historian: "To offer to borrow 2,000,000 guilders at 4 per cent and to issue 690,000 guilders in further debentures as a premium to those lucky enough to have their bonds draw the proposed prizes was sufficient to induce the public to advance the money . . . The whole cost was equivalent to an interest of only 6 per cent. The loan was a success."

Successful, also, were innumerable other lotteries that financed famous public works. A lottery raised the money with which, after a fire in 1761, Boston rebuilt Faneuil Hall. To defend Philadelphia, a lottery built a battery on the Delaware. And, in 1759, in New Brunswick, New Jersey, a lottery raised the money with which to complete the historic English Church.

Through the latter part of the Eighteenth Century and into the Nineteenth, the lottery, as a publicly-operated enterprise, flourished in nine of the states. In Philadelphia in 1832, there were as many as eight drawings a week, with prizes totaling some $53,000,000. Lottery-ticket brokers set up permanent offices; and the sale of tickets became interstate business. And that was the development (not moral opposition among a supposedly puritanical people) that first brought the lottery into disfavor.

Both Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, busy with public improvement projects, sold lottery tickets everywhere. But understandably, Pennsylvania preferred to sell her tickets outside Pennsylvania; and Massachusetts preferred to sell hers outside Massachusetts. With nine states staging lotteries and with each of the nine earnestly trying to bring in funds from the other states, the obvious effect resembled a situation in which the people take in each other's washings. And so, the first cause that led to the lottery's abolition in America was interstate competition.

The second was the emergence of the promoter. The country was passing through an industrial revolution. A new technology had set astir in men the desire for profits and, simultaneously, had opened the door for that enterprising middleman known as the entrepreneur. It was in the American public-lottery system that the entrepreneur saw his great opportunity. He knew that an imaginative person whose heart was in his work could step-up the business. So he would go, say, to the state-owned Pennsylvania Canal Company and say:

"You've a potential gold mine in this lottery. Let me work it for you. Assign me the exclusive rights, and I'll guarantee you, in the form of a percentage of the take, more revenue than your canal company ever has seen."

The contract signed, the promoter went to town with ballyhoo. He opened chains of offices through which, at wholesale, he sold blocks of chances to brokers. He developed a system of betting on the outcome of drawings that, drawing upon the nomenclature of insurance, he called "policy."

So, what had been an institution mathematically on the level came to stir up the scent of scandal. Managers of lotteries were

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The Savage Beast in Us

Dispelling the hopes of burlesque entrepreneurs and fears of censors that the strip has sensory appeal

by PAUL GALLICO

•ARTICLE•

WHAT with a show yanked off the Broadway boards, the producers thereof plunked into durance vile, and others quaking beneath the basilisk eye of the censor, it behooves this forward-looking and inspired hack to examine some of the facets of sex at $4.40 per, and the so-called lure of the female form divine. My purpose is to reveal the stuff as a combination of fraud and abysmal ignorance. For the most part, the female flesh as exposed on Broadway is a blight and a bore. We are trying to Save The Boys Some Trouble.

Since the flesh show on Broadway has the same basic philosophy as other legitimate business ventures such as the manufacture of eyelets for lace shoes, or the making of paper boxes, namely, to create a profit on the books, it is rather startling to find at this late date that the entrepreneurs of such displays have failed to give the same careful study to the organization, display and sale of their product as has the average proprietor of any similar purely business enterprise. In fact, the first casual consideration of their operations leads me to the conclusion that they don't know what the Hell it's all about.

Let us, for instance, consider that absurd accident of human anatomy known to science as the umbilicus which is presented nightly as a treat to the public eye at prices varying from four dollars and forty cents for an orchestra seat to blanket inclusion among the benefits covered by the two-dollar *couvert* charge in cafes and night spots.

Who told those congenital nitwits there is anything stimulating, or mildly entertaining about this ridiculous wrinkle staring like a blind eye from the center of an expanse of otherwise not too revolting epidermis?

I have yet to hear of a single instance where any average male, having been confronted with this tidbit, has rushed panting into the night to seek assuagement for the fires kindled in his circulatory system. If anything, this abdominal replica of Polyphemus has the chilling effect of examining a fine piece of velvet and finding a cigarette hole in the middle of it. Yet, costumers are encouraged to expose this silly scar on the theory that men and women will queue up at the box office or night club gates to get a peek at it.

Forced to conceal more arresting areas, the business man involved in the presentation of ladies set to music, finding nothing on the statute books involving the midriff, orders it exposed on the theory that it is better than nothing. It won't work, boys, and why don't you get wise and hide the damn thing for good and all?

Let us continue the expansion of our thesis with an examination into the esthetic or entertainment value of the "grind" and the "bump," two cultural manifestations of the theatre featured in the recent indecency trials.

The "bump" appears to be a violent twitch whereby the artiste gathers up all of the area immediately south of the chest and hurls it in the general direction of the audience, aimed at hitting some man, in the fifth row, right between the eyes.

The gesture is held to be fraught with aphrodisiac significance, a sure-fire yank on the hair trigger that is supposed to control the beast in us. Oh, yeah?

Outside of the fact that the movement is awkward, unrhythmic, and hideous to behold, even when backed by an orchestra of symphonic proportions, it just won't work as a beast-rouser. What it makes me think is that some gent in the company, having somehow achieved invisibility, has stolen up behind the danseuse and administered a good swift kick *à derrière*. The sight of an entire stageful of coryphees performing this gesture, as is sometimes arranged by dance directors under the impression that it is Hot Stuff and will Sell Tickets, is enough to ruin the *après-midi* of any faun.

The supposedly sultry "grind," in which the performer revolves her hips in time to music while the rest of her stands still, may have practical value as a slimming exercise, but performed in public and by herself, I must report that from the viewpoint of the average susceptible male, the results are negative. On the contrary, it has undeniable comic aspects. A lady engrossed in delivering herself of these revolutions, her face transfixed with the curious far-off stare resulting from the muscular effort reminds me of nothing so much as a gal who has backed herself up against a tree or a wall and is attempting to scratch an itch she can't reach.

I read not long ago, in these very pages, the interesting suggestion that behind the plague of cockeyed and farcical female hats of recent years lay a psychological conspiracy on the part of the pixies who concocted them to make women look grotesque and silly. One suspects a plot of even vaster proportions to present the female figure on the stage in its most ridiculous, rather than its most attractive and undeniably seductive light.

It is probably more a reflection upon the innate vulgarity and complete lack of sophisticated education on the part of the gents who invest their dough in the type of musicals that has replaced the banished burlesques.

The perfectly-proportioned female figure is a joy to behold, but there is only one in every hundred thousand worth looking at from an esthetic point of view. Show shop proprietors are not concerned with esthetics. They still fall for that oldie that men go to the theatre for the purpose of seeing a girl without her clothes on. The gent who goes to the beach or attends the average dinner party today gets more of an eyeful under pleasanter and more stimulating circumstances than can be afforded by any six girl shows you want to name, always excepting, respectfully, the undeniable jolt of the public disrobing of the Misses Lee, Hart and sisters.

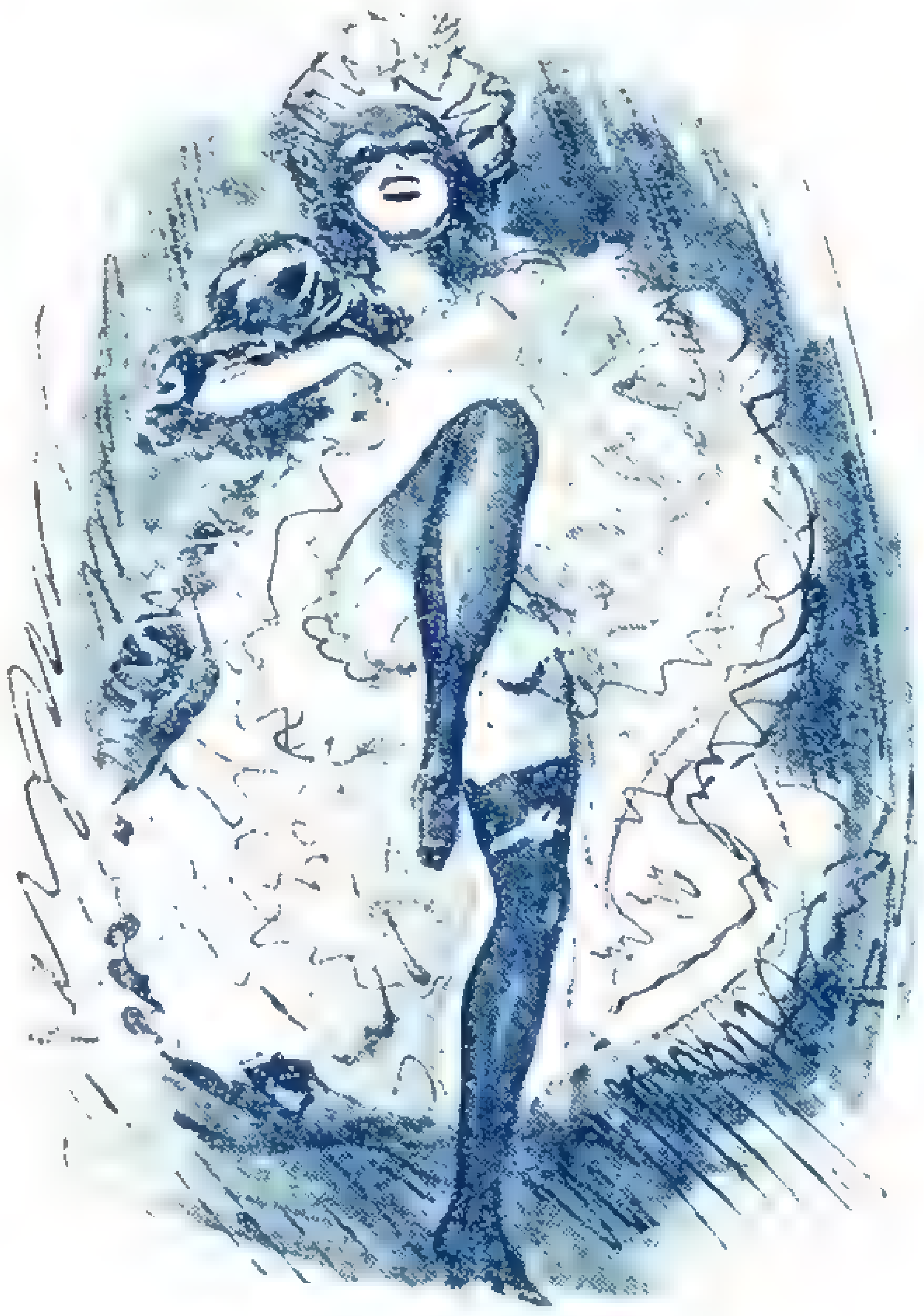
Since one man's meat is another man's yawn, the entrepreneur, when engaging the supernumeraries who are to carry aloft the red oriflamme of s-x during the evening's performance, takes care to

mix them up as to types, shapes, styles, and coloring. As a kid, you will remember wondering how that fat dame with the back porch of a hippopotamus ever got into the burleycue chorus. Later you learned that she was put there for the guys who liked fat dames.

But the net result of such a chorus line of please-alls is to release upon the boards the damndest horde of swaybacks, thick-hips, spindle-legs, flat-chests, string-necks, high-bosoms, beanpoles, short-torsos, bony-arms, and round-shoulders. Granted that with some study a guy will find a little number concealed in the gang who will set him to reflecting over the possibility of getting her telephone number, the mass effect upon the average male member of the audience is to cause him to mutter: "Where the Hell did they ever collect that bunch of dames!" As a stimulus to sin it's a washout.

The late Mr. Ziegfeld was intelligent at his profession of beast-rousing. He engaged girls of uniform chassis, with the loveliest faces in the world, merely varying the color of their hair, and then loaded them down with clothes. They came in wearing practically everything that could be scraped together from the costumer's ateliers, or was lying around backstage, and what they couldn't wear around their torsos, or drape over their shoulders, they carried on their heads. He knew what few of his contemporaries know: the more clothes you put on a woman the more exciting she becomes. Conversely, the more you take off, the closer you approach to the rind, the more ridiculous she looks unless God has been very kind with his endowments.

It is long since woman has had the sensory appeal she reveled in during the Victorian era when her form was concealed from chin to toe, warmly and invitingly buried beneath layers of petticoats, excitingly battened beneath corsets, corset-covers, and something thrillingly known as a chemise. Where is the gent who can keep a gleam out of his eye at the enchanting sound of the word "chemise"? All that is accomplished, conversely, by "bra" or "panty" is to make us more than a little bit ill.



The habilimentary liberation of woman has cost her a lot in attraction and desirability, and nowhere is this quite so patent as on the stage. She, or the nitwits she permits to set the styles for her, have robbed us of all imagination. The male eye instead of being titillated with mystery, is shocked with epidermal *faits accomplis.* One swish of Floradora's long skirt, to show a gleam of white under-frock and a smidgin of ankle, was sufficient to purple every bald dome in the audience in those dear departed days. Today the boys snooze gustily through the allegedly carnal moments of the revue until those happier minutes when those poor, dull, naked freaks are replaced by the comedian, or somebody who can sing.

The strip tease of the burlesque chains, lately elevated to a national industry, is nothing more than a physical projection of a facet of the *psychologie erotique* of the average male. To put it in terms that even I can understand, when a gent sees a pretty girl concealed by a lot of clothes, he immediately wonders what dwells beneath them, and mentally eliminates the garments, one by one.

This harmless practice often puts him into the mood to part with diamond bracelets, emerald clips, sable coats, or even proffers of marriage which lead to happy homes in the suburbs, and little kiddies pushed about in prams.

The strip-tease as a public exhibition is vulgar, and belongs to the more private environs of the lupanar, to which place the licensing authorities will eventually relegate it. And all because the dizzards who cater as a business venture to the b. in u. are too thick-witted to realize that every guy worthy of the name is his own stripper. Turn loose on the stage a bevy of gals with pretty faces and ankles, who can sing a little and dance a little, and who are wearing pretty clothes and plenty of them, and we'll have a wonderful time.

I remember the first time I saw ladies on the stage without any clothes on at all, and I do not recall that I was forced to utter muffled cries for smelling salts or that I went out from the theatre and began knocking out the cornerstones of churches. It was at a visit to the *Folies Bergère* in Paris, *circa* 1926, when I had a younger, moister eye. The girls were presented nude, in great masses, draped over properties, hanging from the chandeliers, and stowed six-deep around the scenery in *poses plastiques.* They looked like a group of amiable pink pigs. The French run more to upholstery in their preferences than we do, so in some groupings there were sufficient curves to suggest a vague pass had been made at art. But I'll be damned if anything else was suggested. I came away neither a worse nor a better man.

At least the French managed to maintain some standards for the forms they exhibited, and did not expose ladies modelled on the classic lines of giraffes, or whose legs, instead of proceeding from their torsos in a reasonably correct manner, are set at odd angles to the corners of their trunks.

Our revue costumers either have no eye for the faintly comic anatomy of a lady, or, as has been suggested before, they are deliberately avenging themselves on the whole tribe. Otherwise they would not send them forth into the glare of spotlights looking like plucked chickens. The beauty of woman's line lies in the sweep from the curve of her bust to her ankles. The Empire style was one of the most graceful ever worn by woman.

The silliest joke played by nature on the girls, though unquestionably utilitarian, was the widening of the hips to make them look like ambulating hourglasses. Night after night these hips, rimmed with feathers, electric lights or assorted tinsel and rhinestones, are presented to audiences as the acme of erotic sophistication. It's all hooey, along with the chest cups, fringes, diadems, and other paraphernalia used to outline territory deemed illegal. The girls look just plain ridiculous, and guys who are supposed to be entertained are plain bored.

It is bad enough when these poor, chilly-looking monkeys are marching about, or merely trying to sing a song in unison. I will not touch upon the caricatures that occur when thus clad they engage in tap dances or acrobatic numbers which result in a girl's rear end, clad in white satin, suddenly appearing behind her ear, like a winter moon, when she tears herself in two in what is graphically termed a split, or ties herself into knots that resemble the confused physique of a clam. These performances may have merit as *Grand Guignol,* but where sex is concerned, it's a laugh.

Another type of pseudo-excitement long passé is the high kick. It had some value when its enactment revealed a flash of silken leg emerging from skirts. Performed by any of those stork-legged, knob-kneed chorus babes clad in the limit of the law, it has all the sex appeal of a pair of calipers.

I trust that I have faithfully exposed my argument: that if Broadway flesh-peddlers think they're putting on hot shows, they have another guess coming, and if guardians of the public morals are worried about me and the other guys becoming corrupted by those dull, imbecilic, puerile, gyrations over which they are currently exercised, they can quit worrying, because it just ain't so. #

The Rockets' Red Glare

The General thought the strange light near the Soldiers' Home was an omen of victory, but Amos had a different idea

by JAMES GOLDTHWAITE

• FICTION •

"Six nights runnin' the sign has stood over my head. The night before Gettysburg I saw a sign in the heavens, too. An' the next day there was a glorious vict'ry."

The General leaned back and peered into the sky. At his side on the iron settee at the edge of the beach, Amos Carroll tugged his white moustache and grunted disgustedly. "Every night, every war, there's lights in the sky. They don't mean anything, only somebody dying. But there's no light here. What I let you drag me outa bed at midnight and down here to listen to foolish for, I dunno."

"A feller saw some lights once an' wrote a song about 'em, didn't he?" snorted the General. "You call that song foolishness?"

"But he didn't make any crazy miracle outa the lights. He said they were the rockets' red glare and bombs bursting in air."

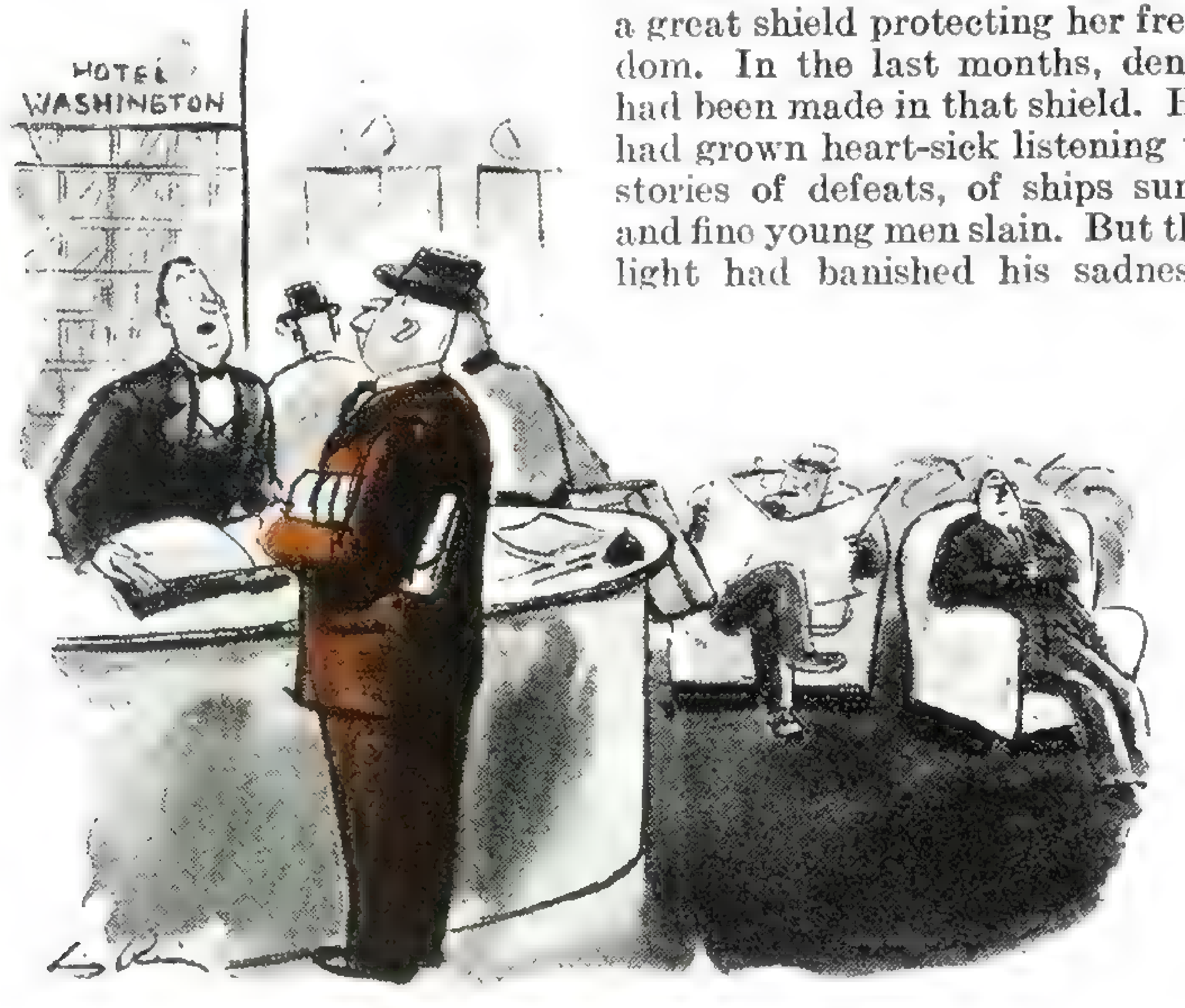
"In the mornin' the flag was still there, wasn't it? That was what those lights said to him—that that flag wouldn't ever come down. An' when you see these lights o' mine, see what they'll say to you."

One night, two weeks before, when he was too worried and restless to sleep had been the first time the General had seen the light. Every midnight after that he had slipped from his bed in the dormitory of the Home and gone down to watch for it. On clear nights it did not show. But when the heavens were overcast, there it was, high overhead against the clouds, like a great white eye going *wink-wink . . . wink-wink-wink*.

For a time, in his anxiety and disappointment, the General had fancied the light was mocking his ninety-eight years, saying, as did everyone, too old—too, too old—to do anything for your country. But later, when he had come to understand what it really meant, it had comforted him. It had filled him with secret glory.

The Home stood on a strip of low land running along the shore of the river. All about it, and across the river, too, towered great manufacturing plants from behind whose blacked-out windows streamed, twenty-four hours a day, the things needed for Victory. A short way down the avenue which passed the grounds lay the Army Base. In the other direction, at the end of the harbor, destroyers and cruisers, beautiful in sleek deadliness, stood at their berths at the Navy Yard. And behind the Home, where rising ground made steep bluff-side, were anchored the foundations of the bridge that spun its mile-long steel spider-webbing over the harbor.

Yes, in all directions the General could see the things that told of America's glory and might, like a great shield protecting her freedom. In the last months, dents had been made in that shield. He had grown heart-sick listening to stories of defeats, of ships sunk and fine young men slain. But the light had banished his sadness, had brought in its place—triumph.



"I can give you a room with a tub and a South American rubber planter, or one with a shower and two business men from Kokomo"

"We tried to be air raid wardens an' they told us to go to school!" muttered the General, bitter in retrospection. "Then we tried to c'llect paper an' rubber an' they said we were only in the way. We were too old. Too old!" His thin hand gripped the arm of the seat. "But now there's goin' to be a great vic'try and I'll have a part in it. Because hasn't the token stood over my head six nights in a row? When the seventh night comes—"

"You're crazy," said Amos.

The General glared at him and cricked his neck again as he leaned back to peer upward. Then suddenly he grabbed Amos' arm. He pointed aloft. "Look! There it is! There's the light, jest like I told you—"

Amos shook his head. "You're an old man having dreams. It's the moon shining through cracks in the clouds."

"There ain't any moon. If you weren't blinder'n a dead hen you couldn't help seein' it. Like a big eye up there, openin' an' shuttin'. It's tellin' us—if we could only know what it's sayin'—"

"I see it. I get it now!" Suddenly Amos' voice held excitement. "And I know what it's telling. It tells me that somebody is working a spot light—throwing signals against the under side of the clouds. See the beam, shining up from way over there? You never thought of looking for that, did you? It don't show very bright. It's a small light. But foller it back and that's where it's coming from. Somewhere right on these grounds."

The General rubbed his eyes, stared at the point toward which Amos pointed. He sighed. "So I been an old fool. So it ain't a vict'ry sight after all. It don't mean that—"

"What it does mean is—you was talking about war. Well, this is war. Not ten thousand miles away. Right here. You know that a sub twenty miles out at sea could pick up those code signals?"

"Code signals?" The General gulped and then his store teeth shut with a click.

"You saw in the papers how fit' collarmists an' saboteurs are at work all around us?" Amos' big fingers were clawing his moustache. "Getting ready to make landing raids—and this beach of ours is the only piece of water front in miles that ain't covered with wharves and buildings and prob'ly guarded day and night. All those factories making war stuff, and the bridge, too. If they blew up the bridge it wouldn't only cut off the road, it would block up the harbor—"

"An' then the battleships at the Navy Yard couldn't get out! They might as well be sunk a mile deep, right now when we need every—" The General tottered up to his feet, bowed shoulders straightening. "What are we waitin' for, Amos? It's been eighty years since I caught a spy workin', but I ain't forgot what to do with one."

"Me neither. Come on." He started off running.

Just how far it was to the source of the light, neither of the old men could be sure. The grounds of the Home, together with those of the park which adjoined it, stretched for a considerable distance along the shore of the bay. Trees and masses of shrubs, like black fountains against greyness of dim-out, made everything bewildering and uncertain.

"Makes me think of the night we went up on the Rebs at the Wilderness—" Amos yanked at the General's sleeve. "Hear that? Somebody's follerin' us—"

The old men halted, listening. Behind, bushes rustled and a dark figure could be descried skulking between spots of cover. Amos hissed: "See that? Who d'you think it is?"

"Dunno—but it proves we're right. There's a gang of 'em workin'. That one's a lookout." Pulling Amos beside him, the General got down on his hands and knees. "You were an Injun scout once. Lessee how good you remember."

Shadows matted the ground with a fantastic jet pattern. Among them the old men crept stealthily. From time to time the General stopped to peer over his shoulder. "He's still trailin' us. Keep quiet, can't you? You make more noise'n a cow in a bog-hole."

Then after a time the figure could neither be seen nor heard and they rose stiffly upon their feet. They were headed the right way, for the light was still going and became brighter as they pressed forward.

"It's coming from right beyond that next bunch of bushes—" Amos yelled and jumped as an explosion sounded behind them. Something went *smack* against a tree a foot from his head.

"Haven't you ever been under

Continued on page 113

To Camp or Not to Camp

How to look beyond the prospectus and decide if Lake Minnehaha will benefit your kid's psychic and physical growth

by HEDLEY S. DIMOCK

• SPORTS •

AST year a boy on an all-day hike with boys from his sum-er camp wandered away from e party in order to climb a fire ver. He did not notify the coun-or and when he came down, the ty had disappeared into the ods. The boy was alone, and t.

When a camp search party nd him a day and a half later e was neither scared nor sick. He new a railroad cut through the ountry from east to west, he ex-lained, so he had been travelling orth by the sun and North Star. He had slept on the ground until e heard wolves, then he had limbed a tree. He ate berries and wild potatoes—he knew which were edible because he had learned to identify them at camp. Frightened? No—because he *knew* he'd reach the railroad sometime.

The parents of that boy don't have to be told that summer camps for children are both muscle-building and brain-building. Four million other parents would probably agree, for in the past twenty years amping has emerged from limbo nto its rightful place as an auxil-ary of our child education pro-ram. But the brow-wrinkler this ne is not the question: "Does ummer camp benefit children?", t "Are these benefits important ough to be maintained in war-e?"

ne answer is that an ardent ocate of wartime sacrifice, power Commissioner Paul Nutt, hands summer camps oys and girls a priority on the rnment platter. "They learn nd on their own, to be physi-fit, to do hard things and do well. . . . They learn how to ice and to serve, how to take s as well as give them, how llow as well as lead and di-" McNutt said. "All this d be valuable enough in etime. In wartime, camp life odsend."

course your child's age is a l answer to the question. A n-year-old boy should ac-his share of the wartime bur-y working on a farm or in a ry. But a fourteen-year-old t be better off in camp. De-ns must vary according to t the alternatives are. What the child do if he isn't in p? Will he study in summer ol to speed up his education? he find useful work at home? ill he just loaf?

ummer camps at their best teach children resourcefulness, adaptability, daring, and self-reliance—the very pioneer qualities in which a nation at war must excel or fall back in confusion and defeat. Learning these is not a process which can be suspended for the duration and resumed at the same point after the war. Growth of a child's character, like that of his feet, goes on relentlessly, for better or worse.

First among summer camp's recommendations is the fact that it unties the apron strings between children and their parents. Homesickness, wherever it is found—among campers, among freshmen in college, or today among men in the services—simply means the child was never taught to paddle his own canoe, physically and emotionally. Too often his maturity was retarded by the immaturity of his parents. Summer camp brings a physical separation which is both a test and accelerator of the child's psychological weaning. It speeds him towards independence.

Of course some children—especially those who have been away at school all year—need family life more than they need summer camp. A camp's worst problem children are those who have been shipped off to camp because their parents wanted to get rid of them for the summer. They are antagonistic from the first. They often refuse to swim, ride, canoe, or hike. Camps handle such cases by trying to promote friendship between the child and some counselor or leader to whom he takes a shine. That counselor shows a special interest in the boy, perhaps takes him off on a day's fishing trip, seeks out and encourages his special interests. Gradually the camp gives the boy what he should have had at home—affection, encouragement, companionship.

Second on a good summer camp's bill of goods is that it develops skills—dramatics, music, canoeing, sailing, woodcraft, tennis, fishing, arts and crafts, swimming and diving, riding, archery, and a hundred more. Children are beginners at most everything. The camp's job is to teach them new activities without allowing self-consciousness, the feeling of being a "dub," to destroy their interest. "What is worth doing at all is worth doing even badly," is the motto for camp education.

Of course the skills I've mentioned are primarily recreational, but in the last two years camps have ceased to be summer training schools for future lilies of the field. The new word in a camp vocabulary is "work." Egged on by the manpower shortage, many camps devoted entirely to work have been established for older boys. Harvest camps in California, cherry-picking camps in Michigan; camps in which the boys work on nearby farms, in forest conservation, fruit canning, vegetable growing, fire detection and fighting, and highway construction.

Even private camps which charge substantial fees now include a certain amount of work in their daily schedules. Cooking, washing dishes, mending clothes, building and repairing equipment, mechanical work on autos—in fact the director of a private girl's camp where girls formerly played happy-go-lucky Mary to the world's Martha, spent some time recently trying to decide whether campers should be expected to kill and dress the chickens served at dinner. Significant is the fact that she did not expect the children to object—but *what* would the parents say?

All the benefits of summer camp are cancelled if you choose a poor one. In the past ten years camps have sprouted up like mushrooms in a damp woods. Some 5,000,000 children are shipped off every summer, often to camps their parents selected sight unseen because 1, the pictures on the prospectus looked "attractive," or 2, the fee was so high it "had to be good." In general, private camps are better equipped than organization camps such as those of the Scouts or the YMCA; they may also have smaller tent groups and more experienced counselors than the low-fee camps. But some which charge 100 dollars for an eight-week season stand head and shoulders above camps costing three or four times as much for the same period.

There are six simple tests by which parents might better judge a summer camp:

1. What are its health standards?

Unfortunately health is not the inevitable outcome of a summer spent out-of-doors. Besides fresh air, camp should include: A medical examination for children, leaders, and food-handlers before the opening of camp; a doctor of medicine in residence or easily accessible; a graduate nurse, if the doctor does not live in camp; a competent dietitian responsible for planning menus; adequate provision for sleep and rest; and a tempo of camp life that is not too strenuous.

A camp in which prizes are given for everything from high diving to table manners is no place for your child—he will be under a continual strain of competition. One camp folder in my possession devotes its first seven pages to camp contests. After the first few days the whole camp will notice that certain boys always win while others always lose—what

Continued on page 163

GEORGE WOLFE

"Watlington, why don't you let Rover take you out for a walk?"

Flying to Fly or to Win

Shall we use aviation to win the war, or try to change war to suit the aviationists?

by HENRY J. REILLY, BRIG. GEN., O.R.C.

• ARTICLE •

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Because we have been accused of grinding the ax of the aviation extremists, we have here sought an "opposition" article on military aviation.*

But General Reilly, although a retired regular army officer and a West Pointer, is no "brass hat," even though we may seem to have forced him into the role of acting as the brass hats' advocate. His record shows, however, that he is not one of the group of officers who have opposed aviation. When he was editor of the Army-Navy Journal he faced much criticism in publishing some of Billy Mitchell's contentions. As an observer of the war in Spain he published careful studies of the use and effectiveness of aviation. The campaigns since have proved him correct.

WE INTEND to win the war. To win, we must use the armament, strategy and tactics which we know are certain to bring victory.

The war has been going on more than three years in Europe and more than a year in Eastern Asia and the Western Pacific. There is plenty of battle experience by land, sea, and air. There can be no question of the necessity for a tremendous amount of aviation. Warships or ground troops cannot win unless continuously supported by large aviation forces.

Therefore the question is how best to use aviation.

Aviation enthusiasts tell us that aviation is so powerful that, used according to their theories, aviation can win alone.

Others, dubbed "the brass hats" by the aviation enthusiasts, insist that large fleets of warships and large numbers of ground troops—"the mass army"—are necessary as well as aviation.

The public is being flooded with newspaper and magazine articles and with radio broadcasts declaring that the alternative is laid down—that there is but one choice—we must go all out for the program of the aviation enthusiasts, or else for that of the "brass hats" who are opposed to aviation and who want only battleships and a mass army. One or the other.

I insist that the public is not limited to that choice.

Cumulative battle experience, from the downfall of Poland to the fighting going on today, is that use of aviation *along with* warships at sea and mass armies on the ground, is the method which produces victory.

A lesson in thinking this out may be had from the dispute over the place of machine guns which agitated the army nearly forty years ago. Many younger officers after the terrific demonstration of machine guns in the Russo-Japanese war were such enthusiasts for machine guns that they wanted them set up as a separate branch, equal to the artillery, cavalry and infantry. Experience taught that the place of the machine guns was *with* the infantry and cavalry. This has been so well proved that today it is not disputed.

Before this war started I wrote and published my conclusion that if two armies met, equal in every respect except that one had constant aviation support, that one inevitably would win.

The surest guide to the way to use aviation for victory is to realize what it can and cannot do. In this war we have passed completely beyond the theory stage. We have had every variety of modern combat to show aviation's powers and limitations under war conditions of today. What conditions may be twenty-five or fifty years from now does not concern our immediate fighting. If we want victory we must use aviation with what we know its limitations to be today.

The map on the page opposite shows the United Nations to possess huge blocks of territory which are, in general, contiguous, especially if the north polar air routes are used. The North American continent and Russia are neighbors. Greenland and Iceland make the British Isles almost a branch of this tremendous mass. China, India, the Middle-East and British Africa are in easy flying distance of Russian territory. Recently occupied French North Africa is a short distance from British Africa and no great distance from England. Under the most favorable conditions long-range reconnaissance planes can fly 5,000 miles, heavy bombardment planes, 3,400 miles; medium bombardment planes, 1,800 miles.

Chicago to Moscow—via Netling Lake and Refugee Harbor, Canada; Spitzenberg and Archangel—is within the limits of all three of these types of planes.

From Fairbanks, Alaska, to Yakutsk is 2,400 miles, and to Khabarovsk, 1,025 miles. From Yakutsk to Irkutsk is 1,150 miles. From Irkutsk to Chungking is 1,600 miles. From Tashkent to the Upper Indus is only 600 miles, but the Himalaya Mountains would have to be flown around. From Basra on the Persian Gulf, which is easily reached from the Russian network of airways, to Cairo is only 1,050 miles.

Thus, despite the fact that the United Nations air forces are separated from each other on outside lines, it is possible for the American, British and Russian, and even Chinese air forces to be united anywhere in Asia, Europe or Africa on whatever front the United Nations should choose to make their principal offensive.

By principal offensive is meant the one which must be prepared on a tremendous scale and, once started, kept up unremittingly until the enemy's principal armed forces have been disastrously defeated, with complete victory for the United Nations as a consequence.

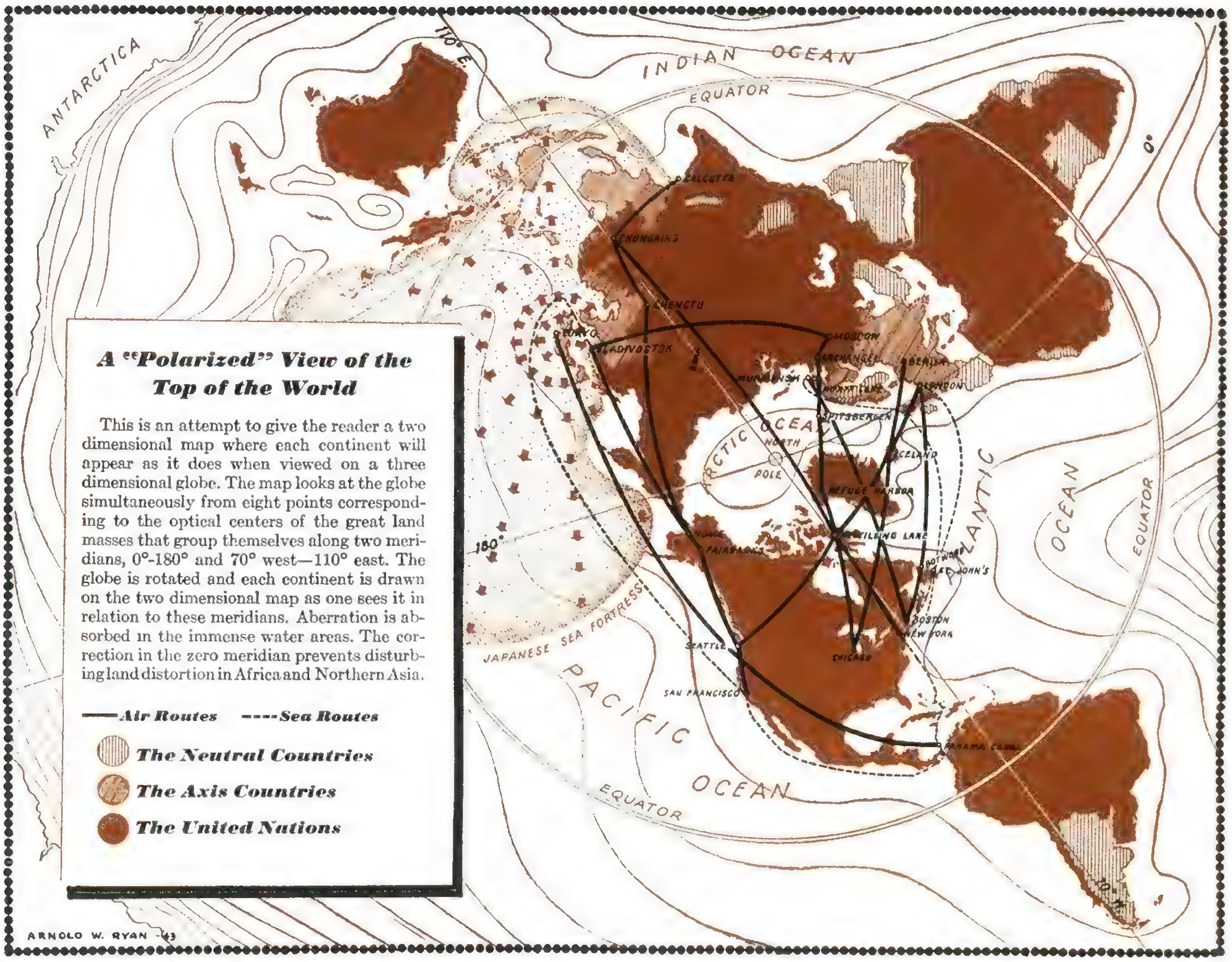
On the map this appears simple. But in the execution we must clearly envisage the tremendous number of airfields that would have to be built, and stocked with everything from the smallest repair parts to the largest bombs. They would have to be manned by ground crews of millions. This plan would require logistic operations on a scale at present probably beyond the sea tonnage available and beyond the railway and truck capacity available for land movement.

The Burma Road is closed. The Murmansk and Persian Gulf routes are of limited capacity. Russia, China and the British African and Asiatic possessions lack the means to make the necessary provisions.

An immediate example is the limitation of our operations in French North Africa. This operation, on a relatively small scale, is hindered by the lack of large enough airports, by the difficulties of land transportation in French North Africa, by the relative smallness of port facilities, by lack of sea cargo tonnage, and by the dangers from enemy aviation and submarines. The whole African

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER

Continued on page 136



A "Polarized" View of the Top of the World

This is an attempt to give the reader a two dimensional map where each continent will appear as it does when viewed on a three dimensional globe. The map looks at the globe simultaneously from eight points corresponding to the optical centers of the great land masses that group themselves along two meridians, 0°-180° and 70° west—110° east. The globe is rotated and each continent is drawn on the two dimensional map as one sees it in relation to these meridians. Aberration is absorbed in the immense water areas. The correction in the zero meridian prevents disturbing land distortion in Africa and Northern Asia.

—— *Air Routes* ---- *Sea Routes*

▥ *The Neutral Countries*

▨ *The Axis Countries*

● *The United Nations*

This Is the Way to Tokyo

The shortest way to all our present battle fronts is through the Arctic

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Although he was an army officer in his native Czecho-Slovakia, Joseph Wechsberg here appears, in his present role of free-lance writer, strictly as an amateur strategist. His article is paired with General Reilly's, not for forced controversy, but because both are pertinent to the map above.*

LATE in the Summer of 1940 Hitler dispatched a supply ship with fifty "weather experts" to Greenland. They were promptly interned. The next year German reconnaissance bombers combed the same territory. A certain "Father Schultz" in Labrador, a mysterious Herr Klein in Greenland, innumerable German scientists inside the Arctic Circle, had long been acting as geopolitical scouts for the Third Reich.

Why such curiosity in Berlin about the Arctic? Because the Germans learned earlier than we did that the earth is round.

From our fifth grade maps on, we've thought of the earth as a cylinder split open and rolled out flat. That distends the Arctic into an icy, remote wasteland three times its proper size. Actually it's 12,000 miles from Chicago to Vladivostok via San Francisco and the Jap-infested mid-Pacific, but only 7,000 miles via Alaska and the Bering Sea. Flying east from New York to Chungking you travel 11,500 miles. But straight north across the Pole, it's 7,500—only thirty-eight hours by bomber or cargo plane.

This tells you what Hitler knew three years ago—that the Arctic is the Allies' ace-in-the-hole. It could be our shortcut to victory.

Primarily because it's the most direct route to all our present battlefields. Looking straight down on a terrestrial globe you'll see that the war is being fought mainly in the Northern Hemisphere, with the major engagements (the Battle of China, the Russian campaigns, the Battle of the Atlantic) taking place in a wide circle around the Arctic. The main arteries between the arms-and-food production nations (America, Canada) and the battlefront nations (Russia, China, Britain) lead across the Arctic.

The northern routes are not only direct, but short. By way of the Arctic, New York is closer to Moscow than it is to Buenos Aires. And the long Russian convoy route from Boston to Murmansk, past Newfoundland, Scotland, and the North Cape, could be shortened by 2,000 miles if fighter planes and important supplies were flown over northern Greenland and the Arctic Sea.

Because it's a compact area (Russia, Canada, the United States and Great Britain stand back to back against the North Pole) we can control it with minimum effort. The British Navy, American planes, Russian and Canadian bases, make the frigid Arctic a hotspot for the Axis. There are no enemy submarines there. So while the Axis ships supplies half way around the globe, we could pass them only handshaking distances from each other.

Then why don't we? Why aren't our bombers and cargo planes making round trips by way of the Pole? Because we are burdened with these misconceptions:

"Polar ice is a barrier to aviation." False. As early as 1927 Sir Hubert Wilkins succeeded in landing and taking off from polar ice. For years, Russian aviators have been making wheel- and ski-landings in northern Siberia. In Norway, the Nazis have turned snow fields and glaciers into emergency airfields. American planes now are landing and taking off from Greenland's 1,000-foot thick ice-cap.

"You can't live under Arctic conditions." This fake belief has been built up, systematically, by heroism-hungry explorers, novelists, cameramen. They called the Arctic "a lifeless waste of eternal silence"—which sounds impressive but isn't true. Stefansson has lived there for eleven years with the Eskimos, hunting and fishing, and feeling all right. The men of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police are living far up in Canada, along the Northwest Passage, without even suffering from a cold. In 1937, the Russian scientist, Ivan Papanin, and his three companions, were drifting on an ice floe, near the North Pole, for eight full months. Some of Russia's polar stations are within 500 miles of the Pole.

"Flying is suicidal in the Arctic." False again. Seventeen years ago, Amundsen, Byrd and Nobile flew over the North Pole. In 1937, the Russian aviator

Continued on page 152

The Test of the Informer

He knew all too well the horror that awaited him if he refused to betray his French companions to these Nazis

by JIM KJELGAARD

• FICTION •

HENRI BRIGAUD had heard of these Nazi torture dens. But this was the first one he had ever been about to enter, and his knees were shaking. He tried to control himself, to overcome his mounting terror, for now he must be strong. The stiff-necked lieutenant who had brought him up from the cell gave him a shove. Henri stumbled into the room.

It was a big room, twenty feet long by fifteen wide, and it was instantly notable for its lack of windows. Heavy carpets covered the floor, the atmosphere was strangely hushed. Henri felt a film of sweat creep out on his temples, and the back of his coarse shirt was clammy with perspiration. The room had been designed to keep out drafts—or to keep in the screams of a man who was suffering every torment of hell. The only furniture was a big mahogany desk, a chair in which sat a partially bald man who wore a blue business suit, and, on the wall, a swastika and a framed picture of *Der Fuehrer*.

Henri fixed his eyes on the man in the chair, stared at him with a rapt, earnest concentration—as though concentrating on almost anything would take his mind from the terrible fate that certainly awaited him. The lieutenant stood respectfully by the desk until the partially bald man deigned to look up.

"This is the one, Major von Bolk," the lieutenant said.

As though drawn by an irresistible magnet, Henri moved up to stand very close to the desk with his manacled hands before him and his head bent. Others, some of the very few who had lived through the ordeal, had told him of facing cold men who were men in form alone, and who were utterly lacking in human emotions and sympathies. Von Bolk's eyes had no depth, but were like steel plates set in his eye sockets. And he was looking at Henri as though Henri were some especially loathesome pig. He leaned back in his chair, opened a desk drawer, and took from it a worn wallet.

"Do you know what this is?" he asked tonelessly, but at the same time conveying the definite impression that he very much enjoyed the game he was about to play.

Henri shook his head numbly. There was no use denying ownership of the wallet. But he did not know how to do anything else.

"You lie, you French swine," and except for a shade's heightening in the pleasure he felt there was no change in von Bolk's voice. "Last Tuesday night you, and four others like you, bombed a German patrol—you know where and how it happened. All we want from you is the names of the other four."

Henri tried, and failed, to fight back the quaver in his voice. He said, "You have the wrong man."

He was lying, and von Bolk knew he was lying. Henri himself had cast one of the bombs into the six-man German patrol. His memory drew a picture of exactly how they had been torn apart, and of their shattered bodies afterwards, and for a bare second pleasure intruded into this place of horror. The cursed luck of losing his wallet . . .

"You have one more chance to answer," von Bolk said. "Who were the other four?"

"I—there were none—I don't know what you're talking about," Henri said desperately. "I have done nothing."

Von Bolk signalled to the lieutenant, who stepped up beside Henri and lifted his manacled hands. He took a little silver chain from his pocket, wrapped it about two of Henri's fingers, and twisted it. Henri writhed, and tried to pull away. But the lieutenant was much stronger than he and he could not. There was an audible snap as his finger bones cracked. Henri screamed, again and again, and now the sweat on his temple was put there by sheerest agony and pain.

"Who were the other four?" the unruffled von Bolk asked.

"I don't know!" Henri gasped. "There were none—! I—!"

He cringed as the lieutenant closed in again. Then he ran. But it was a blind, unreasoning flight, dictated by terror, and he brought up at the wall. He stood hammering his hands against it as though the very force of his will could break a hole through, give him an escape from this hell brought up to earth. But the wall was a very thick one and gave back only a dull, hopeless thud. Then the pain in Henri's hand transcended the terror in his mind. He put his broken fingers in his mouth and tasted the sticky blood that was oozing from them. But it seemed to give him some relief.

He walked to the corner of the room, backed as far as he could into it, and turned around. Von Bolk relaxed in his chair, and the stiff-necked lieutenant stood beside it. Henri thought of a stag that he had seen brought to earth. It had run before the hounds as far as it could, and had fallen at the edge of a small marsh. The hunters had ridden up, and the exhausted stag had panted and struggled feebly as the hounds tore it apart bit by bit. This was the same. Henri was the stag, von Bolk the hunter, and the lieutenant took the place of the hound pack.

"Are you ready to talk?" von Bolk asked.

"I know nothing!" Henri gasped. "I— Please don't hurt me again!"

The lieutenant was stalking towards him. Henri tried to back farther into the corner, and could not. He saw the lieutenant, coming nearer, and, as he came, looming so large that he blotted out the desk and von Bolk, and all the rest of the room. The lieutenant was an avalanche, about to destroy him. Henri raised his manacled hands and struck blindly. But the blue barrel of a Luger flashed in the air and pounded against his head.

He fell forward, and lay blinking on the floor. And this, he felt, was the last good moment that he would ever know. He was conscious, but not enough so as to feel pain. There came to him again the pleasant memory of six German soldiers blown to bits, of arms and legs and heads falling to earth like a little rain. That was good. That was fine. Frenchmen could still kill Germans. And, no matter what else happened, Frenchmen could be stronger than Germans. The surrender of France had been a formality conducted by the leaders only.

His head rocked violently backwards as the lieutenant kicked him in the teeth. He rose groggily to his knees, and fell flat on his face when the lieutenant walked behind and kicked him in the back. And now the pain returned. Henri's screams filled the room. He rolled over and over on the floor, but each new motion brought new agony. He must rise and run. There was an escape and he could find it. He rose to his knees, and the strange hush that had been on the room seemed to increase ten-fold when he stopped screaming. Von Bolk said,

"I'm waiting, Frenchman."

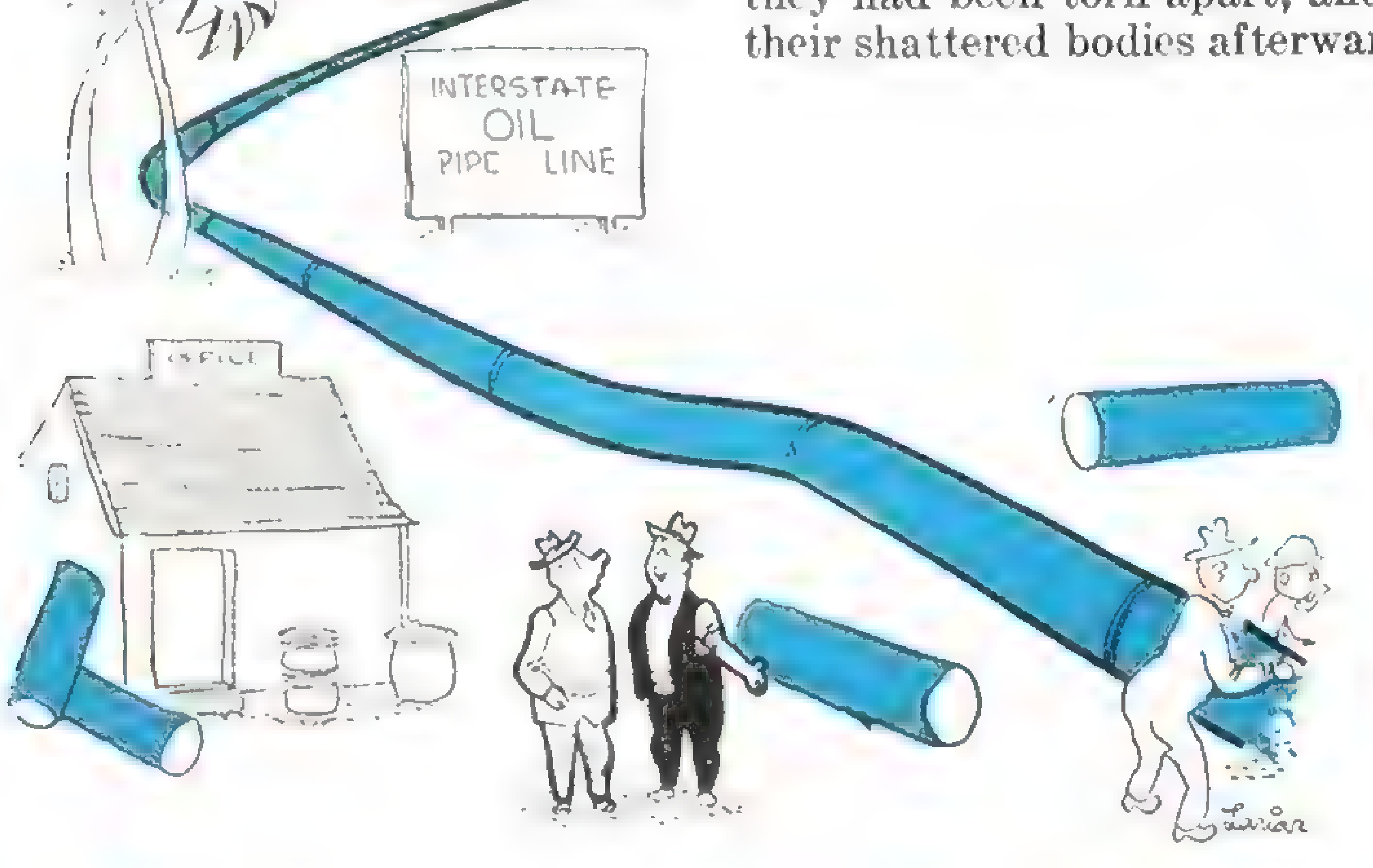
"I know nothing! I—!"

There was something about his head now. Henri felt pressure on his left eye ball, and knew that the lieutenant was passing a knotted rope around his eyes. It moved suddenly, and Henri felt every muscle snap like rubber as his eye was torn out. But he did not scream again because sound was a pitifully inadequate thing to express the agony that he now felt.

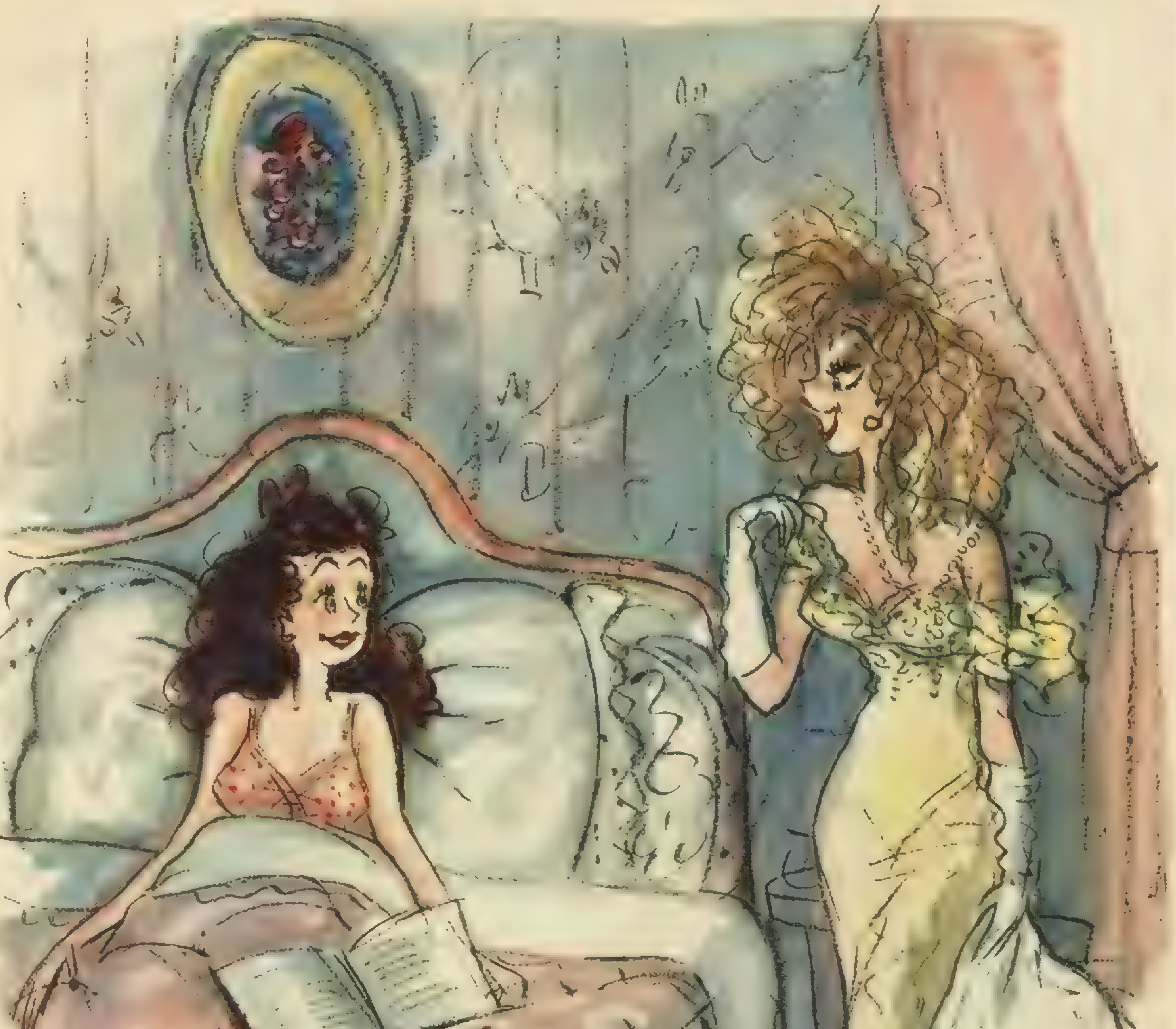
"I'll tell!" he sobbed. "I'll tell!"

The lieutenant lifted him up and carried him to the desk. Henri reeled against it. Blood bubbled from his broken mouth and flowed from his ears. His back, where his kidneys had been kicked and hammered, seemed on

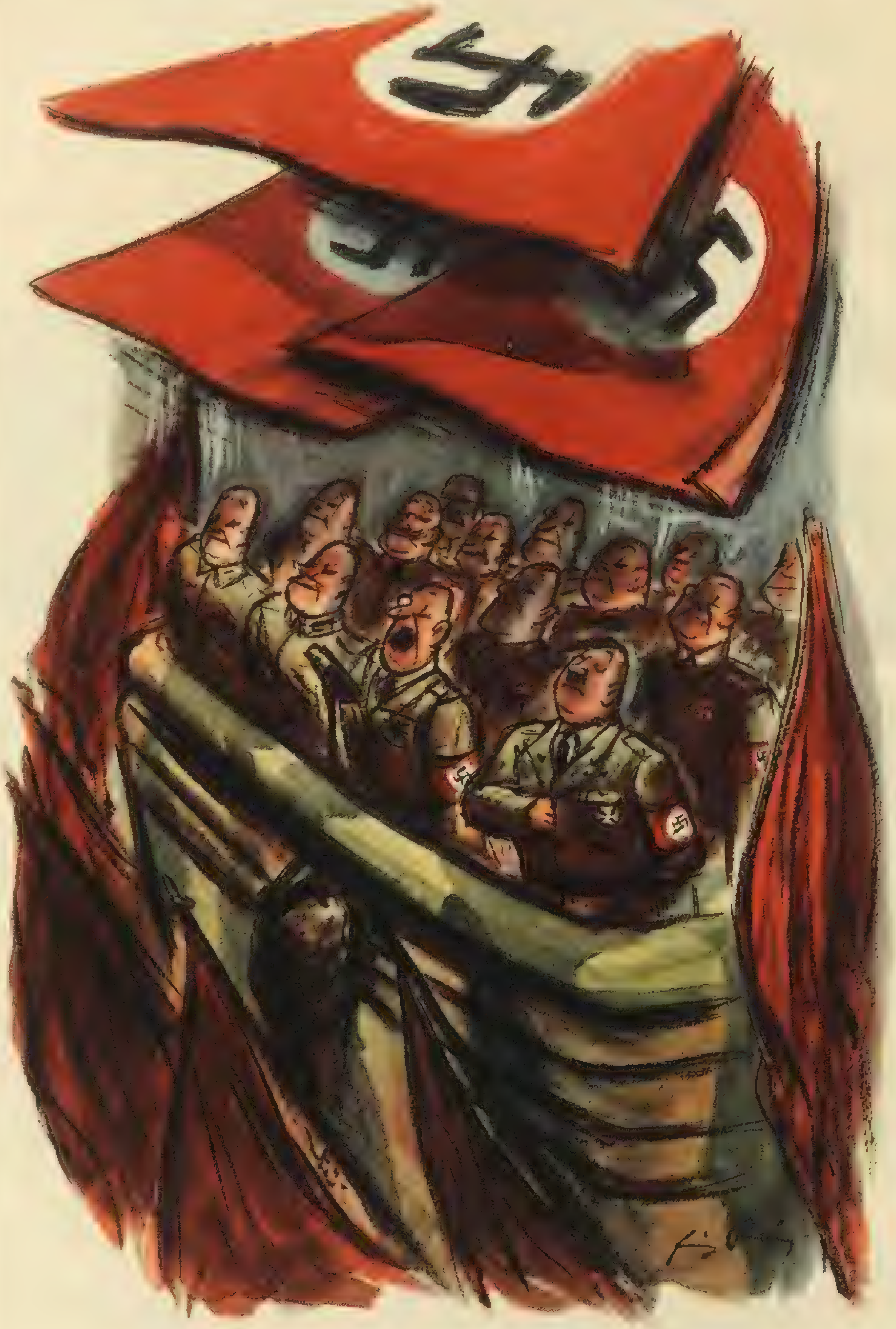
Continued on page 107



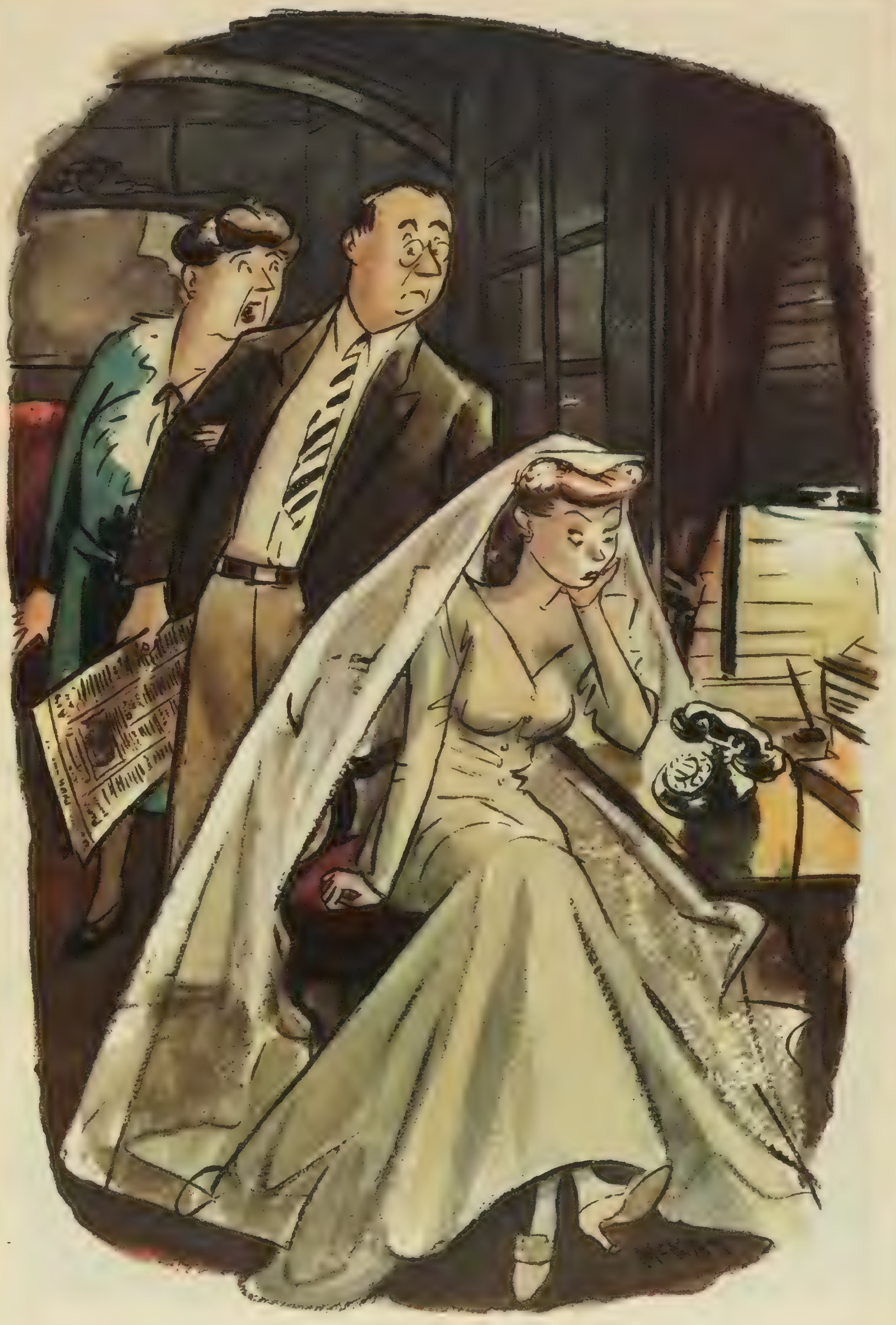
"—and after the war we can use it to speed orange juice on its way!"



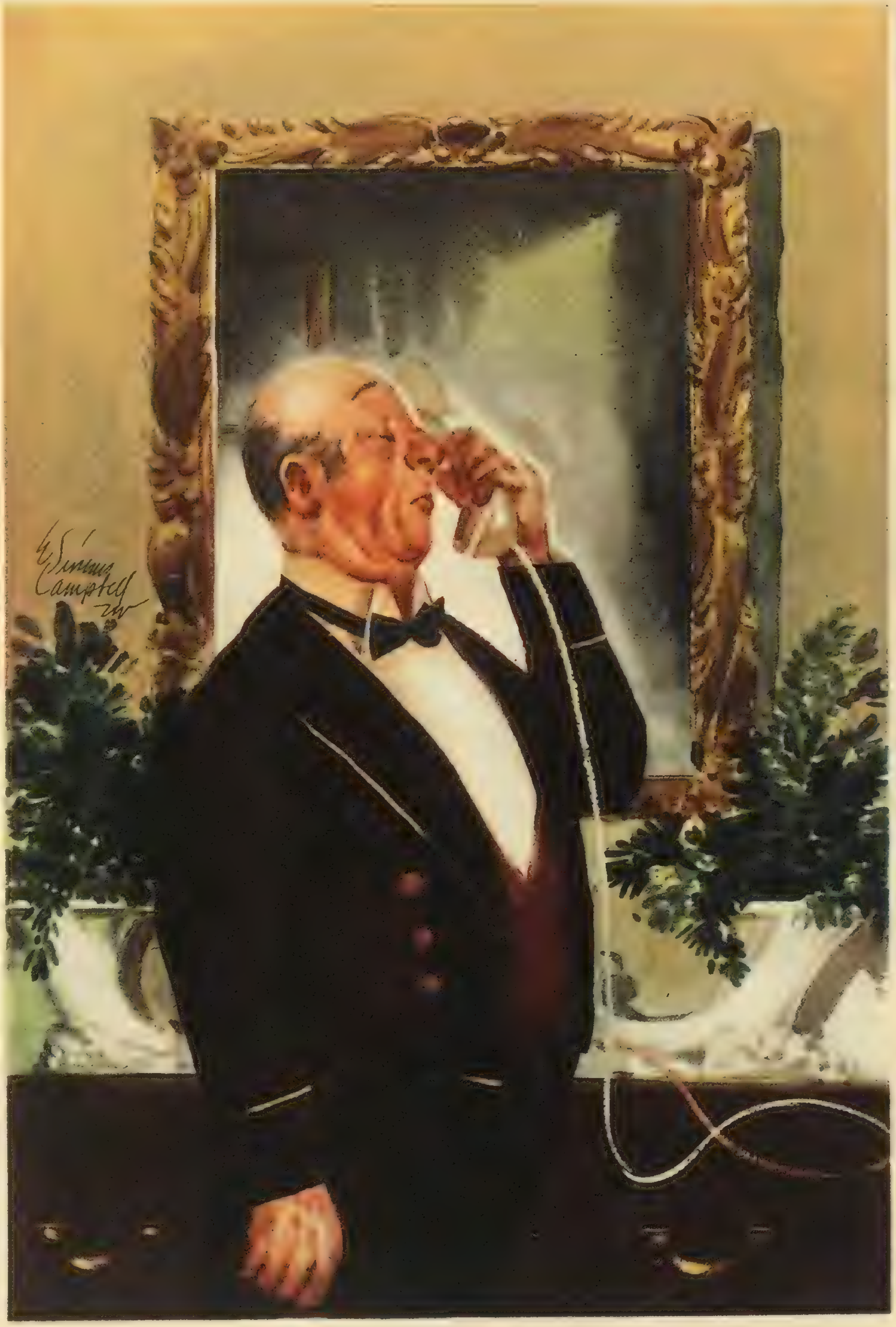
"Now before you go jumping at conclusions—he brought me home in a jeep"



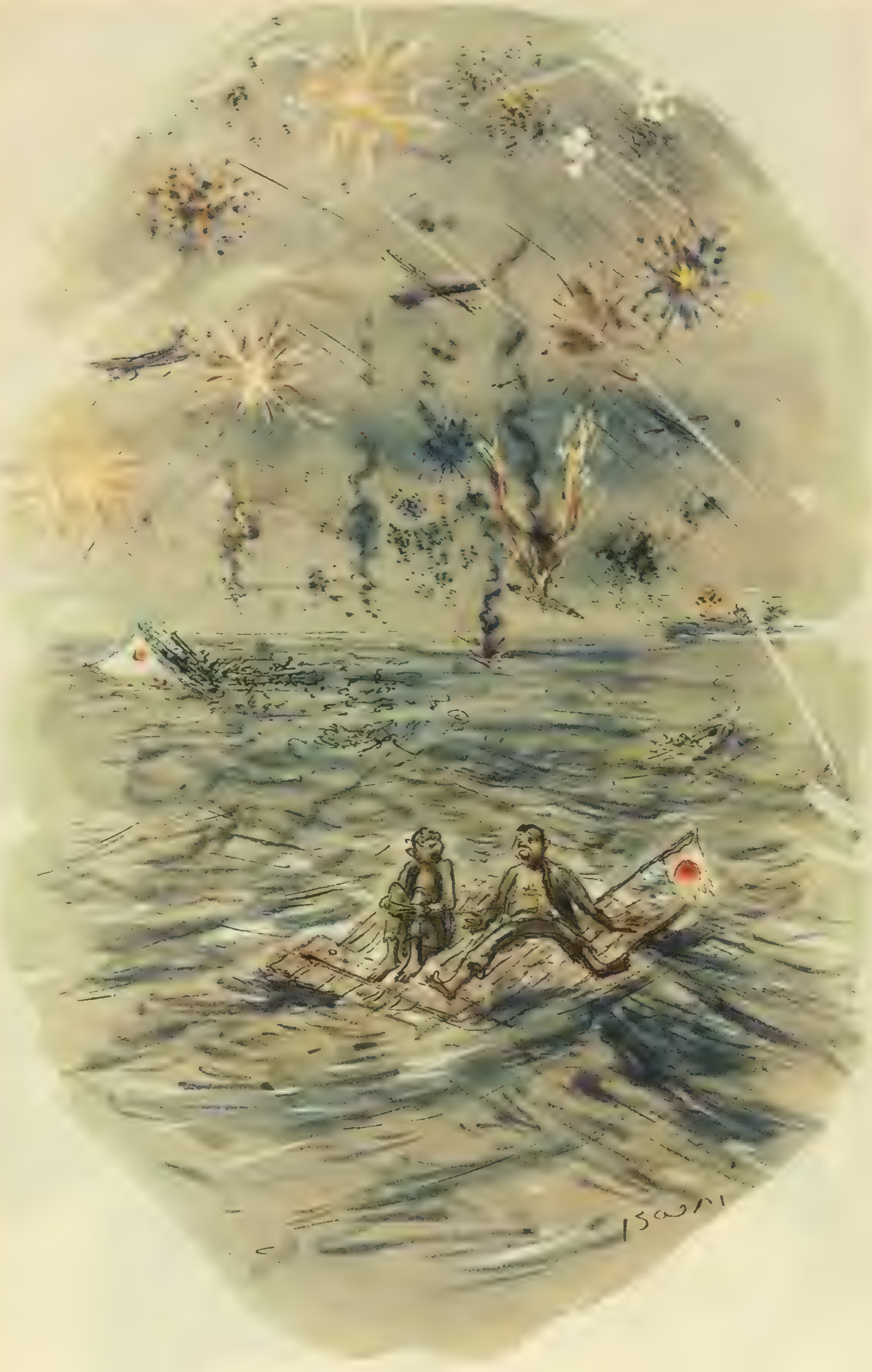
"Whoever doubts the greatness of the Fuehrer should remember that the mighty Napoleon was defeated by only one winter in Russia"



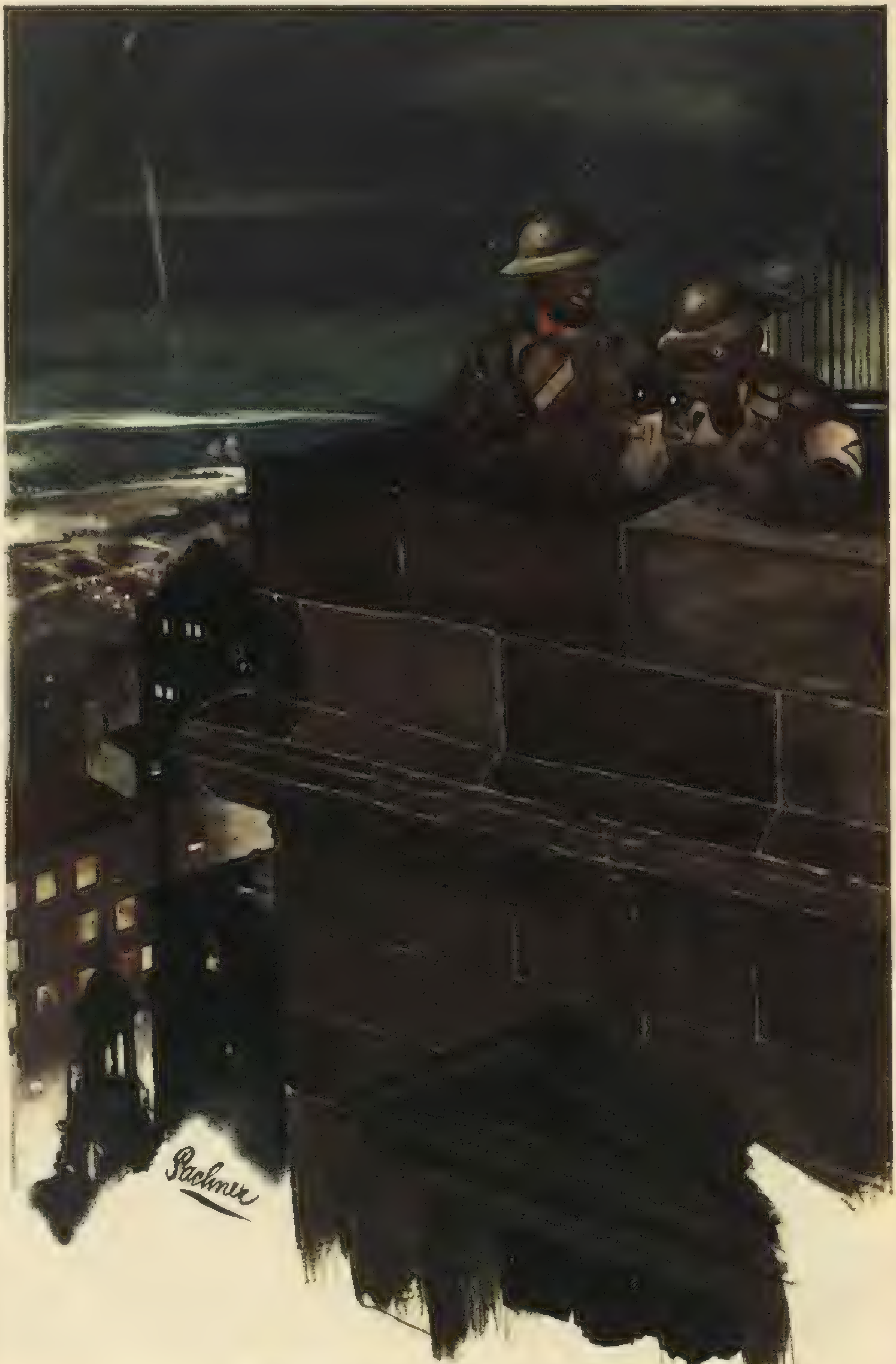
"Daughter is expecting a very important phone call!"


E. Simms Campbell

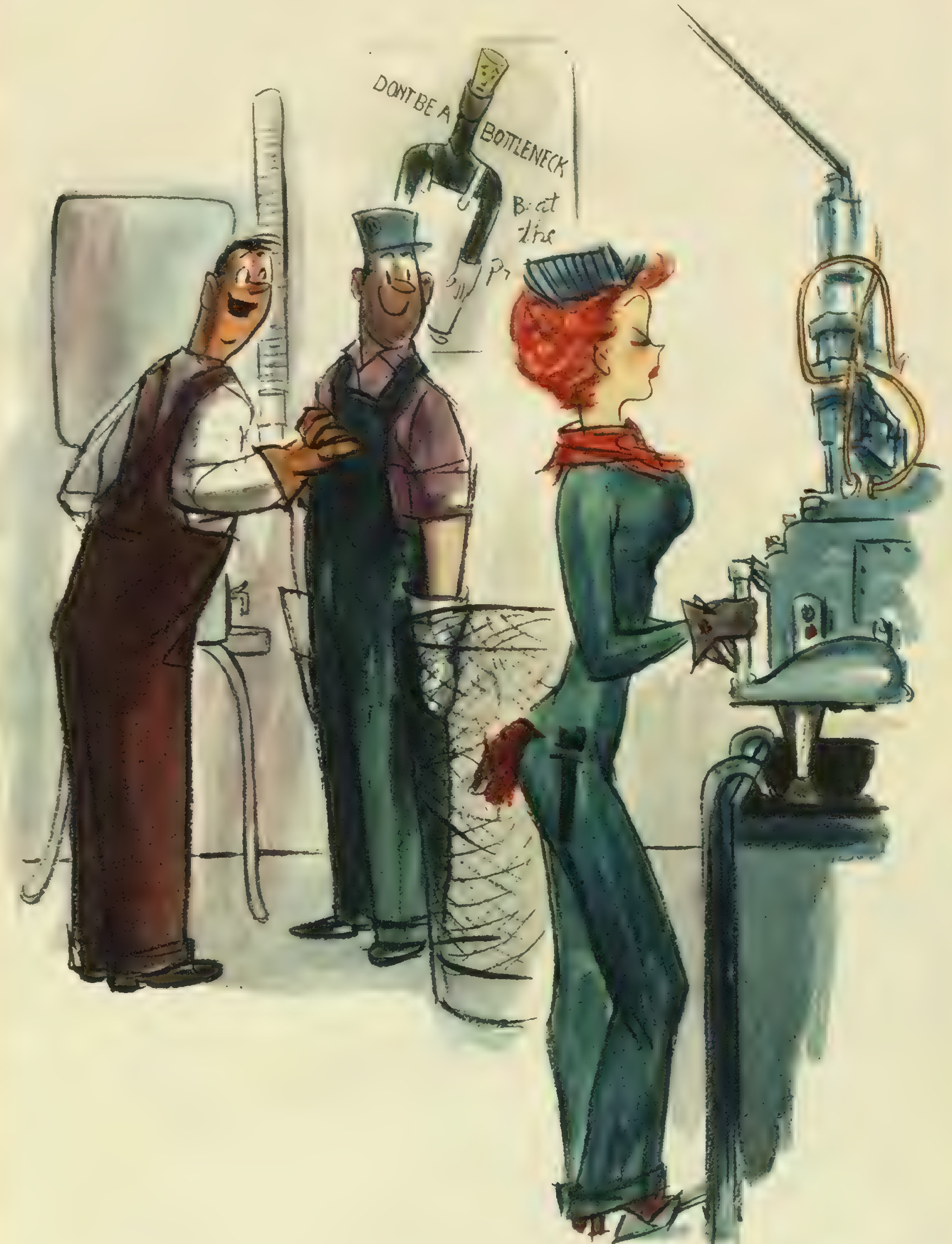
"Hello, shipyard? Madam will be a bit late punching the time clock this morning—she had the Vanderbilts to dinner last night"



"Oh, honorable Pearl Harbor—those were the days!"

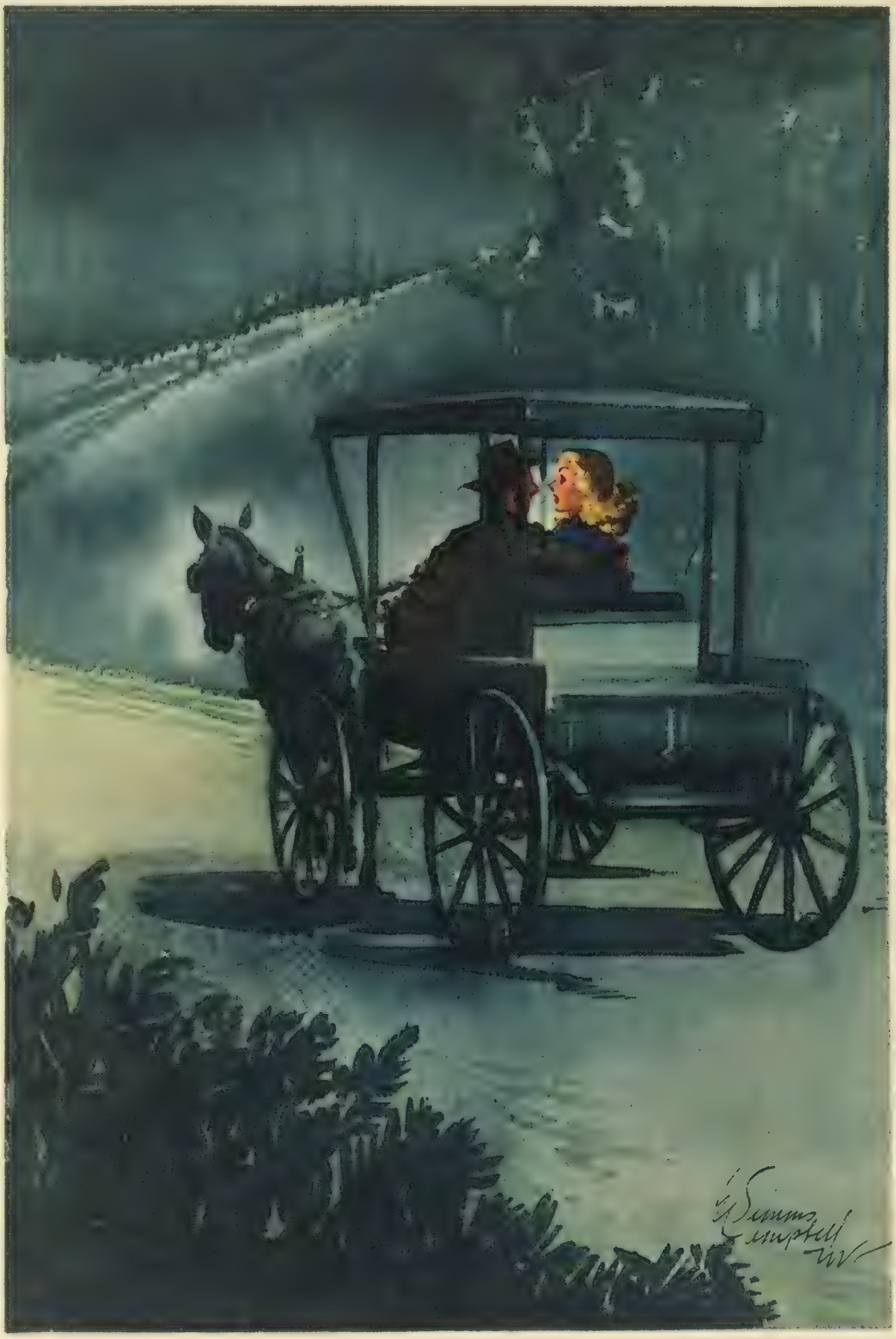


"She looks more like a B-17 than a P-40"



DONT BE A
BOTTLENECK
Beat
the
Pr

"Did you ever see a dream working?"


E. Simms Campbell

"Now don't try to tell me you've run out of hay!"

Listen for the Depth Charge

Reporter experiences tense hours aboard an American submarine where death waits for a man to fumble, or a charge to hit

by CLAY GOWRAN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

THE long steel snout of the U.S.S. —— bores steadily seaward at fifteen knots through the dying remnants of a two-day blow. Twenty-foot waves foam over her deserted deck and lash viciously at the black hulk of her conning tower. It is half an hour before dawn, raining in driving sheets.

Here on the bridge atop the conning tower structure the officer of the deck vainly tries once more to stab the blackness to starboard with his big navy binoculars. He gives up with a worried frown. Twenty-two years old, under the dripping sou'wester hat his rain-streaked face looks even younger. And somewhere in that blackness close off our starboard quarter a fast pacing destroyer is knifing seaward as our escort.

An hour earlier, weeks of wrangling with reluctant Navy officials for a trip in a submarine had borne fruit unexpectedly. Another correspondent and I had been routed from bunks ashore and rushed to the submarine base by a sleepy-eyed Marine. Our coming aboard was like a lodge initiation. Alone in the rain after leaving the Navy station wagon, we had trudged down the dock to the .... At the gangplank, lit by a single ghostly blue blackout lamp, we had been met by an officer whose face we could not see in the night, and led through a watertight door in the side of the conning tower.

In that small, instrument-jammed compartment, acrid with the odor of a two-for-a-nickle stogie in the mouth of a machinist's mate, a yeoman awaited us with a sheaf of official forms. "Your names? . . . The periodicals you represent? . . . Full names and addresses of your next of kin? . . . Just in case, you know . . . " Finally the forms were completed, and we were guided up a steel ladder to the open bridge to watch the sub get under way.

The process lacked the stagey ritualistics which surround the departure of a large surface vessel. A few muttered commands from the twenty-two-year-old, carefully repeated by the steersman below in the conning tower, and the lean black barrel of the raider slid away from her berth, turned, and moved down the channel. The rumble of the diesels loudened as she gathered way.

Between orders and stares through his binoculars, the lieutenant told us her history. He was proud of her, and rightly so. One of the Navy's oldest in actual combat service, she's a gallant ship, every inch of her three hundred feet of tough steel. Three war patrols behind her, tens of thousands of tons of sunken and damaged Japanese shipping in her logbook, this raider more than once has prowled the death-filled waters off Tokyo bay in search of new conquests. Her men and officers know well the silhouette of the Land of the Rising Sun, seen through a periscope by day and from their own bridge by night. Often they have caught the scent of the wood fires or the newly plowed fields of Nippon, borne to them on an offshore breeze. In a little while they will be on their way back for a fourth visit.

In the midst of the story a seaman comes for us. Down we go to the conning tower, then down another ladder into the main control room, the brain and nerve center of the submarine. It seems at first glance to contain the greatest number of levers, valves, instruments, and gauges ever amassed by man in one small room. We go forward through another watertight door to the officers' quarters in the forward battery room.

After the rainswept blackness of the bridge, the brightly lighted officers' wardroom is a welcome haven. Tiny, it has a table, two leather-cushioned transoms, two folding chairs. Pasted on the bulkhead walls are silhouette outlines of Jap warships. A built-in radio in one corner gives out the morning news broadcast. The officers gathered here crowd over to make room for us. Over bacon, eggs, and strong Navy coffee served by a husky Negro messboy, we get to know them.

Handpicked, they are a dandy lot. Lieut. Comdr. W. M. Thomas of Fresno, California, is the thirty-five-year-old skipper. The last war patrol was his first in command of the ...., and it won him the Navy Cross. The Exec and navigator is Lieut. David Connole of Madison, Illinois, young, blond, intense. Lieut. Tom McGrath of Tucson, Arizona, a big fellow who was a star Annapolis center and tackle from 1937 to 1939, is the engineer officer. On duty aboard the battleship *California* when she was hit by Jap bombs in the red hell which was Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941, McGrath a few days later put in for submarine duty "because they'll get first crack at the bastards, sir." Within a week, without ever having had a ride in a submarine before, he left on a war patrol.

Lieut. Claire Poole of Denver, Colorado, is commissary officer. Gunnery and torpedoes are in the hands of Lieut. Ralph Pleatman of Cincinnati, Ohio. A reserve officer, Pleatman didn't have time to go to submarine school at New London, Connecticut, until after he had made two war patrols off the coast of Japan. Then, quite rightly, he finished first in his class.

Over coffee Thomas explains what's in store for us. We asked for a ride; we're going to get it. The .... will make two dives, her last practice submersions before returning to enemy waters. The first will be a torpedo approach on the escorting destroyer, in which we will fire theoretical tin fish at the escort after going through the mechanics of attaining position. It is the second dive, however, which holds more promise—or possibly more threat. We will submerge to seventy-five feet. Then the destroyer will heave a depth charge containing several hundred pounds of TNT into the ocean a short distance from the sub to "indoctrinate" us.

"You see, we have a dozen new men aboard who never have been in a submarine before," Thomas explains. "We want them to know what a depth charge sounds like when you're on the receiving end, because that's where they're going to be in a few weeks."

After the depth charging, the sub will go to ...... feet "to test for leaks," Thomas says. Without trying we can think of lots of better places to go to look for leaks than under hundreds of feet of ocean. But we withhold our comment.

By now the sub is rolling heavily enough to make us regret the bacon and eggs. But McGrath suggests a tour of the ship, so we stagger after him. The raider lunges and pitches like a fisherman's dory as he leads the way into the forward torpedo room. The torpedo tubes have been filled with slugs of water for the practice. The torpedoes themselves are lashed in the spare racks.

"This," says McGrath, slapping one fish on her blunt, gleaming nose, "is a test torpedo without an explosive charge.

"And this," cracking another on the nose with his ham-like hand, "is the real McCoy." A torpedoman lying in a bunk watches us without interest for a moment, then resumes his intent contemplation of a dog-eared western story magazine. Another boy of twenty is snoring complacently on the port side, his bunk so close to the racks that he is almost bed partners with a second "McCoy."

Back through the officers' quarters to the main control room, the after battery room, the engine room with its four thundering diesels, the maneuvering room from which the diesels are controlled and the after torpedo

Continued on page 164

"Forwar-r-rd! March!"

A Censorable Military Mission

It was really hands across the sea when Sgt. Smoot and Corporals Ortwingle, Smith and Hyler drank "tea" with an English Earl

by LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •

A NOTICE on the bulletin board instructed Sergeant Smoot and his three platoon corporals to report to the first sergeant. "The company commander wants to see you," said the Top. Captain Quinn was brief. "I have an order here for you men to report to Regimental Headquarters!" Puzzled, Smoot and Ortwingle and Corky Smith and Harrison Hyler presented themselves to the regimental sergeant-major. "Captain Dawson, the colonel's aide, wants to see you," said the sergeant-major. They went into the aide's office. "Ah," said Captain Dawson. "You're the four men Colonel Faucett is looking for." He herded them into the regimental commander's office. Colonel Faucett was a hard-bitten, soldierly little man who chewed his words thoroughly as though to prevent them from giving him indigestion. "Hmm," said the regimental C. O. "So these are the famous four horsemen of Company L." This was the first time Smoot had heard that they were cavalrymen. "Well, boys, I'm afraid we're going to lose you for a while." Smoot and his companions still stood rigidly at attention. "General Ritchie wants to have a word with you. The sergeant'll send you in a jeep over to Brigade. Good-bye and good luck."

This was as much as Sergeant Smoot could stand. In the jeep he said, "I suddenly got a deep-seated suspicion that for some unbeknownst reason we are bein' rareroaded. We been given some dirty jobs to do by as high up in rank as a colonel. But if it takes a brigadier general to hand us out this new job, then it is the worse job we ever been stuck with."

General Ritchie looked up from his desk. A captain and a couple of bestriped non-coms stood by, apparently to make sure that nobody bit so exalted a general officer. Ritchie had not quite so soldierly a figure as Colonel Faucett, but his shoulder star was impressive enough. "Smoot, Ortwingle, Hyler, Smith. Good morning."

"Good morning," said the four non-coms uncertainly.

"Congratulations," said the general.

"Yes sir," said Smoot, which seemed a fairly safe thing to say.

"My compliments to General Youmans, and best of luck," said the brigade commander. Then a first lieutenant who apparently hadn't begun to shave yet took charge of them and whisked them away to another building.

"This is jist like gittin' lost in the Chamber of Horrers at the Park," whispered Ortwingle.

"Here we are," said the lieutenant. They were in the building that housed the camp headquarters. At the end of the corridor they noted a black and gold sign that read simply: COMMANDING GENERAL.

In a moment they were standing at practically cataleptic attention before Major General Youmans. General Youmans was a bald pink-jowled man who didn't resemble a soldier at all. His uniform looked as though it had been cut out and fastened together by a sail-maker in a fit of absent-mindedness. But his two silver stars lent him all the dignity he needed, now or at any time.

"The four men from the Fourth," said the aide.

"Stand at ease, soldiers," said the general. He reached in his desk and stuffed an old pipe full of tobacco. "For God's sake, stand at ease," he repeated. "I suppose you men'd like to get overseas and take a crack at the enemy."

Their faces lit up like electric lights.

"Guess you'd like to do a bit of commando work."

"Yes sir," said Smoot huskily.

"We appreciate the sort of thing men like you have been doing around here for the last twenty months," said the general. "Training armies is a thankless task. No glory in it. I imagine you'd like to come into contact with some enemy troops for a change instead of those ding-blasted sawdust dummies."

"We sure would," said Smoot, swallowing.

"Well, forget it," sighed the general. "So would I. I've heard some good things about you particular men, though. You've had some odd assignments, and done them gracefully without complaint."

"Yes sir," lied Smoot.

"You're out of luck for combat duty for the present, but I've a new assignment that may make up in part for the routine ones you've had. It's an overseas mission. You'll immediately fly to a censored coastal city, from which port you will embark with a convoy for a censored destination. On arrival you will deliver certain papers to a certain individual. You will remain a certain number of days and return with a censored naval unit with certain dispatches for this command. Is that completely clear?"

"No sir," Smoot admitted.

"A letter of written instructions is enclosed with your papers. All facilities for traveling have been arranged. In one way this is an important military assignment, and in another way it's a hell of a nice vacation which you lads have earned. Best of luck. Have a good time, stay sober in public, and report back to me when you return."

"Is this something!" exclaimed Ortwingle after they had been ushered from the august presence. "I never even seen a major general before, much less bein' tole to go on a censored mission by one of 'em."

"The necessary clothing and equipment has already been packed and sent on ahead of you, sergeant," said the young lieutenant. "You'll eat lunch aboard the plane."

"Look," said Corky Smith as somebody strapped him in his seat. In a daze they had arrived at the airfield, had climbed into the huge brown transport, which was ready to take off. "Look, how does that general know I care to fly? I—"

The drone of the props suddenly swelled to a roar, the plane taxied heavily about, then smoothly the great bird rose above the cement runway and calmly climbed into its element. Not much could be said until the censored port of embarkation had been reached.

"Somebody give my bunk a kick," said Sergeant Smoot, "so as I will wake up. If I keep on havin' a good time in this dream, I will ony be that much more disappointed when I come to."

"Step right this way, boys," said a Navy lieutenant (j.g.) "All hands accounted for," he shouted to someone aboard the vessel.

Softly, in the darkness, the ship moved through the water. Smoot and his three non-coms were quartered in a small cabin with painted portholes amidships. For the first time they had a moment to themselves in which to be amazed at the turn of events.

"It is okay," said Corky Smith, "to read one of these here mystry stories. But it is another thing to actually be a caricature in one of 'em."

"Me," said Sergeant Smoot, "I would be satisfied if I ony knew which ocean we are started off to sail across." He got up with the intention of pacing up and down the cabin, but the conditions were hardly ideal for pacing. Sitting back on his bed, Smoot shook his head and delivered himself of a short oration. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am had less time to talk and more time to think than is ordinary the case in such a situation. All I ever ast in life was to have them put up some Axis bastards in front of me to shoot at. I never ast for no favors, and that is exackly what I awys got. And then finely along comes a major general that picks us out of fifty thousand other guys to give an overseas mission to." His

throat became husky with emotion. "I can't understand it. I jist can't understand it. Any time the army suddenly gits nice to you, there is got to be a ketch in it somewhere."

"Maybe it is still possibly that some small catastropy will still happen to us yet," said Corky Smith encouragingly.

"I can't understand it," repeated Smoot.

Corky's anticipation of a small catastrophe was unjustified, at least up to the time the ship, as part of a larger convoy, arrived at its destination. Several censorable units had taken off from a tender, and after dropping a censorable number of bombs on an enemy object, destroyed this censorable object before it had a chance to submerge. Otherwise the voyage had been uneventful. The ships anchored in a protected harbor, censorable troops and supplies were disembarked, Smoot and his three non-coms were entrained in a close compartment. Several hours later, it being safe to assume that the information could no longer be of service to the enemy, they stepped from the railroad station at Charing Cross to glance skyward at the battered towers of London.

"It's London, all right," said Corky Smith, "because them advertisement signs is all wrote in the American language. At first I figgered we was probly in Algiers, the way these foreigners talks. But then the minute I seen them signs wrote in American, I knew right away we was in England."

"If we are in England," said Ortwingle, "then where is the aisles?"

"What aisles?"

"The aisles they got over here somewhere that you awys hear about. The British aisles."

"Will you guys quit gabbin?" Smoot demanded. "What's the name," he asked Hyler, "of this place that this general is stayin' at that we are suppose to deliver this here message to?"

"The Gentlemen's Club, Twiddenham."

"Well, ast one of these natives in his native tongue in which direction that takes us to."

"Twiddenham," said a cabbie when approached by Corporal Hyler. "Never 'eered of it, Yank. It's a strynge nyme to me, an' I been a City man fer almost five deckits."

"Perhaps it's pronounced Twidnum."

"Twidnum! Whyn't y' sy so in the fast plyce. 'Op in, and if Nellie 'olds up I'll 'ave yer there in two shykes of a lamb's tyle."

A not pretty, but a not altogether unpretty, young lady ushered them into a reception hall. "I'll notify the general of your presence, sirs," said she.

"This is a nice barrack," said Ortwingle. "It is almost worth bein' some ole general jist to git to sleep in a classical place like this."

In a moment they were sucked farther into the interior of this British sanctum. The walls were cracked and scarred from bombings, the paintings had been removed, and the bookshelves were empty, but there was a hallowed air about the place that Stukas were incapable of destroying. "Good afternoon, good afternoon," said General Morton.

Smoot clicked his heels. "We been instructed to deliver these papers personally to you, sir, with the compliments of General Youmans."

"Indeed," said General Morton. He glanced at the covering note. "Dear Spike," it began. "Here's the dope you asked for. How are things going, you old scoundrel? I suppose I could have sent this stuff on by regular channels, but these four youngsters were due for a break. See that they're put up and enjoy a few days' vacation. We're all fine. Margaret had an infected tooth taken out—" The rest of the letter was full of censorable military matters.

"I'll talk to you later about General Youmans, boys," said Morton. "This evening I have some censorable things to do. But I'll leave you in good hands. You'll be the guest of the club during your stay here." Then the general smiled. "Here. How'd you like to have tea with a genuine Earl? Suppose you wait here a moment."

Corky Smith scratched his head. "I never figgered up to now that in my life I would ever sit down and have tea with a live Irl."

"With major generals gittin' as common with us as flies," said Ortwingle, "a Irl more or less in our life is nothin' to git excited about."

"If I don't like Irls any better than I like tea," said Smoot, "then I guess I would just as lief not have tea with one."

"Earls have become quite democratic, I gather," said Harrison Hyler, enjoying all this. "Especially since Munich."

"Tea is probly also become democratic, as far as that is concerned," said Smoot, "but I still don't like it."

The girl who received them at the front door now invited them to accompany her. A new sanctum inside the outer sanctum contained its special members, among them two gentlemen who arose from their table. General Morton repeated the soldiers' names, then turned to his hosts. "This is Rodney Peterson-Jones, and this is Lieutenant Broadknoll, Earl of Chisham."

"Pleased to meet you, Irl," said Corky Smith.

"How frightfulleh jolleh!" cried Lord Broadknoll. "I sayd, this is oll right."

"You're very kind to ask us to join you," said Corporal Hyler.

"Honahed," said Peterson-Jones, who was retired from the active army list and now acted in an advisory capacity to the War Office. The young fifth Earl of Chisham had something to do with keeping up people's morale. "Honahed," repeated the old colonel. "Honahed to be joined by Amedican fightin' men in any numbahs anywhere in the wolled."

"Oll you chaps look rahther done in from your travils," Broadknoll said after the general had taken his leave. "Suppose we dampen down the innah man, as it ware. A spot of Private, what!"

The Private, out of Lord Broadknoll's cellars at the castle, was as rare as an English millionaire.

"This," said Smoot, savoring the nectar-like liqueur, "is pretty nice tea. It is awys my idear that anything that is American is better than anything that is anything else. But if we had this here tea in the U. S. it would jist about solve the whole coffee rationin' pogrom."

"Rationing pogrom." Broadknoll's brow wrinkled in a puzzled frown. Then he smiled quizzically. "Oltogetheh extrodinry sense of humah, you Amedicans possess. Deuced extrodinry."

"Tell us," said Peterson-Jones. "Having newleh arrived in Britain, what most would you care to see fahst in London?"

"Well, fer my own part," said

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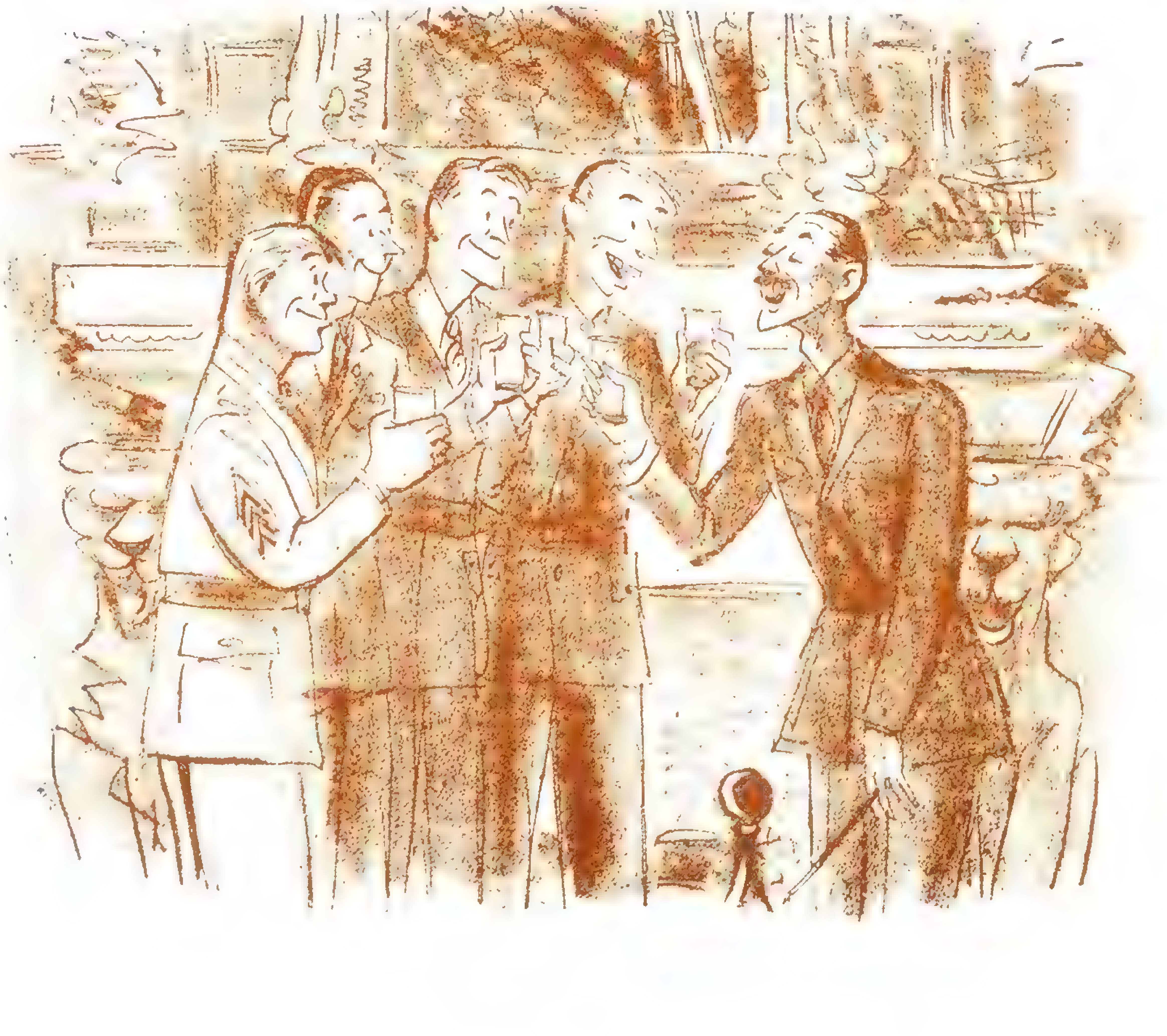

War-Time Kentucky Derby

For the ninth time your forecaster picks the three-year-old most likely to win this year's Kentucky Derby

by ROBERT SAUNDERS DOWST

▪ SPORTS ▪

In an America whose soldiers, ships and planes are battling valiantly on a dozen fronts, the Year 1942 quite conceivably may become as memorable in the annals of racing for emergence of a truly great colt, as is 1919 for the first appearance under silks of the incomparable Man o' War, which was foaled while the guns of World War I were thundering. I am referring, of course, to the Reigh Count colt Count Fleet, which as a two-year-old in 1942 never was beaten at distances of a mile or more.

Count Fleet, one might say, is almost too good to be true, and certainly is too good to offer anything by way of price for a bet when the future books on the Derby are opened after the entries or rather nominations for the race close at the end of February, 1943. Consider his feats in the Fall of 1942.

In preparation for the Futurity at Belmont Park, he worked six furlongs in 1.08 1/5 (one minute, eight and a fifth seconds) time, a full second faster than the track record for the distance and only one-fifth slower than the American time record for the distance made by the great filly, Artful, over a straight course at Morris Park, New York, in 1904. Fast works alone, unsupported by racing performance on the part of a horse, mean very little on the issue of his basic quality, but speed of the order demonstrated by Count Fleet in the exercise gallop referred to, plus his previous racing record, was abundant notice of a potential champion.

A week after the Futurity, Count Fleet came out in the Champagne Stakes at Belmont Park, run at a mile on the main course around turns, and murdered seven other entrants, beating the second colt by six lengths and covering the mile in 1.34 4/5 (one minute, thirty-four and four-fifths seconds). This time displaced the track record for the distance set by Jack High, an older horse under lighter weight, and was better than Alsab's time of 1.35 2/5 in the same race in 1941.

In the Pimlico Futurity in Maryland on October 31, distance a mile and a sixteenth, Count Fleet and Occupation together scared out all eligibles other than W. L. Brann's Vincentive. Occupation went at odds on, seventy-five cents to the dollar in the machines, but Count Fleet, at one and a quarter to one, raced the favorite bow-legged as they went head and head in the early stages, took the lead just before they reached the three-quarters, and pulled out in the stretch to win by five lengths. The Count's final time for the mile and a sixteenth was 1.43 3/5 (one minute, forty-three and three-fifths seconds), displaced the race record made in 1931 by C. V. Whitney's filly, Top Flight, which still ranks as America's leading money-winning mare, and also equalled the track record for the distance.

After the Futurity at Pimlico, Count Fleet entertained the crowd watching the Walden Handicap by effortlessly leading a poor field home by twenty lengths at the distance of a mile and a sixteenth.

It should be remembered that this colt had an excellent record prior to the Belmont Futurity, having won or run second in stakes and other good races at distances from five to six furlongs. In the Futurity itself, he was beaten by Occupation and the filly, Askmenow, after running a colorless but not bad race. I believe that his preceding fast work at six furlongs in 1.08 1/5, referred to above, had tended to make him stale off rather than to improve him. At any rate, Occupation beat him at six and a half furlongs as he previously had beaten him in the Washington Park Futurity at six furlongs. But when the Count got a distance against his rival, in the Pimlico Futurity at a mile and a sixteenth, it was just no contest; he laughed home.

In competition with Count Fleet for long-range selection as winner of the 1943 Derby there are three other colts—Devil's Thumb, Blue Swords and Slide Rule.

Occupation was not nominated for the Derby. John Marsch announced in the winter that he would not be named for any spring stakes. Occupation popped an osselet in running the Pimlico Futurity.

Devil's Thumb has a most excellent record. At Saratoga he won five important sprint stakes, including the six and a half furlong Hopeful. But stellar performances by two-year-olds over short distances are no solid assurance of their ability to beat good ones over routes the next year. To justify favoring them, one must be able to dig under the surface of their sprint records and find some positive evidence that they may or should be able to carry their speed when older, over the exacting distances of a mile and three-sixteenths, a mile and a quarter and a mile and a half in the great classic stakes for three-year-olds like the Preakness, Derby and Belmont. I can find no such definite evidence in the record of Devil's Thumb.

Blue Swords was very likely the best bought 1941 yearling at the 3,000 dollars Allen T. Simmons, Akron radio magnate, paid for him. His name is a contraction of Blue Larkspur and Flaming Swords, his sire and dam. It wasn't until his tenth start in a six-furlong allowance test for the Washington Park Futurity that he attracted attention. A 15 to 1 shot, he just missed taking Count Fleet at the finish. His subsequent showing at 2 included in 18 starts, 5 firsts, 2 seconds, 2 thirds, 9 unplaced, and 35,065 dollars won.

W. E. Boeing's Slide Rule is a son of Snark, and his dam is King's Idyll. His first campaign was unobtrusive at the start. Then he won an allowance race of five furlongs at the Westchester Association Park in .58 1/5. His first season's tally shows that in 9 starts he had 3 firsts, 1 second, no thirds, and 5 unplaced, with 16,885 dollars won. Slide Rule is bred and built like a first-rate distance prospect.

Count Fleet, like his sire, Reigh Count, is Chicago-owned, having been bred by Mrs. J. D. Hertz. When he was a yearling at the farm they put a price-tag of 4,500 dollars on him, but no one came to take him away. He is a brown colt, of good size but not overlarge, and should stand about sixteen hands at the withers when fully grown. His lean, rangy type indicates routing ability.

Count Fleet's pedigree is of definite interest. He is by Reigh Count out of the mare Quickly, which was by Haste. Quickly herself raced only in cheap company and on the track was nothing much. But her sire, Haste, foaled in 1923, by imported Maintenant out of Miss Malaprop, was a better two-year-old of the year 1925.

It may be noted that both Count Fleet and Occupation share the Himyar-Mannie Gray cross that produced Domino, whose gravestone reads: "Here lies the fleetest runner the American turf has ever known . . ."

Count Fleet's own sire, Reigh Count, was a fine performer over extended distances. Foaled in 1925, he came to the racing wars in 1927 at two and had a most excellent record. At three in 1928, he was the country's leading colt, beginning by taking the Kentucky Derby. At four he attempted an invasion of England—that most difficult of all tasks for an American thoroughbred—won the Coronation Cup and ran second to Invershin in the famous Ascot Gold Cup at two miles and a quarter.

Until Count Fleet appeared, Reigh Count had sent to racing no colt at all comparable to himself. But in Count Fleet, he almost certainly has equalled if not outbred himself. The Pimlico Futurity opened the eyes of the country's newspaper selectors to Count Fleet.

It is hard enough to get the winner of the Derby on the eve of the race, from among a field several of whose members have proved themselves in distance racing to a certain extent during the particular Spring. But—as my own record in selecting quite some months in advance for this

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THE SHETLAND SHEEPDOG ◆

Beechtree Chocolate Soldier owned by Mrs. R. R. Taynton. There are no actual records of the Shetland Sheepdog's history. It is, of course, indigenous to the Shetland Islands, and generations of exposure to the Islands' intemperate climate produced the progenitor of today's Sheltie—a rugged sure-footed small collie. The transition from small collie into a refined miniature was no small feat! Retaining the utilitarian characteristics of the larger dogs and attaining perfect conformation in a miniature dog resulted in lack of uniformity, which produced ups and downs in the history of the several clubs catering to the breed. The American Shetland Sheep Dog Association, youngest of the clubs, says the Sheltie's appearance should be that of the ideal collie in miniature and his shoulder height not less than twelve inches nor more than fifteen. The breed is naturally obedient, has an instinctive guard-dog attitude toward property and a warmly possessive attitude toward its human family.

—Chase Herendeen

BEACHTREE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER

(Shetland Sheepdog)

Color Photograph

by HENRY WAXMAN

Columbia's
ANN MILLER
Hurrell Photograph

Everything Happens to McCarey

During those sparse times when he isn't breaking his valuable neck, Leo McCarey does direct some extraordinary pictures

by SIDNEY CARROLL

• ARTICLE •

LEO McCAREY, the motion picture director, is an Irishman from Los Angeles. As a director he has talents that place him on a par with the top men of the profession. As an Irishman, however, he has a greater claim to fame. He has superb intestinal fortitude. McCarey's accomplishments as a director have been very fine indeed, but they don't compare to his endeavors as an artist in the art of self-demolition. All motion picture directors have hobbies to take their minds off business. McCarey's seems to be an irresistible urge to flirt with death. He is said to be the most breakable man in all of Hollywood.

He started when he was a young man around Los Angeles and took up prize-fighting as a career. He was an amateur middleweight. He got properly batted around, though nobody ever managed to rearrange the geography of his handsome map. Then he went to law school and one day, on his way to classes, he walked into an elevator. The elevator wasn't there and McCarey got to the cellar in a hurry. He broke a leg. That may be said to be the beginning of his experiments in the field of self destruction, forever since, his life has been one long chronicle of miraculous escapes from hospital beds. He has always come up smiling. The long years of wear and tear on his torso have given him an immunity to Acts of God; he is septic to accidents. Where less experienced men would be measured for headstones, McCarey has laughed it off. A couple of years ago he was at the wheel of an automobile which also contained Gene Fowler, the writer. McCarey made a wrong turn and turned the car on top of Fowler and himself. When they were found, thus bedded down under a couple of fenders, the rescue party took one look at McCarey and decided that an ambulance would be an unnecessary expense to his about-to-be-bereaved family. They phoned for a more suitable vehicle. McCarey rode to the hospital in that more suitable vehicle—a hearse.

He and Fowler are whole again now, after two years of recuperation, but a short time after the surgeons had reassembled McCarey in much the same manner that one puts together a prefabricated house, they discovered that they had screwed one of his arms on the wrong way. McCarey had to go back to the hospital for what he called "re-takes on the left arm." It turned out all right.

After McCarey had made a film called *Make Way For Tomorrow*, one of the New York critics said that he was such a fine director, it was a shame he didn't do more directing. The critic was right but he did not know that for McCarey it is always such a short time between accidents. Nevertheless, though he has spent so much time castigating himself in the manner of the early Irish Saints, McCarey has managed to take enough time off now and then to direct a few remarkable pictures. He has found time to develop what is inevitably described as The McCarey Touch.

I believe that the word most frequently used in references to Hollywood directors is "touch." You can not hear the name of Lubitsch or Capra or McCarey without hearing about the Lubitsch touch, the Capra touch, the McCarey touch. They are just three on the very highest Hollywood plane, but in Hollywood the word is not reserved for the high society crowd. Every time a newcomer happens to do a workmanlike job on a pretty good film, the trade papers are quick to credit him with a touch all his own. It seems to be the highest kind of praise the town can give.

It is a fine word because it is a quick and easy word which can mean just about anything at all. If you say that a director has a "sense of timing" you have to put up your dukes and defend yourself. "Sense of timing" is a technical term, and you have to defend your technical terms. But if you say that a man has a "touch," nobody will question your meaning. Any damn fool knows what a touch is.

Any damn fool knows that the Lubitsch touch is simply a constant deft underlining of the theme of libido. Capra? Well, he has a trick of being sentimental without slobbering, yet he melts all hearts. That is properly called a touch. Lubitsch has never made a picture without a bedroom in it, and Capra has always made the customers laugh and cry. McCarey is a little harder to sum up and pin down. As long as we are being definitive, however, you could call him, in his assembled moments, a compromise between fellow directors Lubitsch and Capra.

McCarey is one of the all-around boys. As a director of love stories, he proved he had no peer when he made *Love Affair* with Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne. His comic touch is one of the best, for he is the man who made *The Awful Truth* and *Ruggles of Red Gap*. But McCarey, the clown, also has a Hamlet complex and occasionally he takes time off to prove it. He did just that when he made *Make Way For Tomorrow*, a picture which was so sad that it is supposed to have driven the composer of the Hungarian suicide song to suicide. It also had a sad effect on the box-office. It made McCarey's studio scream for more help from the bank. But anybody who saw it—and McCarey admits there were a few—will testify that it was probably the best picture he ever made.

McCarey is a well-set, black-haired, round and red-faced man with a fine pair of hands. The hands probably got that way from long years of tickling the ivories, for McCarey is one of the best pianists in Hollywood. He started to take lessons when he was a kid, but he really learned how to play, he admits, after an accident he had. He forgets which one. "While I was mending," he says, "I called up all the barroom pianists I knew and made them come over and teach me." He is supposed to look like Cary Grant. He doesn't, but in any beauty contest for Hollywood directors he'd probably win with both those elegant hands down. His classic Celtic features give him a sympathetic feeling for the beautiful creatures, both male and female, he directs for the silver screen. He knows what makes them tick. This also has a direct effect on his well known touch.

McCarey is one director who refuses to admit that it takes genius to become a director. In his own case, he says, it was all a matter of luck. The same Lady Luck who watches so tenderly over his broken bones got him into the game in the first place. When he got out of law school he had a degree under one arm and $5,000 under the other. The latter sum he collected for

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◀ AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Ann Miller

IF ANN MILLER is the best female tap dancer in Hollywood—and there are those who would defend that contention with their lives—she is also its most persistent devotee of the light fantastic. When she signed her current contract with Columbia Pictures she was asked to fill out a questionnaire. A clear estimate of Miss Miller's state of mind may be had from a glimpse of the answers she gave to several of the questions therein. They ran as follows:

Q: What were your school or college activities?
A: Dancing.
Q: What was your first ambition?
A: To dance.
Q: What was the first job at which you earned money?
A: Dancing.
Q: What did your parents want you to become?
A: A dancer.
Q: How do you keep in condition?
A: By dancing.

Miss Miller has been at it since she was six. When she was ten her mother brought her to Hollywood. For ten years she danced her head off in a series of remarkably unimportant roles, and got nowhere. But George White spied her in a couple of those roles and invited her to come to New York for a top spot in his "Scandals of 1940." She came and she conquered. As soon as the Hollywood impresarios got a flesh-and-blood look at what they had so skillfully submerged on celluloid, they offered to pave her way back to Hollywood with bags of gold. Back she came—and conquered.

Like Ginger Rogers, who happens to be her idol, Ann yearns to show that she can act. She showed it when she played Ginger Rogers' partner in "Stage Door." She showed it when she played the dance-daffy daughter in "You Can't Take It With You." She has been showing it more and more in her more recent films. Sarah Bernhardt, incidentally, was a distant relative of hers.

In many ways this doll-faced dancer with eyes like lollipops is nothing like the usual Hollywood product. She doesn't smoke, has no pets, no aversions, and no beauty secrets. In other ways, she has taken on the color of her surroundings. When she entered pictures her hair was black, so she had a chartreuse and lavender bedroom—to match. When she changed the color of her hair to red she changed the boudoir to blue, gold, and ivory—to match. "I am sensitive to colors," she says. Her hobby is collecting stamps.

Vital Statistics: *Height:* 5 feet, 5 inches; *Eyes:* Hazel; *Hair:* Red; *Birthplace:* Chireno, Texas; *Phone number:* Hollywood 3661.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL

Rumpus at the Raccoon Church

We aimed to show that outfit a North Fork boy could squire an Allcorn gal home if it took twelve of us to do it

by JESSE STUART

• FICTION •

"ARE you all here, Worldly?" I asked.

"Eleven here," Worldly Sampson answered. "We're one man short."

"Dave Porter's not here," Lottie Bates said.

"Wait fer 'im," Tom Sturgill said. "We'll need 'im tonight. He's got a good pair of fists."

"We'd better wait," Lonnie Boggs said. "That Allcorn crowd is tough."

"Let 'em get tough," Beanie Porter said. "Ain't a bit tougher than the North Fork boys."

We stood under the big white oak tree where the Left Fork Creek leaves North Fork. The moonlight was fallin down on North Fork. It was one of the prettiest nights among the Kentucky hills.

"I see Dave Porter comin," Hargis Virgin said.

"Old big-fisted Dave," Willie Brown laughed. "Get yourself up this road. Don't you know that you're goin to haf to use them hams of meat on a panel of Allcorn ribs tonight?"

"This thing has gone too fur, fellars," Oscar Blevins said. "We're into this fight and we can't back out'n it."

"I say we ain't goin to back out," Tom Sturgill said.

"We've had enough water poured down our necks already," Freddie Johnson said.

"We'll come to a showdown tonight," Big Aaron Stephens growled. "We'll show 'em whether a North Fork boy can't walk home with an Allcorn gal if he wants to."

"I'm takin Mercedes Braiden home," I said. "I'm sorry that I started this war between North Fork and Allcorn."

"We ain't sorry you started it," Dave Porter said. "It's been comin a long time. Your love fer Mercedes Braiden was the powder keg that blew the lid off."

"Fellars, let's get goin," said Tom Sturgill.

We started up the North Fork road. We had a small army of good men. Dave Porter was in front when we hit the long narrow path that led us to the top of the Raccoon hill. The rest of us were strung out behind him, smokin our pipes, cigars and cigarettes. Before we reached the top of the hill, we stopped to wind a minute. We kindly wanted to think things over before the trouble started. And it was bound to start.

"Now, fellars, don't use your pistols unless you haf to," Dave Porter begged the boys.

"If we can't get by without it, all right," Lonnie Boggs answered. "But you know that Allcorn outfit's goin to come prepared, fer they know that we are tough. If one of them pulls a pistol, we must pull twelve pistols."

"And when we pull 'em," Big Aaron said, "let's pull 'em from our holsters smokin. We'll see that Don takes Mercedes home."

"Hate to have somebody plugged over me," I said. "But I'm goin to take her home tonight or die in my tracks tryin."

"We'll see that you go if we haf to guard you all the way up Allcorn," Hargis Virgin said.

Now we were walkin down the Raccoon road. We were walkin fast and sweatin a lot. After we stopped to talk over what we was aimin to do, everybody was rarin. There was a trail of smoke follerin us. Strong as bulls, mean as stripped-tailed snakes and fearless as wildcats, we hurried down the road toward the churchhouse. We could see the light from the winders. We could hear the sound of their singin.

"I'll lead the way inside from the house," Dave said. "You see that your pistols ain't showin from your hip holsters. Pull your coat tails down. Let's go into the churchhouse respectable lookin so if this thing ever gets in court there can't be a lot of lies testified about us."

"It'll never get to court," Dave Porter said. "The docket is full fer this term of court. How can they try one hundred more cases?"

We pulled our coat tails down to hide our pistols. Dave Porter led the way across the churchyard where there were at least a hundred men and boys wallerin on the grass in the moonlight. They didn't speak as we passed them. We were fureign men to them fer we'd come from North Fork. When we reached the churchhouse door, we went in.

I looked in the middle aisle and there sat Allcorn boys. I looked on the left aisle and there sat a patch of Allcorn boys. And beside us on the right aisle sat Allcorn boys. I know they had sixty men planted in the house. Our army was small but it was tough. I didn't look much fer the Allcorn boys. My eyes searched the house fer my Mercedes Braiden. I looked on the left aisle and there she sat by that big hoss of a Foster Sizemore. He had his brothers all around 'im. I walked that way. Two of my men, Dave Porter and Lonnie Boggs, followed me. We walked over and I squeezed down on the other side of Mercedes. Dave and Lonnie found a seat right behind me.

Preacher Bagg Hamilton stopped preachin until we got settled down. I saw people all over the churchhouse whisperin to one another. I knew what they were sayin. "There's goin to be plenty of trouble here tonight."

"In the name of the Lord, boys," Brother Bagg Hamilton said, "I entreat you to have peace tonight. This is the Lord's house. It's not the place to settle your love disputes."

None of us said a word. We just sat there. I don't think a man in our crowd had his hand on his pistol. If trouble broke out, we'd get our hand there soon enough. We just sat there and waited fer 'em to make the move. We were peaceful in the Lord's house. Brother Bagg Hamilton continued to preach his sermon. His face was red as a turkey's snout fer he seemed somewhat vexed in spirit. It was trouble that he smelt. The churchhouse was a boilin pot of trouble. It was seethin with trouble. Trouble was seepin out the winders, the doors, the roof and both sides and both ends. It had to start. It just took some little thing to start it.

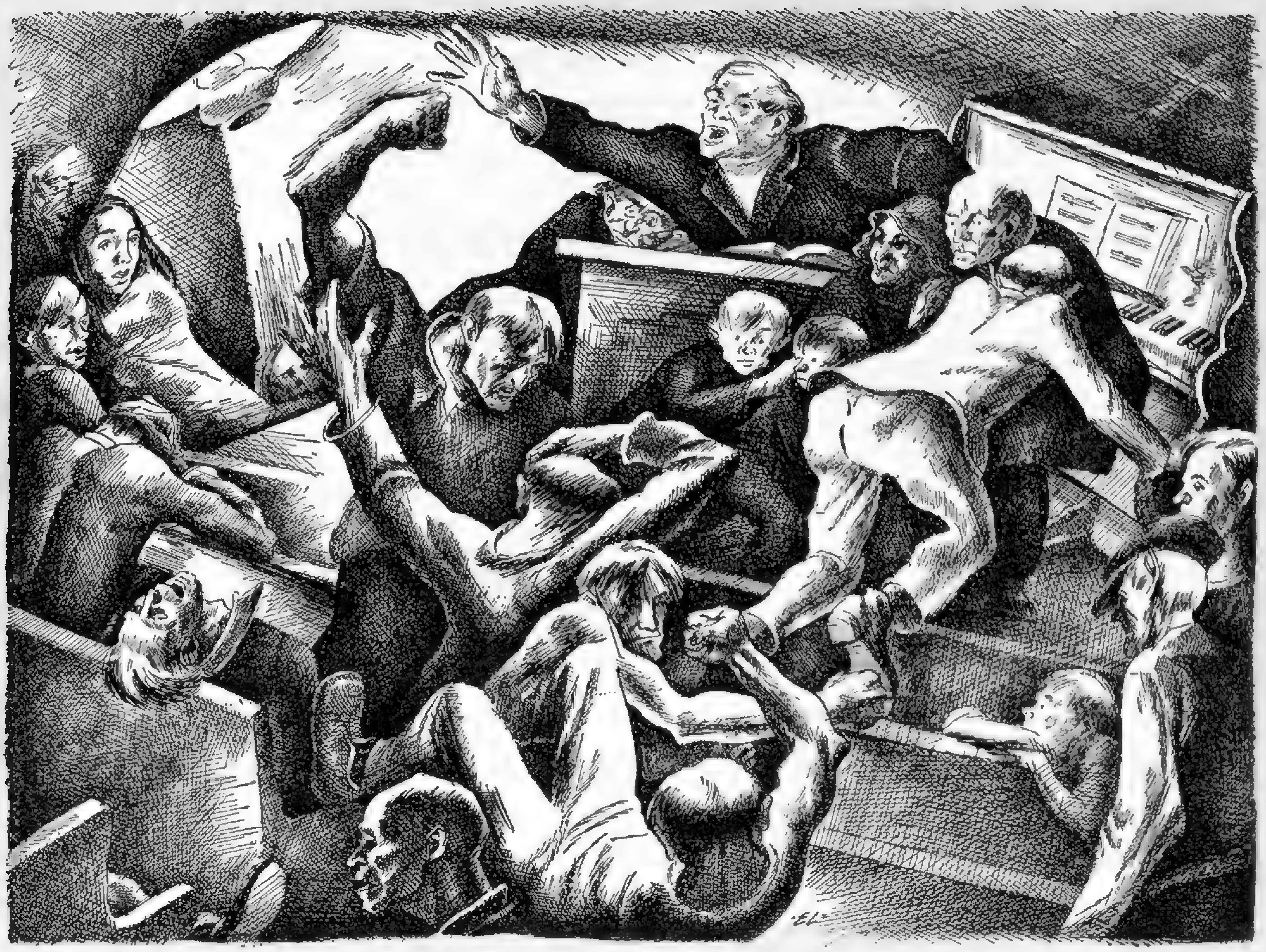
I looked at old Foster. He was lookin at the preacher when I looked at him. He was a big man wearing a blue double-breasted coat with a white rose in his coat lapel. He wore a white shirt starched so stiff a fly couldn't light on the collar without fallin off and breakin its neck. He wore a tiny black bowtie that looked like a grasshopper's wings spread out above his big adam's apple on his bull neck.

I just couldn't stand to look at him. I looked at the girl I wanted fer my wife. I looked at Mercedes Braiden—the prettiest girl that ever walked on slipper leather among these hills. Her blue eyes looked up at me when I looked down at her. Her hair was soft as corn silks in August and curly as love-vines in a fence row. She wore a black and white checked dress trimmed with white collar and cuffs and red ribbon. She was just a good armful and I wanted my big arm around her but Foster had his big arm there—his big hand touchin my arm. But I got awfully close to Mercedes. She was hugged down right between us.

"Who's goin home with you up that long Allcorn Hollow tonight, Honey?" I whispered softly in her little white ear.

"Don't know," she whispered to me. She was so skeered I heard her heart flutter like a rabbit's heart when you first ketch one alive. "I'm so afraid there's goin to be trouble."

When we whispered to one another, it seemed to me like every



DRAWINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

eye, evil, good, big, little, blind, blue, black, gray was turned on us in our young love in this spring month of May. Even old Foster looked at us with his cold mud-turtle eyes beamin from beneath his shaggy brows and from above his sun-tanned pimpled face. But I didn't keer how much he rubbered at me.

"I'm goin," I whispered with words sweet as sugar.

Foster heard what I whispered. He hugged her closer to him with his big arm. He scooted her about six inches over on the seat toward him. It was fur as he could get. He was crowdin others on his right. When he scooted Mercedes over on the seat, I scrouched up closter to her. Now I put my arm on top of his arm. We both had our arms around her. I wish that you could have seen the wimmen lookin at us from all over the churchhouse.

I didn't speak to old Foster and he didn't speak to me. We looked hard at each other. Then with his big hand, he clamped down on my arm near my shoulder. If my arm hadn't been muscled hard as a seasoned willer with skin tough as hickory bark, his finger would have sunk right into my arm. He squeezed hard enough to turn his fingernails on my arm. But I had the advantage of him. I was just a little bit smaller in size but a little bit tougher, if I do haf to say it. I clamped down on his arm with my right arm and he had his left hand hold o me. I think I did sink my fingers into his arm. Both of us looked at the preacher; neither of us whispered. We just sat and gritted our teeth and sank our fingers into each others arms like a cat sinks his toenails into a mouse. I'd show Foster that I was tough as he was. I'd show him the North Fork grit.

Damn you, I thought, if one has to holler you'll be the one to holler first. I'll hold onto you like a hawk does when it carries away a chicken. I'll sink my claws deeper and deeper into the muscle of your arm. I'll fix you. I could bite you with my teeth like a cur dog killin a copperhead.

I tell you, I was settin on him. I could feel that his grip was gettin a little weaker or my arm was gettin numb one. Even Mercedes didn't know what was goin on behind her. She thought that all was well for we'd stopped eyein each other with hard-lookin eyes.

But Mercedes was soon to find out somethin was wrong. Old Foster started squirmin. He was writhin in pain and misery. He flung his left leg up in Mercedes' lap. With my left hand, I reached down and threw it to the floor.

"Keep your feet out'n her lap," I whispered.

"Don't have to," he whispered with sweat breakin out in his face.

He waited another minute. He started squirmin again. He put his foot in her lap again. People sittin around us, wondered why he was doin it. They didn't see my fingernails sinkin deeper and deeper and pushin his white shirt sleeve down into the flesh and muscles on his arm. They thought Foster was trying to act smart. They thought he was tryin to show his authority. I kept sinkin my fingernails deeper and deeper into his arm. I could tell his hold was givin away on my arm.

"Take your foot down and keep it out'n her lap," I said so everybody could hear.

The church crowd was silent. All sorts of eyes turned on us again. It was awful to have so many different kind of eyes lookin straight at you when you were sufferin a little pain yourself. It must have been terrible fer old Foster. His bow tie worked up and down over his adam's apple as he swallowed and coughed like he had a cherry seed in his windpipe.

"I'll put my foot in her lap if I want to," he said. "I'd like to know who's goin to stop me."

I set my claws deeper into his arm. He squirmed more and more and then he threw his big foot in Mercedes' lap again. Everybody saw him do it that was sittin clost to us. And everybody sittin clost saw me throw his foot off her lap. I slammed it down hard enough to bust his heel on the churchhouse floor.

"Let that be the last time you do this!" I said. "I mean what I'm sayin."

I set my claws deeper into his arm. He squeezed my arm hard as he could but it was the last of his grip. It came hard and it quickly left. He let his hold go—threw his leg upon Mercedes again. I threw his foot down hard as I could slam it—so hard it jarred the churchhouse floor. Then with his right he took a swing at me that just barely missed Mercedes' nose. He missed me, too. I pulled my right arm from his shoulder. I felt something sticky on my fingers as I closed my fist—it was my fingers drippin with Foster's blood where they'd gone down into his arm. I quickly saw a big red patch of blood on his white shirt. That's all it took to start things—was to see blood or to smell it.

My fist caught Foster on the chin. I floored him from the seat. He fell across the feet of the people sittin near him. Dave Porter

Continued on page 143

Battles of a Foreign Correspondent

Come censorship, malaria, vermin and shrapnel, Chester Morrison contrives to broadcast honest news from Africa

by **JOE FROM**

• ARTICLE •

There are some who say that he sounds like the Voice of Doom. Perhaps he would want it that way. But it would be closer to the truth to call his the Voice of the Little Man.

For the voice of Chester Morrison—whether booming across 5,000 miles of ocean or whether telling his story in the printed word—has reached out a beckoning hand to lead America into the malaria-ridden wadies of Africa; into the flea-infested hell that is war in the desert.

To convey to America an honest, unadulterated picture of the war he is witnessing, he has resorted variously to quotations from Herodotus, the Bible or his rich vocabulary of salty American slang.

As a result, Chester Morrison is emerging as one of the great correspondents of this war. His brand of journalism is a far cry from the reporting of the Rover Boy correspondents who thrilled or bored the reading public with the recitation of their hair-raising personal exploits. Morrison, in the hundreds of dispatches he has cabled from the African front and in his scores of trans-Atlantic broadcasts, refers to himself merely as a spectator, reporting the war as he thinks you and I would see it were we there.

Until a few short months ago he was indistinguishable among the ranks of thousands of competent but colorless newspapermen in this country. He was a good reporter and a hard working one. Morrison's only noteworthy distinction in fifteen years of newspapering in the United States was his appointment to the post of city editor of the *Boston Transcript*, a job he held until the *Transcript* bowed out of the American journalistic scene.

Not a very brilliant record. But behind Morrison's quiet and unassuming makeup there flickered a latent flame of almost unrivaled journalistic brilliance that destined him to become one of the foremost foreign correspondents of the war when he finally walked into his big break—an opportunity to cover the greatest story of today.

None of his colleagues in New York or Boston city rooms suspected that this meek and modest man with the appearance of a youngish Mr. Chips had the makings of a great war correspondent. Morrison himself would have been among the last to suspect it.

The opportunity that overnight made his name a common newsroom word among reporters came about almost casually. Morrison had joined the staff of the newborn *Chicago Sun* in December, 1941, following the demise of the *Boston Transcript*. He held a job no more romantic than that of a rewrite man and as far as he was concerned it was just another comfortable berth. Like dozens of other reporters and rewrite men on the *Sun's* staff he entered his bid for an assignment with the foreign service which was being developed around the adventurous H. R. Knickerbocker.

Not one to build castles in the air, Morrison calculated his chances of getting an overseas post at about zero and forgot about the whole matter promptly. Consequently, when he received a summons to appear before the *Sun's* editor, Rex Smith, one day early in January, 1942, he could think of only one reason for being called on the carpet. "I wonder what the hell I've done wrong," he was heard to mumble as he entered the editorial sanctum.

Editor Smith, notorious with his staff for forthright decisions, looked up from his desk and announced: "Pack your bags, Morrison, you're leaving for Africa immediately." And thus Chester Morrison, a Mr. Nobody, became a foreign correspondent.

It was a matter of only a few days or so before he was aboard a clipper bound for Egypt and the chance of a lifetime. But even as he roared through the clouds high over the Atlantic, Morrison looked upon his new assignment modestly as another beat to be covered. Like the police beat or the city hall, with possibly a little more excitement. And as far as he was concerned he was another reporter out after a good story.

That self-effacing quality inspired Morrison, when he was instructed to leave a biographical sketch of himself, to write this masterpiece of modesty:

"Morrison, Chester Ludington, born Philadelphia, March 25, 1900, educated Atlantic City, N. J. high school, Rutgers College, Brunswick, N. J., 1923; served 1917-1919 U. S. Navy. In newspaper business 15 years, employed newspapers New York City; Associated Press New York City; *Boston Transcript, Herald, Chicago Sun.*"

That was Morrison the Man as he arrived in the Spring of 1942 to tell American newspaper readers and radio listeners in classic dispatches and later in equally classic broadcasts for the Columbia Broadcasting System how men live and fight and die in the war in the desert.

Morrison crept into the consciousness of newspaper readers quickly but unobtrusively. Day in and day out he sent back dispatches to the *Sun* that sometimes thrilled, sometimes chilled and often amused his readers. But his meteoric rise to fame was due not so much to his writing genius or to the incredible voice that made millions of listeners sit up with a start—incredible because its ominous roar was so strange coming from 130 pounds of meekness. It was something more real than that that rocketed Morrison to fame. It was an understanding of the spirit of this war—an understanding acquired by few other correspondents with the same sincerity and depth. Morrison, in his first few weeks at the front, talking with the officers and the privates, eating their food, sharing their privations and their risks discovered quickly that this is the "little man's war." And he resolved to tell the "little men" of America how the "little men" over there were fighting the war for them. Not only to tell them, but to take them figuratively into the barracks and onto the battlefields with some of the most vivid reporting that has come out of this war.

How profoundly Morrison was impressed by that discovery was revealed months later—on October 4, 1942 to be exact—in a broadcast to which C.B.S. officials proudly point as one of the most inspiring of the many inspiring ones of this war.

Here's what Chester Morrison said in that memorable broadcast of last Fall:

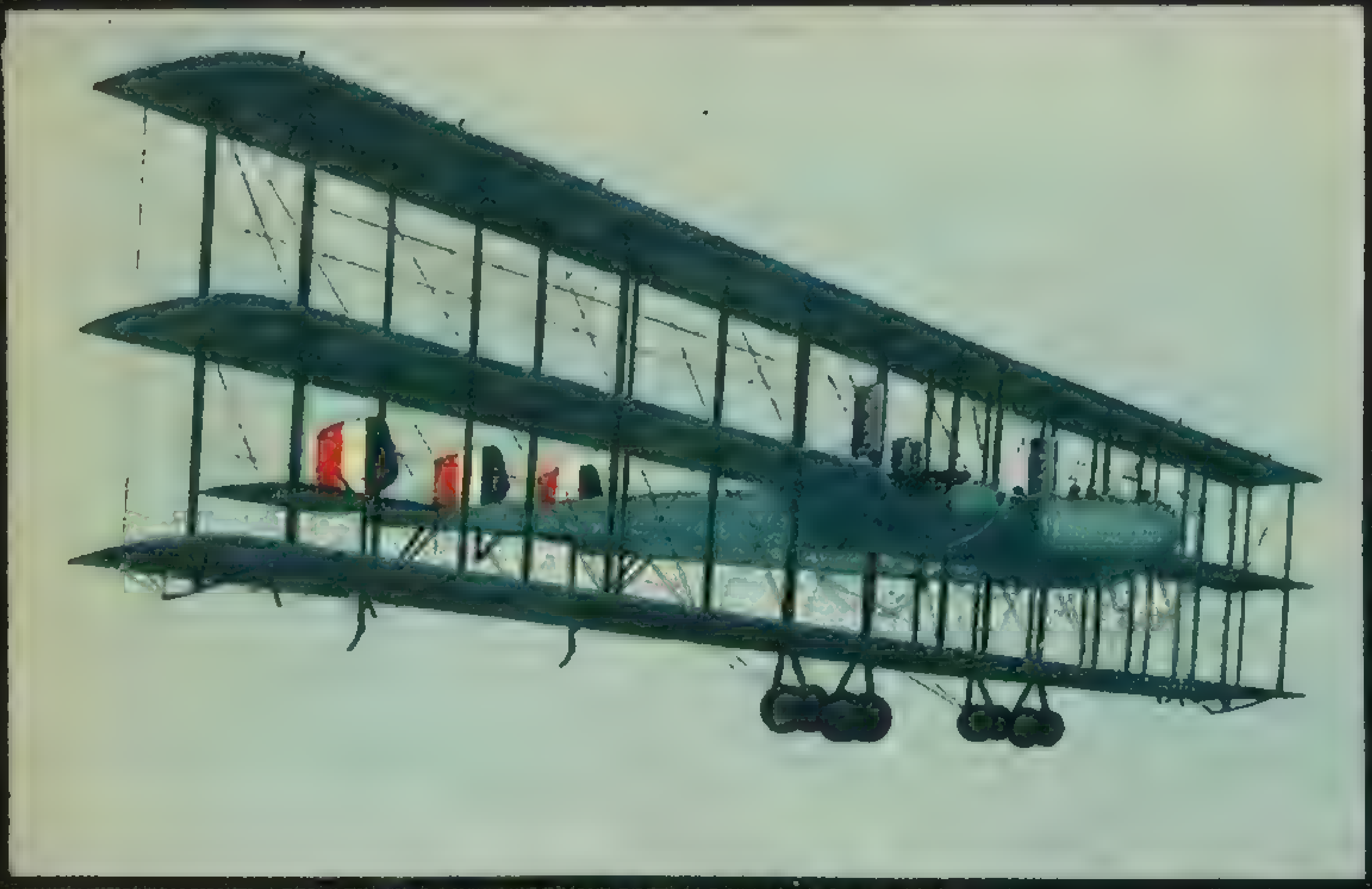
"The news, as we call it, has not changed today from what it was yesterday. Possibly a few more men have died, but soldiers are paid not to die, and these will be buried and forgotten—forgotten, except perhaps, by other soldiers

Continued on page 148

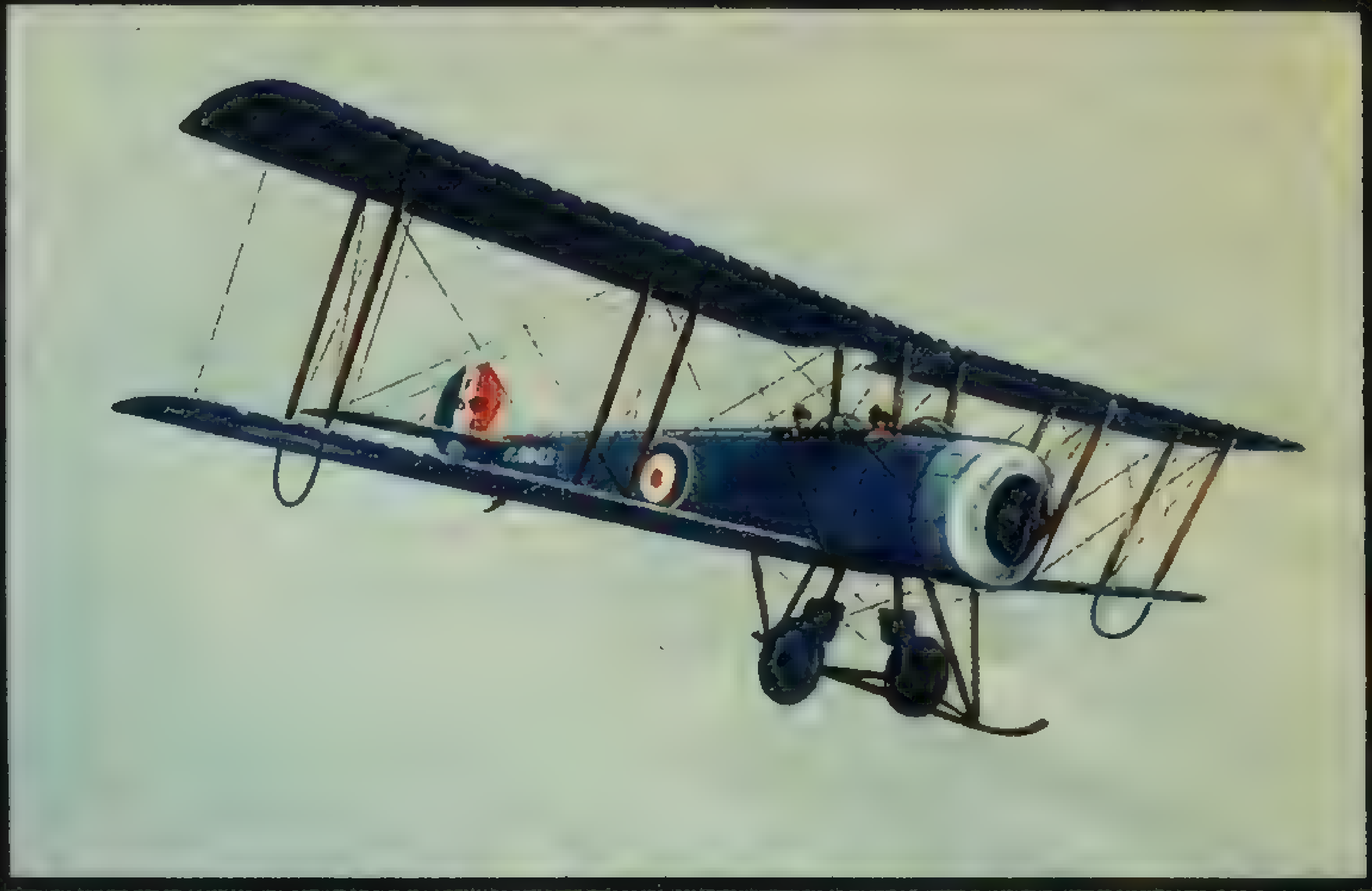
The B-24 Liberator Bomber Gives and Takes Plenty of Punishment ➧

Riddled with Jap bullets, and flying Chinese (one wing low) this stout Liberator returns safely to its base, somewhere in the South Seas. The big bomber can take care of itself far beyond the range of fighter plane escort. It has made lots of trouble for Hitler and Hirohito in the Solomons, Australia, New Guinea, and the Aleutians. In short, wherever Allied air action takes place you'll find the B-24 bravely dishing it out and taking it. Combat pilots say this is one plane they don't have to pamper. It can attain a speed beyond 300 miles an hour, has a range of 3,000 miles and packs a bomb load up to six tons. Consolidated's B-24 Liberator went from paper design to flight in nine months. It was a squat, awkward-looking ship, with guns like huge pin-feathers sticking out of her nose and tail, that first flew in December, 1939. The number turned out since is a military secret. But Douglas, Ford and North American teamed up with Consolidated to produce this plane in ever-increasing quantity. Originally designed as a long-range land bomber, the Liberator has evolved into a recognized all-around combat plane bomber, strafer, fighter and raider in addition to patrol and transport work. It is designated as the C-87 when converted into a transport-cargo ship. It was in one of these ships that Lieut. General H. H. Arnold established a record from Australia to San Francisco of 35 hours and 38 minutes. Another carried Wendell Willkie around the globe. And it was the B-24 which flew Winston Churchill from London to Cairo and Moscow last summer, as well as to the famous Casablanca Conference last winter. There is a story that two big ships were loaded with supplies for Rommel's African forces in Navarino Bay, Greece. These ships never got to Rommel. Big four-motored Liberator bombers plastered the ships and they exploded. It was a daylight raid and the two formations of big bombers knew just what they were after. German pursuit planes flew up. Four of them went down. Later, one of the bomber formations was attacked at sea by more pursuit planes. Two more Messerschmitts went down. All the Liberators returned safely to their base, though one had 27 bullet holes in it. Other news dispatches about B-24 bomber raids have been equally thrilling. And the cheering note in almost every story (cheering to the Army, to the workers who build them and the families of the crews they carry) is this: "the B-24 comes safely home."

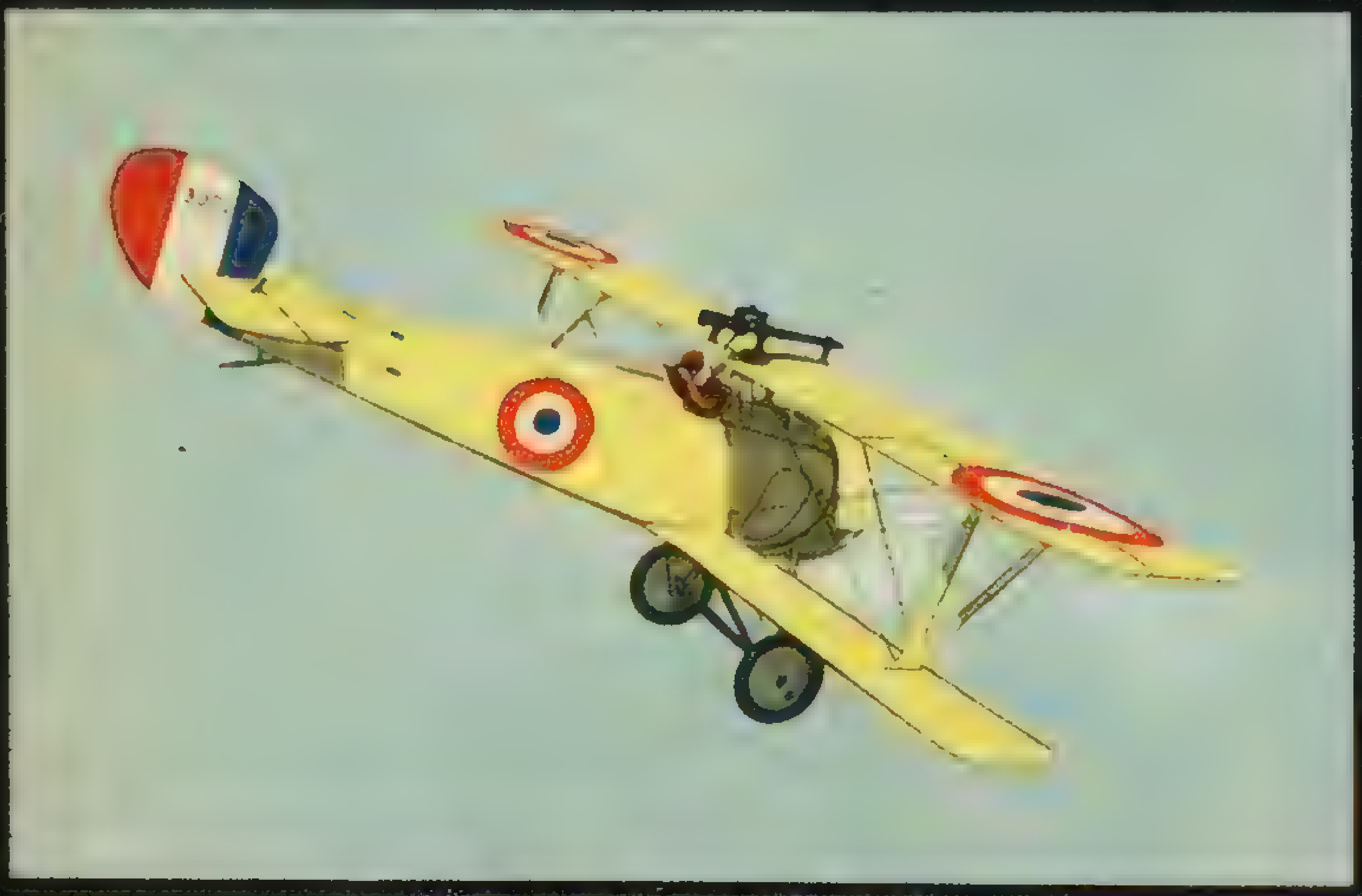
AIR POWER'S FLEDGLINGS *by* Paul C. Maxwell



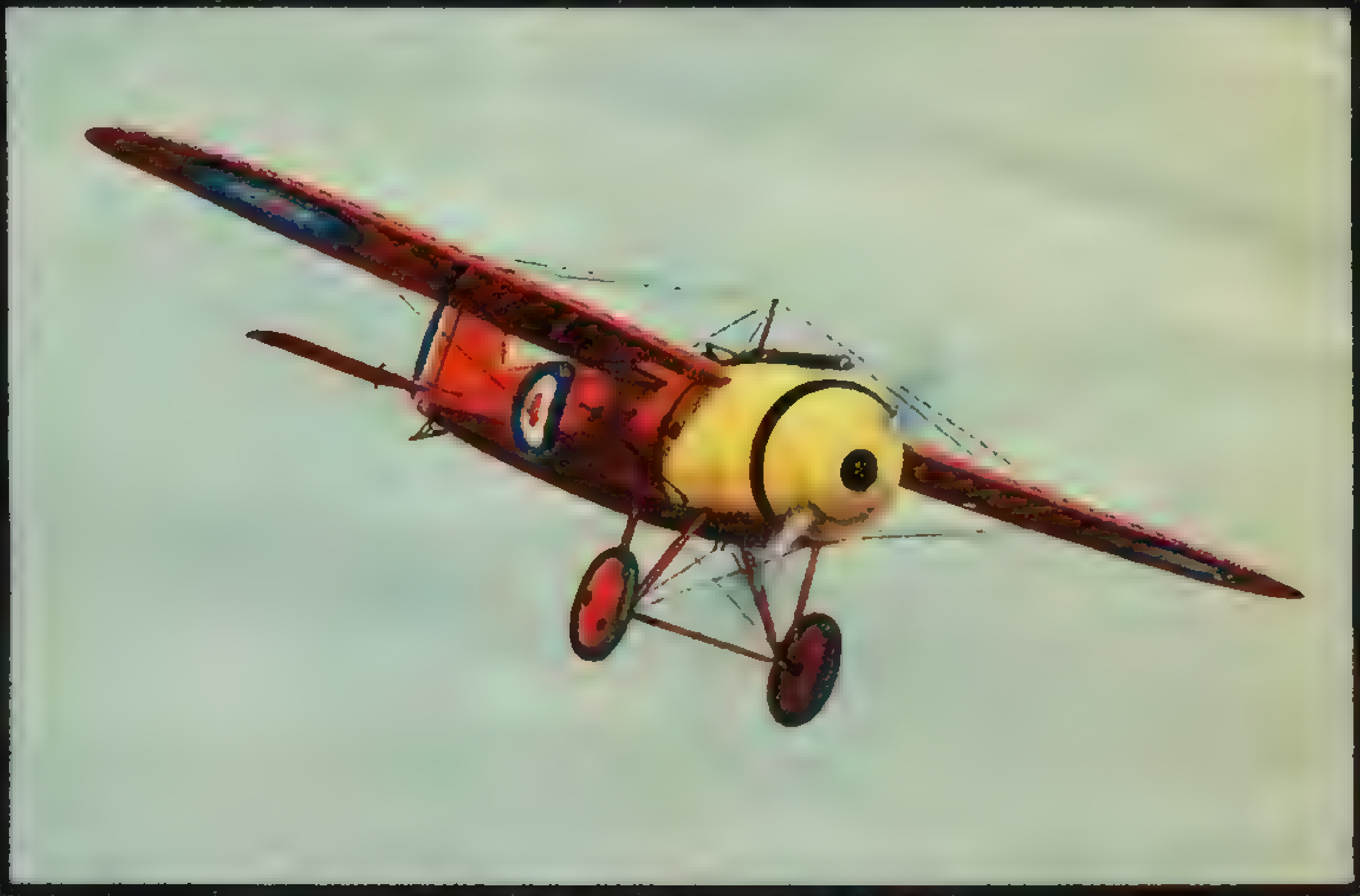
Caproni Triplane (Italian)



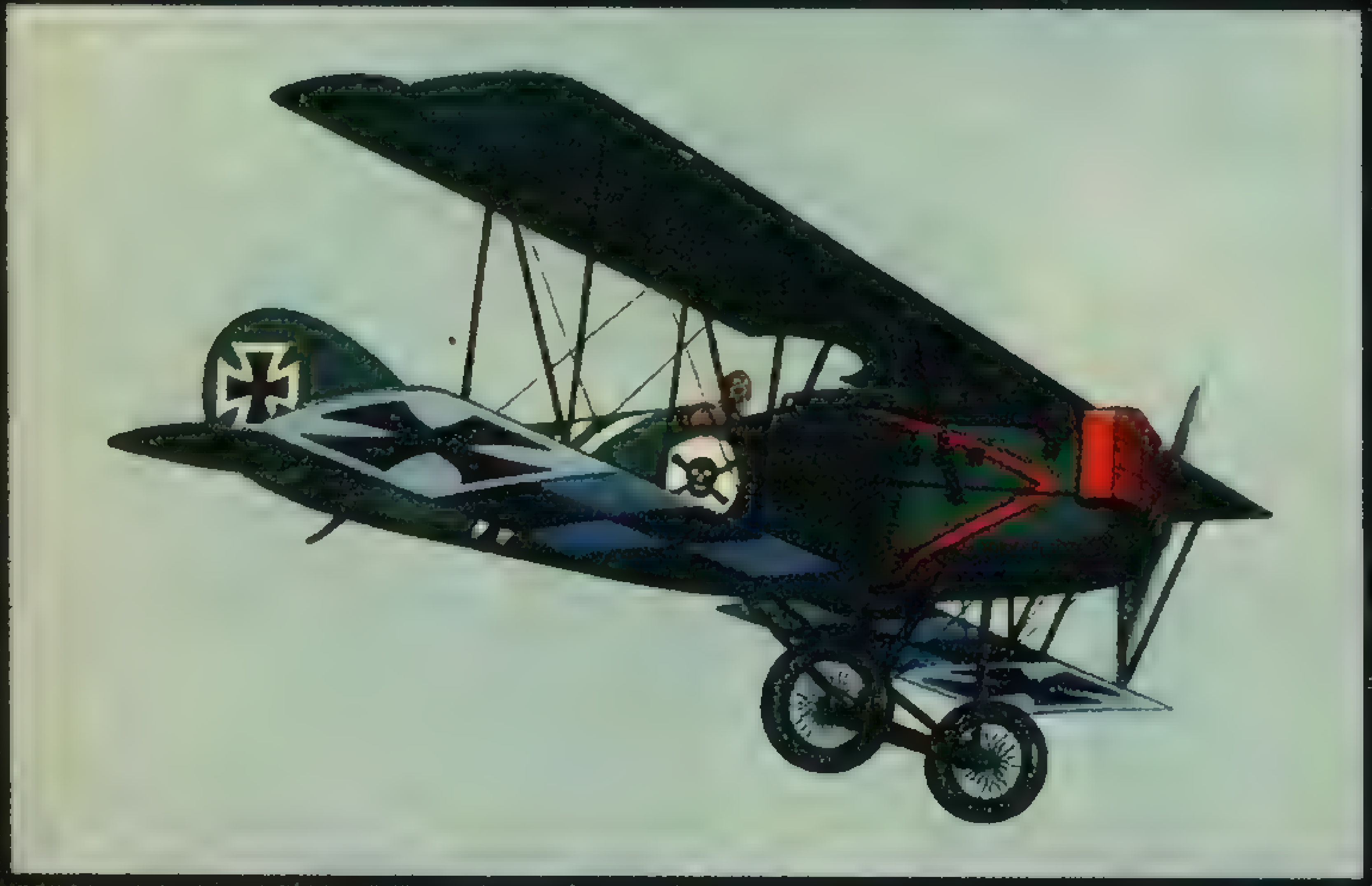
Avro Trainer (English)



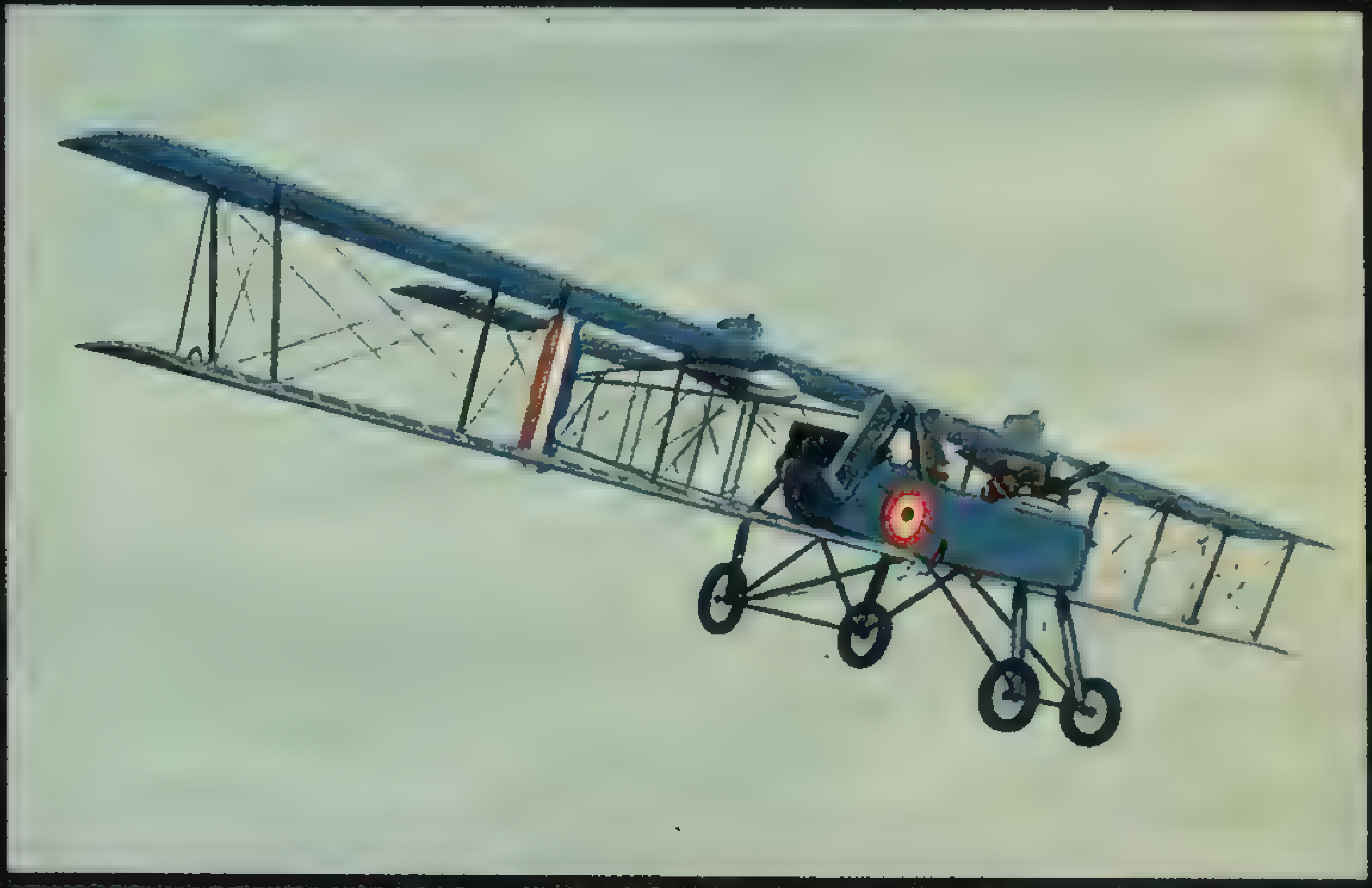
Nieuport Scout (French)



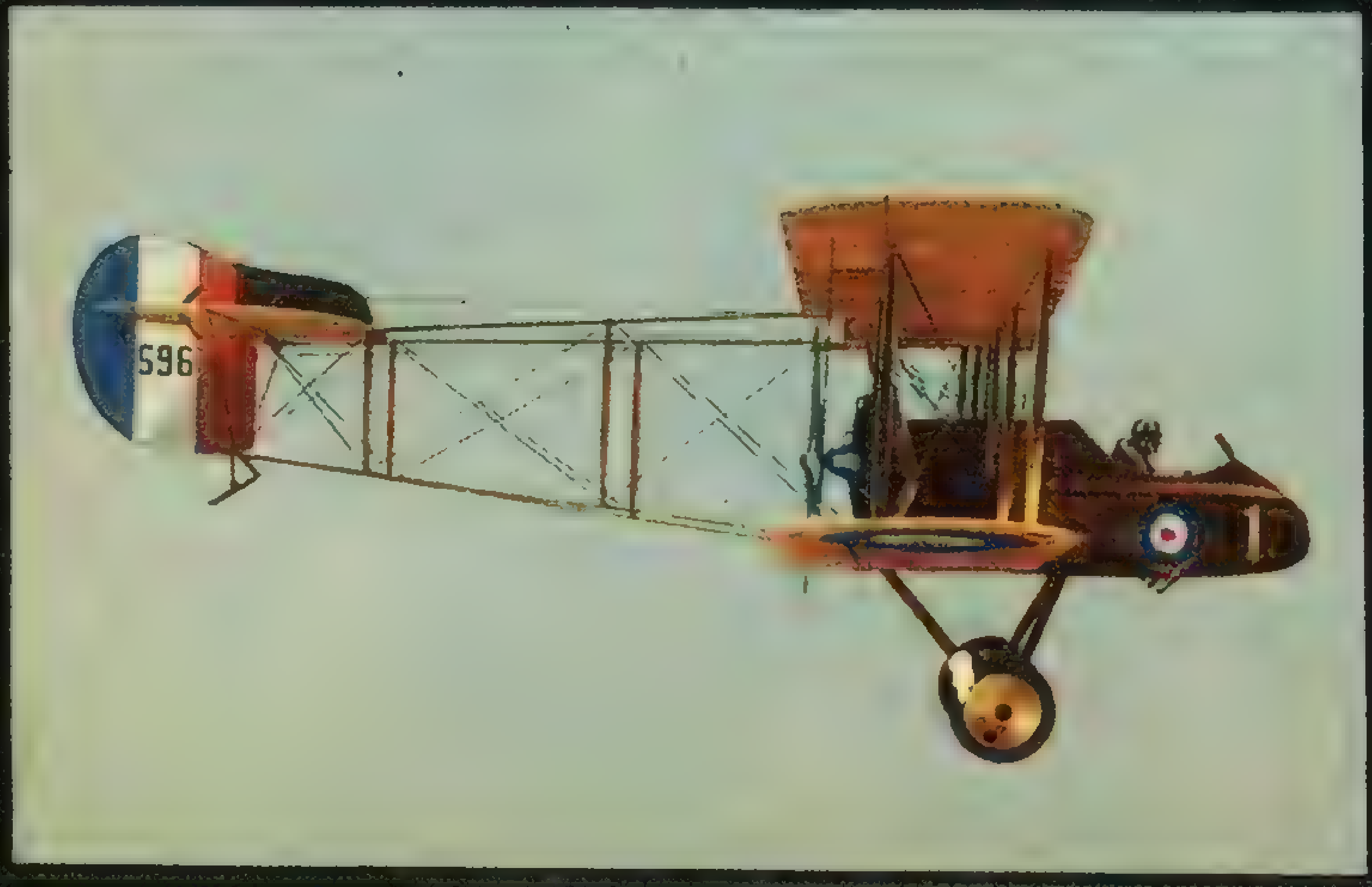
Bristol Fighter (English)



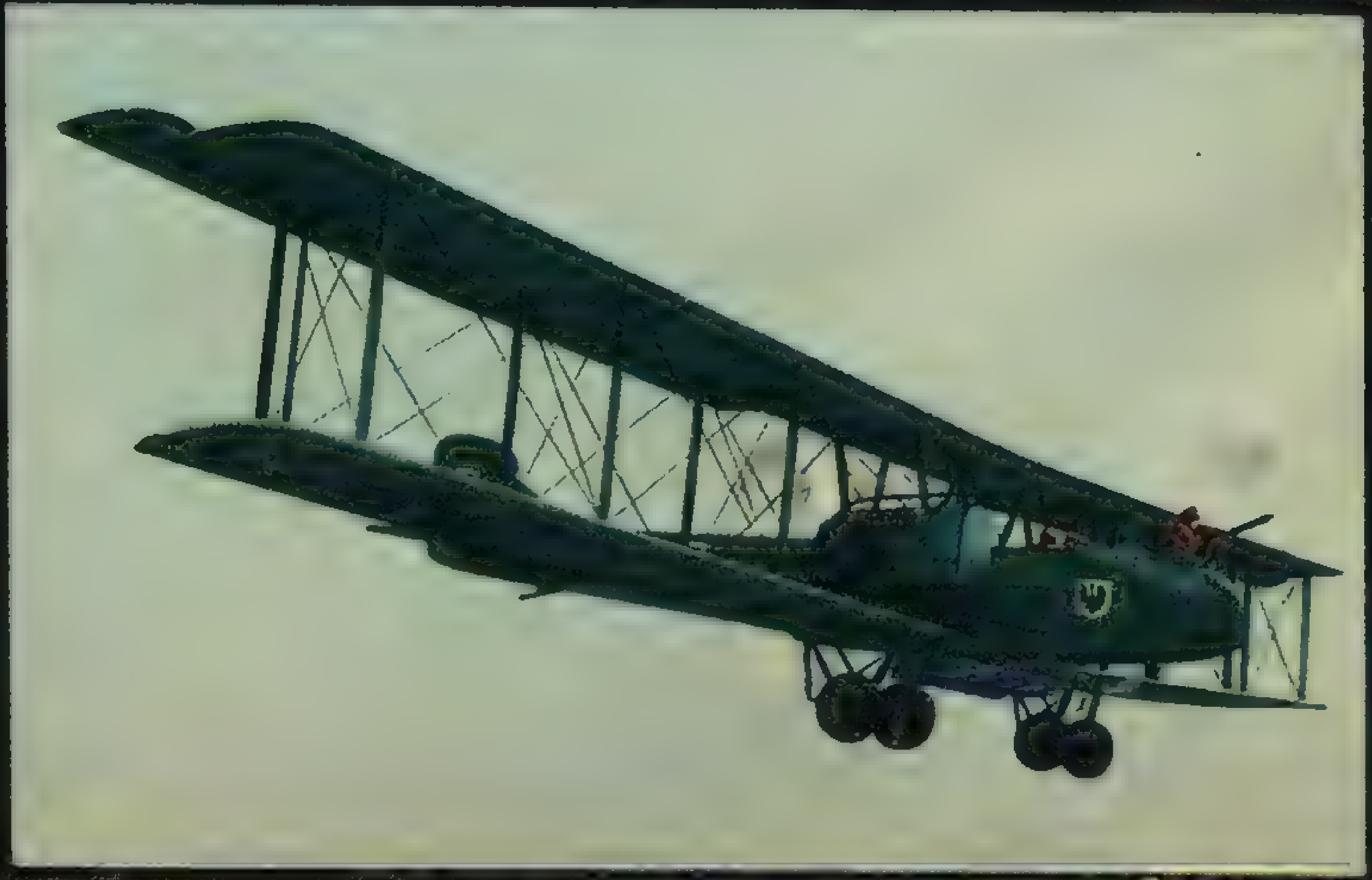
Pfalz D12 (German)



Voisin Night Bomber (French)

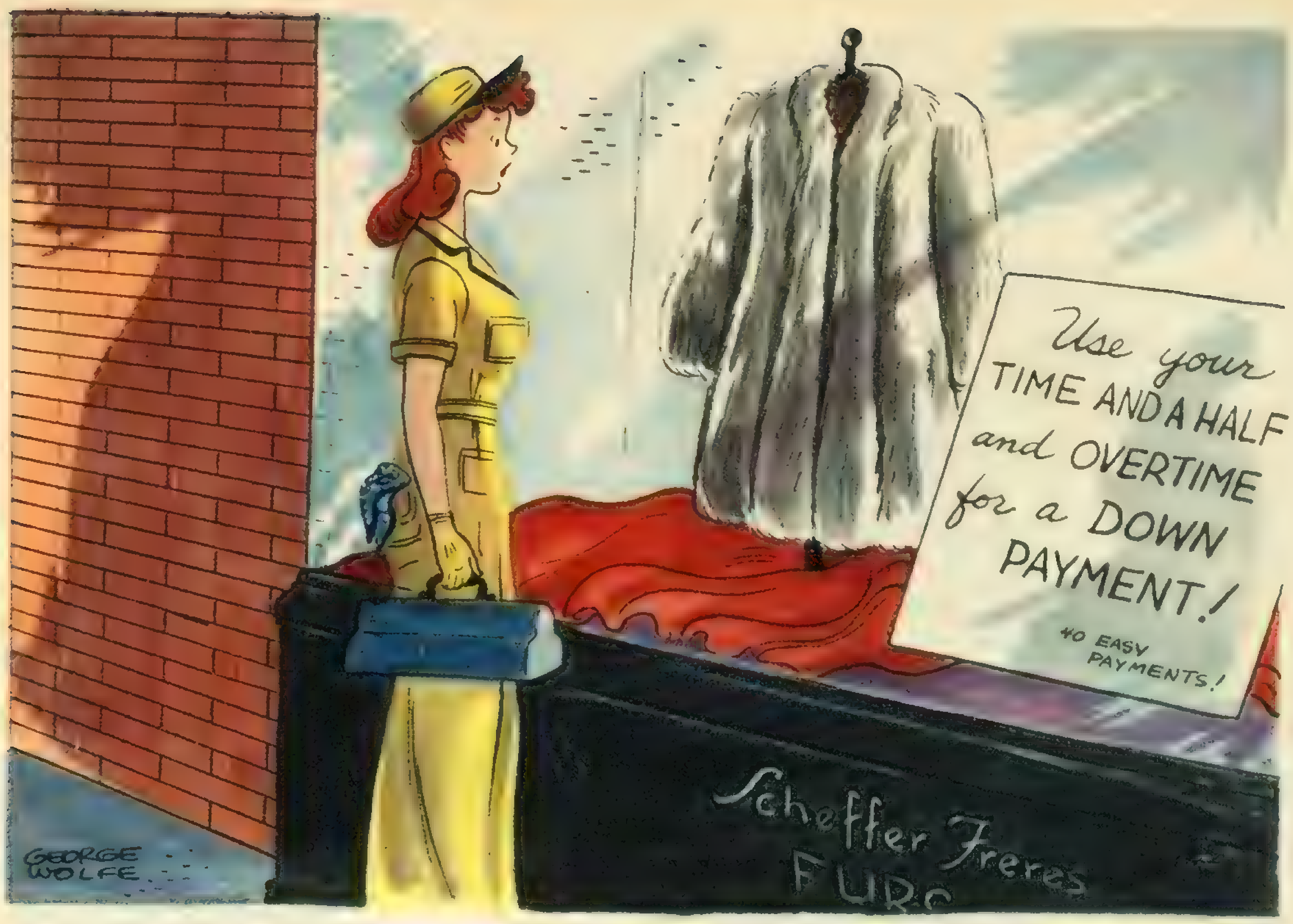


DeHavilland Scout (English)



Gotha Bomber (German)

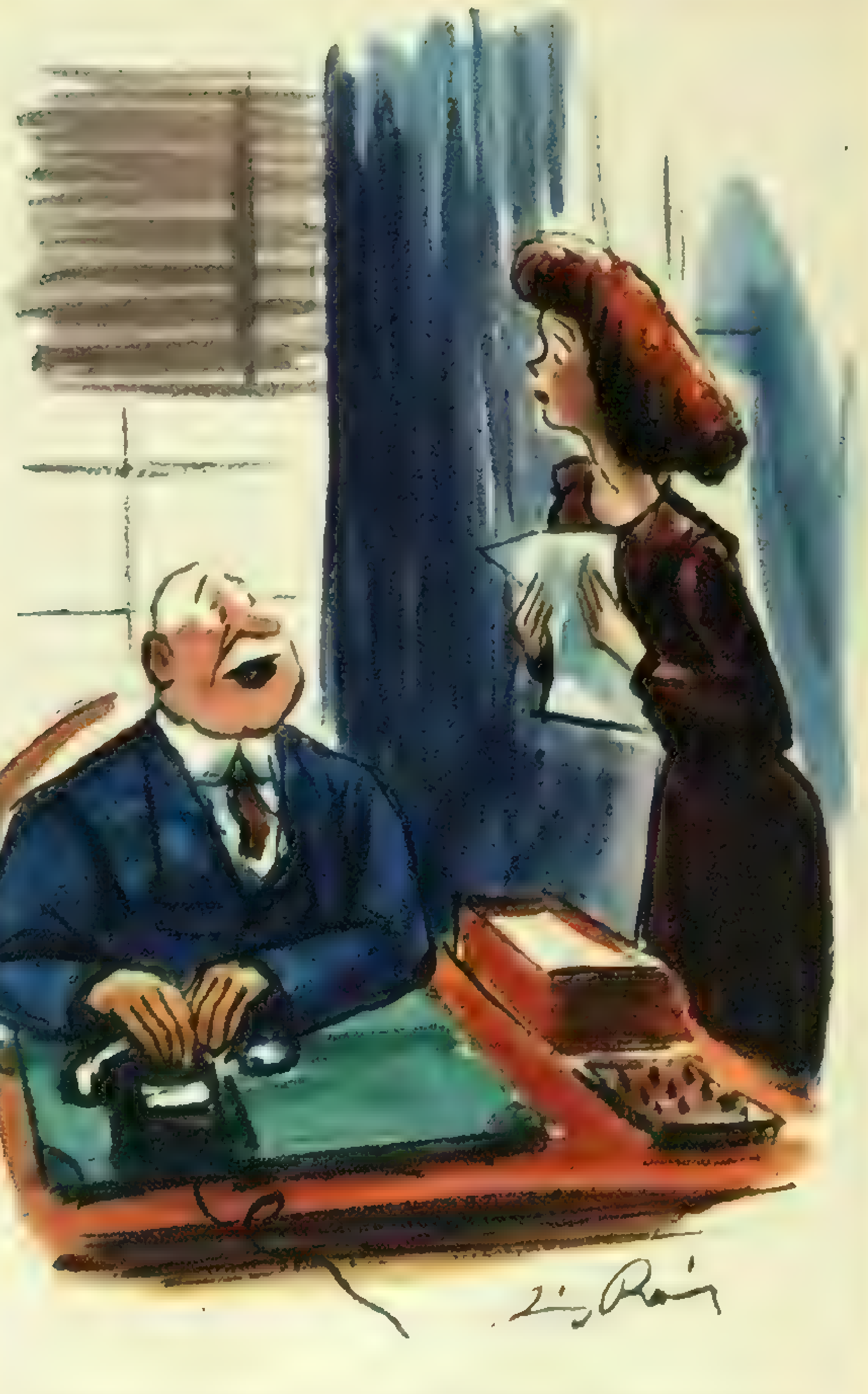
Paul Maxwell



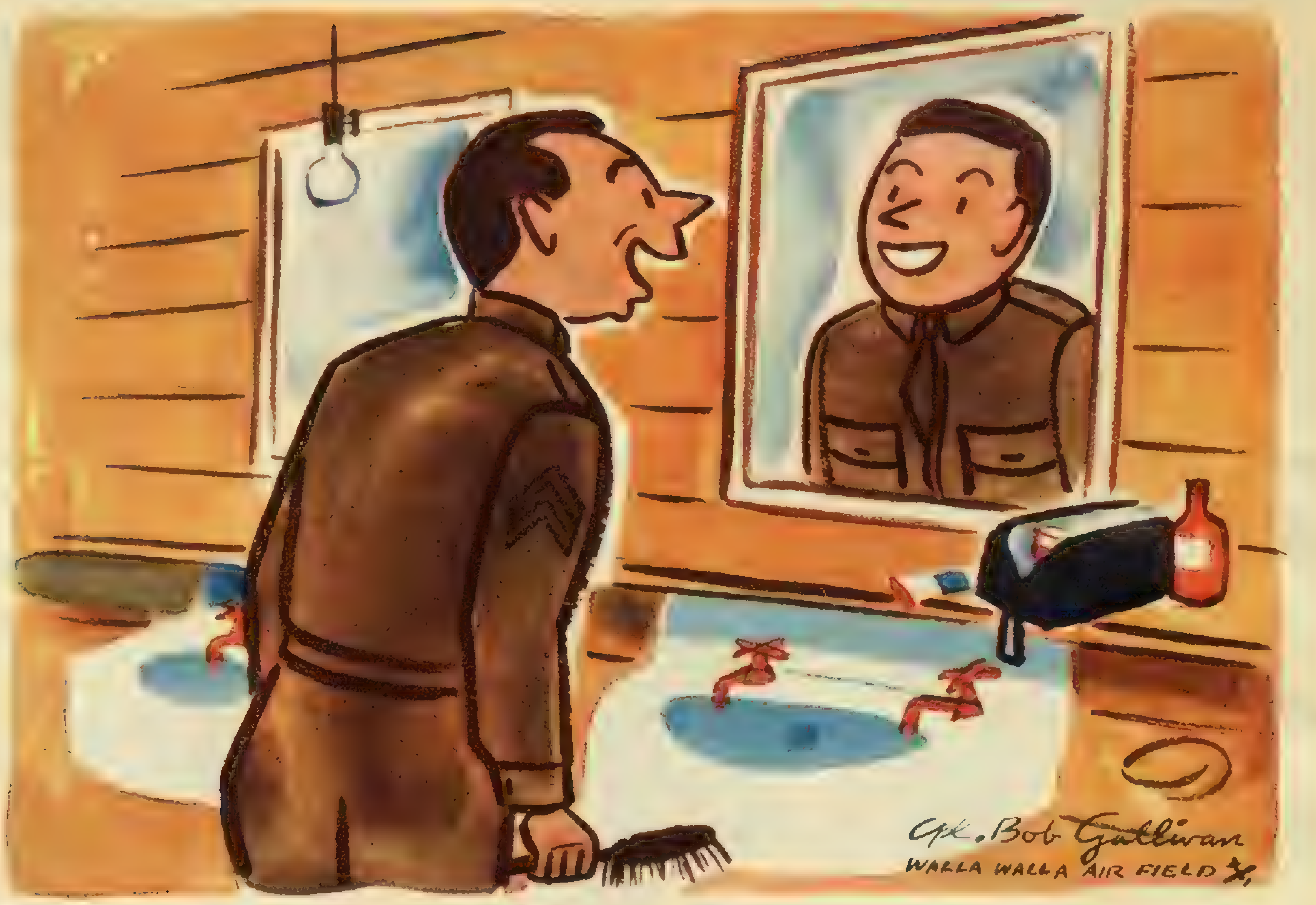
PLANES OF THE LAST WAR

An historical scrapbook

In a time when flying fortresses, P-38 Lightnings and dynamic dive bombers carry the brunt of war's offensive, the planes of World War I seem curiously archaic. Yet they were the genesis of air power, and to understand the full development of sky fighting we must understand the roles these primitive aircraft played in the last war. There was, for example, the triplane built by Commander Gianni Caproni of Italy. Originated in 1914, the design was improved until he evolved the 1917 model shown here. It had 300 horsepower engines, a wing span of 130 feet and had a top speed of 100 miles per hour. Its bomb load capacity was around 3,300 pounds. It could climb 5,000 feet in 15 minutes, a speed that was considerably bettered by the Royal Flying Corps' training plane, the Avro. This machine could whisk to an altitude of 3,500 feet in 5 minutes, but its top speed was 95 m.p.h. Designed by A. V. Roe in 1912, it survived several years as the standard training ship. Fully loaded, this model weighed only 1,829 pounds, was powered by rotary motors and had a low wing loading of only 5.57 pounds per square foot. The French meanwhile were achieving fame with the Nieuport. A small single seat machine, it had an overall span of 27 feet and a lower wing so diminutive the ship was dubbed the "one-and-a-half." The Nieuport's speed was 107 m.p.h., and the exceedingly maneuverable plane weighed only 1,250 pounds. An R.F.C. pilot, Captain Billy Bishop, used a Nieuport in scoring 72 hits. The clean design and propeller spinner of the Bristol single seat fighter make it look 1920-ish in date, but actually it was built in 1916. Powered by a 110 h.p. Rotary LeRhone motor, the model shown here had a top speed of 130 m.p.h. and could climb 5,000 feet in 3½ minutes. Note the open area through the wings next to the fuselage, giving the pilot visibility below. The Germans were formidable opponents for the Bristol in their Pfalz D12 model, which had a car-type radiator and was armed with two Spandau fixed machine guns synchronized to fire through the propeller. Its speed was about 125 m.p.h. Tricycle landing gears were featured in the French Voisin planes, a series that included the 2-seated night bomber shown here. The torpedo shaped tanks on the upper wing are for gas. The plane could carry a useful load of about 1,400 pounds. Built by the Royal Aircraft Factory the D.H.I. scout was much used in 1916. Its name was taken from the initials of its designer, Geoffrey DeHavilland. Modern planes that bomb London had their forerunner in the Gotha bomber, best known German explosive-carrying ship of the time. With a wing span of 77 feet and a bomb load capacity of 2,722 pounds, the Gotha was massed in fleets for missions over London and Paris. It had machine guns in the nose and on top of the fuselage behind the top wing. These weapons could fire downward through trap doors in the floor, while another gunner lay on his stomach firing toward the rear through an arch dubbed the "Gotha Tunnel" in the bottom of the fuselage. Next month eight more models from World War I will be shown in the third installment of this series.—PAUL C. MAXWELL



"Saunders down in the shipping department just sent for me—my heart keeps pounding—I'm afraid he's going to quit, Miss Perkins"



"Who's the lucky girl tonight, handsome?"

White Magic in Africa

The expedition had been warned not to go into the Tarote country in Mozambique

by COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI

"MOTO! Moto! The fire: The fire," screamed Milk from the top of the truck.

We all leaped up to look. For half a day we had been forcing our way through the tall grass, dry as tinder, across the immense plain.

The black smoke mounted in a line, miles long, to windward, rolling down on us, gathering speed. In the heavy truck slogging painfully over the rough ground we were trapped beyond escape.

"The treacherous Tarote," gasped the Professor.

Every year the Tarote burn the high grass to make it easier to capture game. But yesterday morning the chief had told Cesario, my half-caste guide, they would not burn the grass this moon.

We had been warned not to go into the country of the savage, cunning Tarote, in Portuguese Mozambique. The powerful, brutal chief had come into our camp and stood leering at me. The cruelty of his evil face was intensified by his heavy prognathous jaw and the hairdress of pigtails which fell over his eyes. "We get no boys," Cesario told me. "The chief says none of his tribe will work for a *musungu*. They will not burn the grass until the next moon, twenty-two days."

All day the Tarote warriors lurked about the clearing. We had decided they would not attack. Now we knew the death they planned for us. Already at ground level we could see red flames spearing up into the blackness. The fire's roar came to us on the wind.

The Professor, Bomba, Milk and Cesario were desperately trying to move the truck over a piece of soft ground.

"Head it down wind," I cried.

"We can't run before it," yelled the Professor.

First a shower of sooty particles was falling on us. Next would be hot cinders and all the grass around us would be ablaze.

"Grab a tin of petrol," I yelled, seizing one myself. Clever Cesario understood me. He snatched a tin off the back of the truck. We ran a few paces down wind and separated, going to right and left, pouring out petrol as we stumbled, choking, through the tall stems. "Make a long line," I yelled. "We want a wide clear space."

"I hear you, *baas*," he answered.

An instant later I tossed a match into the petrol. A furious flash soared up and ran like lightning along the track we had made. On the strong wind the fire we had set blazed away before us. Presently, with two men making a path ahead by brushing out small blazes, the truck lumbered into the blackened ground, following our fire. We stopped when far enough to be safe.

Behind us now, across a mile-long front, oncoming flames leaped up, their fiery points disappearing in the black smoke that obscured the sky. We had been too terrifically occupied to heed the noise like a continual crescendo of thunder and the tremor of the ground. We had just time to scramble up the sides of the truck.

The stampede was upon us.

Roan and sable antelopes, ugly gnus, elands—larger than oxen, oryxes, 'mpallas, gazelles, hyenas, zebras, jackals, led the race with death. A compact squadron of buffalo, heads lowered, red-eyed, snorting, charged *en masse*. Four, five, twelve lions in a group loped by, disdainful even now. An enormous band of elephants came crashing, trunks up, trumpeting hysterically. Small heads of giraffes seemed to float above the rest of the animals. Families of leopards, servals and cheetahs sprang over the ground with amazing speed.

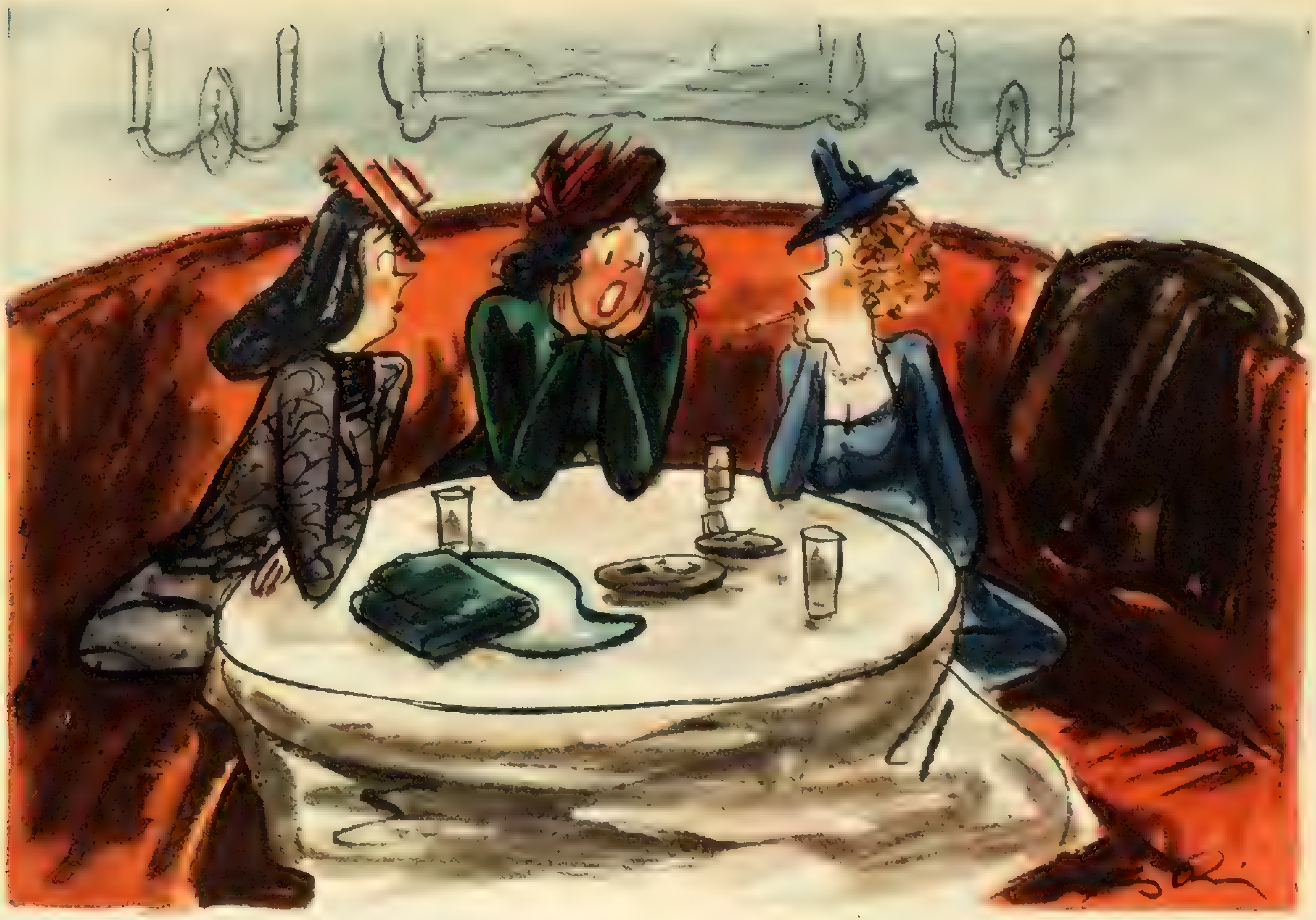
High above, hundreds of vultures, hawks and eagles wheeled, awaiting a feast.

The plain seemed flattened into dread silence, broken by our rifle shots. We had to shoot an elephant and several huge buffalo coming blindly at us. They were big enough, coming at full speed, to knock the truck over and then we would have been overwhelmed. Their bodies made an obstacle that served to split the rush.

The wall of flame arrived, preceded by scorching wind. When it reached our clearing it suddenly abated, then separated and rushed around the sides.

We were weak when the wind blew away the smoke and we could see the blue sky once more, the glory of the sun, and fill our dried lungs with glorious air. All around for miles were gray ashes, dotted with lumps which were charred carcasses. Already vultures dropped from the sky.

The Tarote may have thought us wizards when they saw us later moving across the plain. They did not follow and we kept on, grateful for the easier going. #



"How can a girl have a career if men are going to be allowed only $25,000 a year?"

The Post-War World as I See It

Presenting the Cummings Plan for a more diverting, if screwier, world

by PARKE CUMMINGS

Food

In the better-than-ever world that all of us hope lies ahead at the end of the war we have every right to expect that our food will be a whole lot better than it is today. It is all right to say that everybody is entitled to a quart of milk a day, but we also need to prevent the first person who gets to the bottle from skimming its cream.

All our meals can stand improvement. The breakfast grapefruit of the future must not be hacked to pieces by misguided dopes who imagine that they are making it easier to get at the pulp, and when war (and rationing) stop, we must guard against a reaction which threatens to result in stronger-than-lye coffee. Dinner should be hotter, zestier and less half-baked, and so should dinner conversation. We have the following specific food hints:

Seafood: A better world demands (a) a shad without bones, (b) an oyster that the average man can open without danger of severing a major artery, (c) bigger helpings of tartar sauce with fried scallops, (d) stiffer jail sentences for people who put tomatoes in clam or fish chowder.

Vegetables: The supply of parsnips and turnips should be plowed under and scientists put to work on a potato that grows in thin strips ready to French-fry.

Sandwiches: A minimum standard law shall decree that drugstore and day-coach ham sandwiches contain not more than 97 per cent bread as against 3 per cent ham and butter, and it shall at all times be illegal to slice ham thinner than 1/200th of an inch.

Ice Cream: The total number of varieties shall be frozen for all time at the present number which, by our latest count, was a hundred and sixty-seven.

Hamburger: The free and tolerant world of the future will respect the rights of both those who do and those who do not eat hamburger sandwiches with huge slices of raw onion, but it must be a rule that the twain shall be kept apart for at least twenty-four hours afterwards.

Puddings: It should be a penitentiary offense to make a pudding out of either bread or rice.

Soup: Soup shall never be served at a temperature in excess of 200 degrees Fahrenheit. In railway lunch rooms for hurried tourists, this shall be lowered to 175.

Lamb chops: In the family of tomorrow there will doubtless continue to be bitter disputes as to who shall wear the pants. All we demand is that it isn't the lamb chops.

Transportation

When peace comes again it is reasonable to look for improvements in transportation facilities. Take for instance:

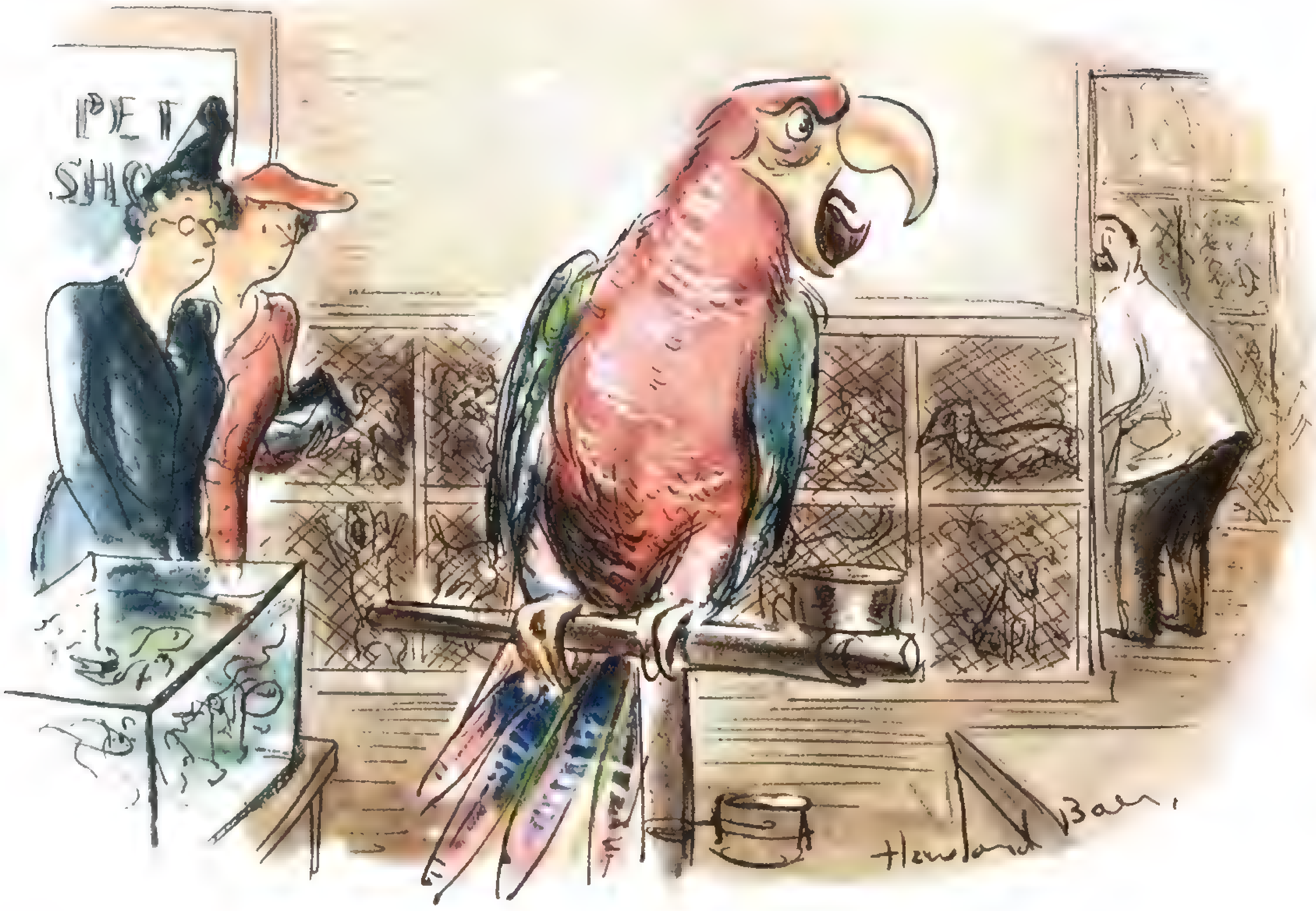
Automobiles: Suppose that in 1950 you are driving down Main Street on the right hand side (as you should), and discover that the only empty parking spaces are on the left hand side (as you will).

Your car will have additional wheels, facing sidewise, that can be suspended or lowered just like an airplane's landing gear. These, when lowered will enable you (1) to turn on a dime (or at least a half dollar), so that you are facing in the opposite direction, and (2) to slide laterally across the street into your desired parking space.

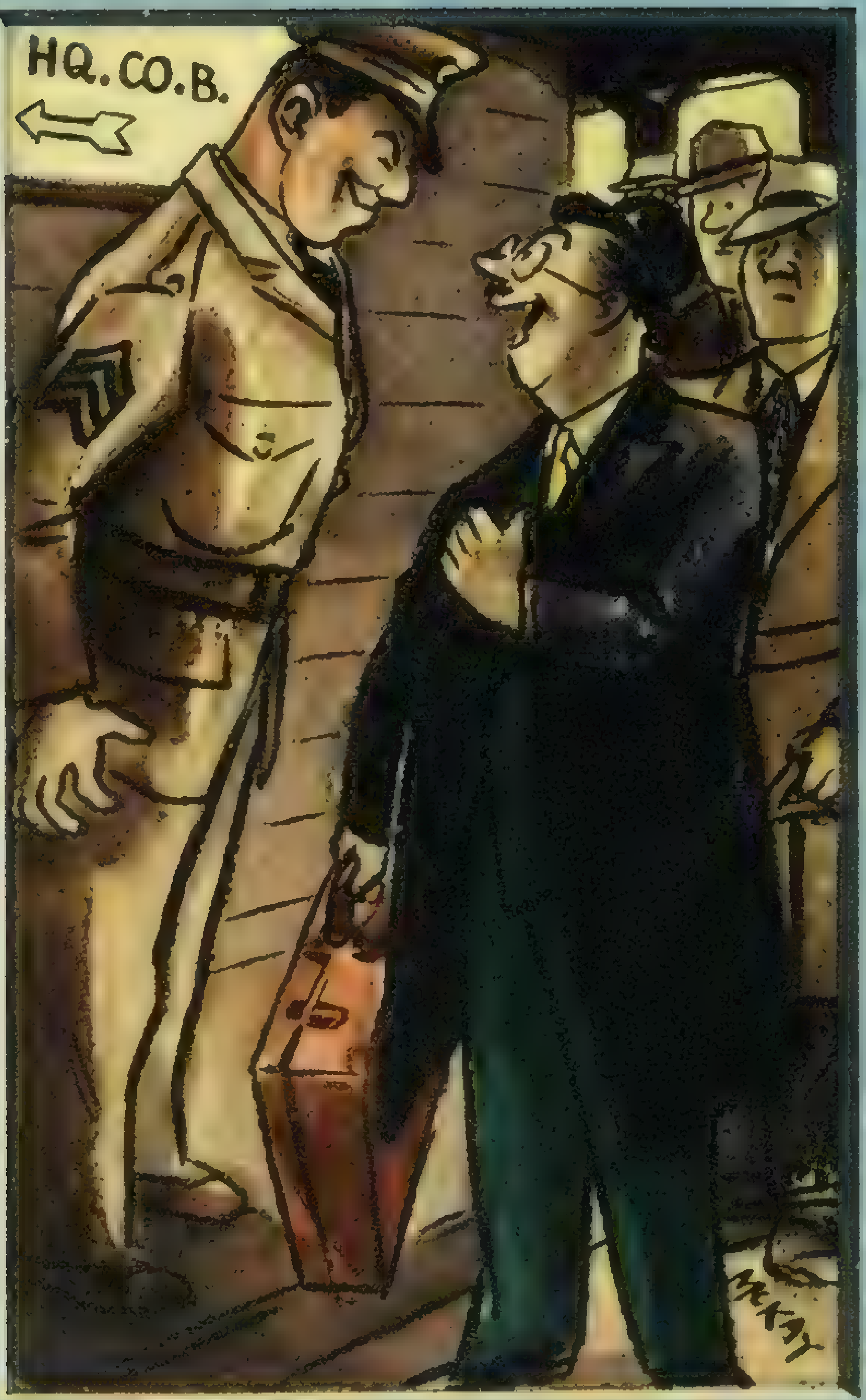
The glove compartment of the present-day car is only so-so. It will hold your registration, road maps, extra windshield wiper, cigarettes, cough drops, spectacle case, whisk broom, a mystery novel, and assorted polishing rags, magazines, flashlight, batteries, pliers, stationery and pencils, but that is about all. The glove compartment of the future will also accommodate a pair of gloves.

Trains: Trains in the world to come, besides going faster, will be more enjoyable to ride in. A federal statute will decree that all trains having more than six cars must cause one of these six to be reserved exclusively for children under seven. This car (which will inevitably be dubbed the "Kiddie Car"), will be sound-proofed. All future trains, of course, will be air-conditioned, thereby eliminating the problem of getting train windows open. This will put several dozen humorists out of business, but only temporarily until it is discovered that the air-conditioning apparatus frequently gets stuck.

Boats: Nationalism may be on the wane after the war, and some blueprints for maintaining peace eliminate it entirely. This would mean the elimination of the passport, which in turn would automatically mean the elimination of the passport photograph. If you don't think this is good, what do you expect in 1950, Utopia? ##



"Mr. Conroy! Customers!"



"Remember me, Sergeant? I was in your draft board"

THE NORWEGIAN UNDERGROUND SONG

GJEST BAARDSEN was a thief. Thus it stands in the police records of early nineteenth century Norway. Gjest Baardsen was a nobleman. Thus it was recorded by the plain folks of Norway, who still loved the memory of the daring robber whose heart beat for the poor and underprivileged. There was a poor mountaineer suffering from a bad harvest; there was a widow incapable of paying the mortgage on her home. Nobody offered help. But Gjest Baardsen would appear at night, unnoticed by anybody, and drop a couple of riksdalers on the kitchen tables.

Yes, he was a grand fellow. He made fools of sheriffs, bailiffs, parsons. They caught him—but they could not chain him. Time and again, he escaped to resume his Robin Hood activities.

Shortly before the Nazi invasion in 1940, a Norwegian movie dramatized Gjest Baardsen's life. In it Gjest sang his defiance against the authorities to an old Scandinavian folk tune. The Norwegians picked up the song with enthusiasm.

Then came the Nazis. Hobnailed boots tramped the pavements of Oslo. Officers and soldiers of the Wehrmacht filled the coffee houses of the Norwegian capital. One night in one of these places the public, in the excitement of the hour, dragged a well known Norwegian singer to the stage asking him to sing. The artist complied, singing the Gjest Baardsen song. And although he followed the movie version word for word, reciting the deeds of the gentle thief, he accentuated the story in a manner that left no doubt in the minds of the crowd that he did not mean the bailiffs, sheriffs and parsons of Baardsen's days, but the very invaders present amongst them. The Nazis, unacquainted with the Norwegian language, did not have the slightest notion why the Norwegians laughed and why they thanked the singer with such thunderous applause.

At that time the country still battled the invaders in hills not far from the capital. One evening some Norwegian soldiers in ambush saw a troop approaching in the dusk. They held their fire until the enemy was almost upon them. Then, just as their fingers were on the trigger, the approaching soldiers broke into a marching song—the Gjest Baardsen tune. They were also Norwegians whose green uniforms the watchers had confused in the dim twilight with those of the Nazis.

Soon inventive popular fancy changed the verses, which had come to be a disguised expression of the anti-Nazi mood of the Norwegians into direct language. Dozens of versions mushroomed, all vowing tireless fight against Hitler and his Quislings.

One night an underground committee of Norwegian students gathered in the home of one of their professors in Oslo. At a late hour, the edited, "final" version of the song was ready—"The Song of the Homefront." One of the students mimeographed the new lyrics, and the underground papers of the country reprinted it. A young American scholar, Dr. Frank Nelson, succeeded in smuggling out of Norway and presenting to the entire democratic world what is one of the most powerful freedom songs. —WILL SCHABER

SONG OF THE HOMEFRONT

Norwegian Underground Song

We're Norsemen! The Nazis shall feel how we hate:
They've stolen our bread, laid our land desolate.
Against tank and plane our resistance seemed vain,
And they thought that old Norway would fall without a blow.
We fought though outnumbered a thousand to one,
We fought for our homeland beneath the midnight sun;
With rifles and knives, with pitchforks and scythes,
For freedom, for loved ones, we fell upon the foe.

We're Norsemen! The Nazis shall feel how we hate,
A worm-eaten Quisling we'll soon liquidate;
Just keep your head steady and hold your arms ready,
Ere long the command for rebellion will sound.
We gather in secret by mountain and fjord;
The courage of free men is mightier than the sword,
And once more, we know, old Norway will grow,
And freedom victorious will rise from the ground.

Condensed Translation by Dr. Frank Nelson

That Man Timoshenko

This Russian military genius remembered the advice of his hero, Lenin, who said "the chief thing is to be with your men"

by CURT RIESS

• ARTICLE •

"HE IS coming to Washington. He isn't coming to Washington. He's in command in the north. No, he's in command in the south. He isn't in command either place, he's in disgrace. Nonsense, he isn't in disgrace at all, he's training that huge Russian reserve army that's to take the next offensive after this one." So it has gone, all this winter. Timoshenko, who in American eyes was Russia's 1942 man of the year, has been 1943's enigma. Wherever he may be by the time this attains print, let's see first of all where he was twenty years ago.

"Rostov must be taken under all circumstances"—that was Lenin's order late in 1919 to the 24-year-old chief of the Fourth Cavalry Division. Timoshenko's division had left Topovka-Bogorodsk, north of Stalingrad (then called Tsaritsin) early in August. He had counter-attacked the White Russian armies of Deniken and Krasnov, which were between the Don and Volga in the Northern Caucasus. At Kalach and Ost-Medvediskya he decided not to approach Rostov directly but to advance northward. He got to Voronezh and then went south to Rostov in a surprise move. It was a complete surprise. General Denikin's officers were at their hotel headquarters and were drinking heavily. Timoshenko, with only a few men, entered the ballroom. "Finish your supper and then follow me into the basement," he ordered calmly. "I am Timoshenko of the Fourth Cavalry Division of the Red army."

Timoshenko did his first shooting with a U.S. gun, for his military career began in 1915 when he was mobilized as a machine gunner in a regiment which had just received guns from the States. If discipline in the Russian Imperial army had not broken down, his career would have ended two years later—before a firing squad. But in 1917 the penalty for refusing to obey a superior officer—and even, for striking him—was simply prison. Had the young Timoshenko behaved in 1941 as he did in 1917 he would have been shot, because of the strict disciplinary codes which he himself set up.

Today that disobedient Russian soldier is a man you wouldn't think of disobeying. He is a powerful personality. Physically he is powerful, too—over six feet tall, weighs over two hundred pounds, has long legs and enormous hands. His handshake is so strong that even Stalin avoids it—and Stalin has a reputation for a crushing hand-shake.

Reporters often hint that Timoshenko's hairless head is shaved, but others claim he is naturally bald. His face is unforgettable. The mouth is small, the lips are always pressed together. His eyes are light and shrewd. His whole personality emanates calmness and confidence.

Those who have heard him make speeches, say that his voice is very calming, too. He doesn't make long speeches—he is too much of a military man for that—but he is supposed to be a good speaker, nevertheless. He is ruggedly healthy and a great sportsman. According to off-the-record reports, he is also very fond of feminine society and of an occasional hearty drinking bout.

It has been said that Timoshenko's career was the career of a favorite. It's true that Stalin recognized Timoshenko's military talents the first time he met the young officer during the Civil War. Since then Stalin has often promoted Timoshenko. And it was a sensation on May 7, 1940, when before the beginning of a festival performance in the Grand Opera, Stalin appeared in his box with Voroshilov, Molotov—and Timoshenko. It was an even greater sensation when he made Timoshenko a marshal, a rare honor in Russia.

As a little boy, Semyon Konstantinovich Timoshenko's ambition was to be the village school teacher. He was thwarted, for his father was a poor peasant and the boy was allowed only three years of school before he went to work in the fields.

Mobilized as a machine gunner at 20, in prison at 22—and then the Revolution burst over Russia and Timoshenko was freed. He could not go home, for his native Bessarabia had been annexed by Rumania. He knew two things—how to farm, how to fight—he decided to return to soldiering. Early in 1918 he joined "The Black Sea Partisan Regiment," which was involved in a cross between a war and a gang feud. The other soldiers soon elected him platoon commander and later he was elected to command a squadron.

When Budenny was forming his First Cavalry army, Stalin asked him to give Timoshenko a command. Leading a whole cavalry division, Timoshenko fought through the Civil War. He was wounded five times during the fights against Wrangel on the Crimea. He was decorated twice with the Order of the Red Flag. The order of the day of May 11, 1921 (No. 162) mentioned him as an especially heroic and passionate soldier.

Once the Civil War was over, Soviet Russia faced the strange job of educating her officers. Most of them had entered the war as common soldiers. They were the sons of workers and peasants. All of them needed the military education which officers in other armies had had as a matter of course. So Timoshenko went back to school.

He studied in Frunze's Military Academy for ten years. He was an industrious, almost passionate pupil. Three examinations—in 1922, 1927, and 1930—advanced him to the political-military rank of Commander Commissar.

But all through his years at the Academy, Timoshenko led a double life. While he was learning to become an officer, he was an officer serving with his troops, always two jumps ahead of the examinations he was studying for in the Academy. In 1927, he was actually Commander of the Third Cavalry Corps, in 1933, Assistant Commander of the White Russia Military Region. After he had graduated from the Academy, he was sent abroad to study military conditions and institutions in other countries. He was especially interested in the rebuilding of the German army in the early thirties, and as Hitler found out later, he picked up useful details from the Nazi army.

The military purges of 1936 advanced him even faster than before. Then he became Commander of the extremely important Kiev District and in 1937, Commander of the North Caucasian District. In 1938, finally, he took the High Command of the special military area around the former Kiev District and became member of a military council that was set up with special regard for this area. It is more than probable that it was then and there that Timoshenko began working out plans for the defense of the Northern Ukraine and of White Russia.

It is not a coincidence that Timoshenko belonged to those few higher officers who did escape the purges of 1936. He was not

Continued on page 134

◀ AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Selene Mahri

SELENE MAHRI came to this country from Sweden for a three months' visit and has now been here forty-four. Of the various reasons for this extended tour, the most obvious is that she couldn't return to Stockholm if she wanted to. And besides, she is daffy about the U.S.A.

For the first two years Miss Mahri devoted herself to the study of the English language and kindred subjects. But being strikingly beautiful, and never having suffered from an inferiority complex, she soon branched out. After winning a few minor league beauty contests and modeling for fashion shows, she hit the jackpot in 1942 when she won the title of Miss New York. Only her alien status prevented her from going to Atlantic City for an excellent chance at the Miss America title.

By that time John Robert Powers had made a place for Miss Mahri in his top drawer of models, and she has been kept much busier than she originally bargained for. She is frequently used as an Iceland lass to illustrate the kind of girl Johnny Doughboy will meet up with in Reykjavik, which is a nice lift for military morale, to say the least. When the War is over she intends to sail back to Sweden for a visit and make up her mind once and for all which country she wants to live in.

Miss Mahri on Men: "I'm dying to meet Rhett Butler in real life. He was so bold and so sure of himself. Most men are too introverted and too reserved. Why should they be afraid to swagger once in a while? I like dark men best, partly because they're a novelty to me but mostly because I find them more colorful than blonds. In contrast with Swedish men, Americans are much more preoccupied with sex. Somehow they manage to be risqué not only in their conversation but even in the way they look at you. On the other hand, they are more active and adventurous than the men I knew in Sweden. But what I can't stand is a man who takes you to an expensive place to make a big impression and then tries to make up for it by economizing on you."

Vital Statistics: *Model Agency:* John Robert Powers. *Home Town:* Stockholm, Sweden. *Age:* 22. *Height:* 5′10″ with heels. *Weight* 126. *Bust:* 33½. *Waist:* 24. *Hips:* 35½.

WILLIAM RITTER PHOTOGRAPH

Trout Fishing Is for Crazy People

Since trout are the dumbest of fish, the dopier the angler the easier for him to meet them on their own terms

by ED ZERN

• SPORTS •

Last year about this time, I bought a copy of a popular weekly magazine and found an article called *How To Catch Trout.* The article was illustrated with color photographs, so that people who could not read could learn how to catch trout, too. I read the article, and looked at the pictures, and then passed the magazine on to a friend of mine. "Let me know what you think of it," I said. So very shortly he was back in my office, scowling fiercely.

"This stuff is awful!" he allowed. "Instead of six people waiting in line on opening day to fish the Bridge Pool on the Brodhead, there will be ten. Two will be there because they learned all about trout fishing from this article, and the other two will be there because of the pretty girl angler in the pictures. "I ask you—did you ever see a girl as pretty as that within five hundred feet of a trout stream?"

"No," I said.

"Look here, old man," said my friend, hopefully. "Why don't *you* write an article on trout fishing? An article that will *discourage* the great American public from cluttering up our favorite pools and riffles. Tell them about poison ivy, and rattlesnakes, and mosquitoes, and falling into icy water over one's waders, and all that."

So, because he is a particular friend of mine, and has several more good fishing trips left in his tires, I agreed.

Very well, then. First, about this article I referred to. Bear with me while I quote a few choice phrases:

"*Trout worth catching are smart enough to stay in deep, fast water*" . . . "*Older and wiser trout*" . . . "*At each leap, he gives a jerk of his canny head*" . . . "*He feints, pretends he's all in, then once more lunges against the pebbles.*"

Now take your pencils firmly in hand, dear readers, and make a big, black underscore beneath the words "smart," "wiser," "canny," "feint" and "pretend." Those are the five reasons why I will wager that the author of that article doesn't catch enough trout in a season to smell up his creel—whereas *my* creel, at the close of each season, has acquired a rich, ripe, exquisitely fishy fragrance. And the reason is simple: I am not very bright!

You see, this author makes the common error of people who write glowingly of the glories of trout fishing, but seldom establish intimate relations with a trout—except to admire its corpse in a stranger's creel.

The error is to assume that a trout is a human being with gills, fins and a speckled hide, and that a trout thinks and behaves like a Prince Charming who, due to a clash with the Wicked Witch, has been transformed into a trout.

When an author of this ilk wants to describe how a trout feels when it is fast on the business end of an angler's line, he lights his pipe, closes his eyes, and imagines how *he* would feel if he bit on a forkful of filet mignon, felt a sharp hook sink into his upper plate, and discovered a mountainous ogre trying to haul him across the room and into a bacon-greased skillet. Then he opens his eyes and pecks furiously at his typewriter.

Trout, of course, are *not* handsome, intelligent young men waiting for the Good Fairy to change them back to human form. *They are fish.* In their native habitat, they *behave* like fish, and not at all like authors seduced by spurious beefsteak.

The bald fact is, fish are not very bright, and trout are not very bright, even for fish! A carp or a sucker, the mention of either of which makes the trout-fishing angler shudder, are mental giants compared to a trout. To refer to a trout as "bird-brained" is outrageous and unscientific flattery.

Now if you will recall the folks you know who are expert anglers, and are invariably back home on opening day by 7 a.m., with their limit of good-sized trout, you will discover that they share one characteristic: *their I. Q.'s are not staggering.* And the dumber the fisherman, the closer he will come to figuring where the trout are hiding out, and what particular fly would tempt them.

I will wager a gross of the fanciest Gold-ribbed Hares'ear dry flies ever tied that, if Albert Einstein, Arthur Eddington and Arthur Holly Compton were to enter a trout-fishing contest against three comparably able-bodied inmates of the Wahoo County Home for the Feeble-Minded, the latter would have their legal limits creeled, cooked and et before any of their opponents had so much as hooked an undersized trout.

Well then, you may snarl, if the transformed-prince approach to the trout's psyche is all wet, what are the facts? The facts, I reply with unruffled aplomb, are these:

A trout, if you took him into the tackle department of Abercrombie & Fitch, could not tell a 7-foot, 2¼-ounce split-bamboo fly rod costing upwards of 70 dollars from a jar of pickled minnows costing 40 cents. And if you asked him to distinguish between the 15-dollar double-tapered imported fly line on the counter and the ball of twine used in wrapping packages, he would just look at you. And that is not just because he is dumb. It is also because he doesn't know anything about trout fishing. In fact, he doesn't even know that there *is* such a thing as trout fishing!

When a trout sees a fly—artificial or natural—floating down the surface of the stream, his instinct (prompted by the wrinkles in his stomach) tells him he should eat it before some other trout gets the same idea.

Of course, if the fly "drags" because the fisherman has not mastered his avocation, or if it otherwise behaves in an unnatural manner, the trout does not make any passes at it. He ignores it not because his keen eye detects that it is a skilfully tied dry-fly—nobody ever told him about dry-flies—but because he figures, and rightly, that it is not a fly at all, but some inedible foreign matter. His attitude is: the hell with it.

But let's assume that the fly does not "drag," and that our trout up and bites it. Bingo—he is hooked! But does he *know* he is hooked? No sir! No ma'am! All he knows is that something is pulling at his jaw, and he does not like to be pulled at. His instinct tells him to try running in the opposite direction from the pull. When that fails, his instinct tells him to jump out of water and shake himself, so that whatever is pulling him will let go (unless he is a "native" or brook trout. They seldom jump). And if that tack is unsuccessful, he instinctively lights out for the shelter of his "home"—the slack water between two boulders or beneath the roots of an overhanging tree.

This last maneuver is not executed in order to fray the leader against a stone or root, and thus free himself. Because nobody has ever told him about leaders, and how to fray them. He just wants to go home.

The author of *How To Catch Trout* describes how the wily squaretail permits himself to be towed in close to the unsuspecting fisherman, and then catches that worthy napping with a delayed buck which snaps the frail leader. Pretty darn clever! Who says trout don't have brains?

I do, for one. What actually happens is that our feeble-minded fish is all tuckered out from frantic and futile runs and jumps. And while he is catching his breath, so to speak, the angler hauls him up to the net, ready to be ladled out of the water into the creel. And when the trout sees this two-legged monster towering over him and making gestures with a landing net, he knows it is time to shoot the works.

"I imagine they're glad they're dead!"

All this insight into the non-workings of a trout's mind is based on an assumption that, back there when the trout tried to eat the wrong fly, the angler involved was not Einstein, but one of the Wahoo County boys. If it had been Einstein, or anybody else with a smooth-running mental motor, the trout would simply have gulped the artificial fly, bit into the steel hook, detected the fly for a phony and spit it out—all in a matter of less than two seconds.

If the fisherman had been a brighty, and had cast his dry-fly upstream and let it drift toward him in the correct manner, by the time it drifted over the unsuspecting trout he would have been thinking up a substitute for rubber or a scheme for diverting the Japanese current and freezing the Nips into surrender or a simple way to convince his wife that money doesn't grow on bushes; and although he would see the trout "rise" to his fly, by the time he switched his mental machinery from rubber substitutes to trout, the fish would have said "*Pfui!*" and spit out the hook.

Whereas the hopeless case from Wahoo County, unaware of such phenomena as ocean currents and only dimly conscious of a rubber shortage, would be unable to employ his mind to better advantage than concentrating on the progress of his lure as it drifted down the stream. His mind would not wander, for the simple reason that it would be incapable of locomotion, even on crutches—and he would catch his trout.

At this point, I hear the savage cries of an irate reader who paid 25 dollars to have that big old brown trout he caught last June tastefully stuffed and mounted on a birch-bark slab to hang in his den. The fact that he did not catch it at all, but found it floating down the stream in an advanced stage of senility, scooped it up in his net and made up a suitable story of the monster's valiant struggles while walking downstream to meet his fishing pals at the dam is beside the point. The point is, he is upset about something, and we should let him spill it.

"You libelous scoundrel!" he yells. "I've had enough! But before I cancel my subscription to this confounded magazine, have the decency to explain your title: *Trout Fishing Is for Crazy People!* Crazy people, indeed! Come out from behind that printers' ink, you carp-fishing cad, and I'll crazy-people you!"

Very good, sir. I think my other readers will agree that yours is a fair question. And, if you will just have a chair over there and wipe the froth from your mouth, we shall try to answer it.

Would anyone who is *not* crazy spend five to fifty dollars for a rod, two to twenty dollars for a reel, one to ten dollars for a line, as well as a handful of tens and twenties on tapered leaders, dry flies, wet flies, streamer flies, nymphs, fly boxes, leader boxes, tweezers for picking flies out of fly boxes, concoctions to make lines float, concoctions to make leaders sink, a landing net, a wicker or canvas creel, a magnifying glass for examining the contents of a trout's stomach, a thermometer for taking the temperature of the water, a pocket barometer, a fishing knife complete with blade, scaler, disgorger and hook-hone—not to mention such items of personal adornment as armpit-high stocking-footed waders, wader socks, felt-soled wading shoes for rocky bottoms, hob-nailed wading shoes for muddy bottoms, hip boots for use when waders are too much trouble, non-skid cleats for use with hip boots, a canvas fishing jacket with skeenteen pockets (but never enough), an oiled-silk waterproof jacket to keep the canvas jacket dry—all, mind you, in order to catch an occasional trout with a market value of one dollar a pound?

I ask you again: does that sound like the behavior-pattern of a sane human being? Of course not! But there's that man again:

"You sordid, sodden-souled clod!" he sputters. "Always thinking in terms of money! You couldn't understand, with your pettifogging, penny-pinching mentality, that trout fishing isn't a *profit* enterprise! It's a *sport!* It's a chance to get out in the woods, next to Nature, away from the hideous city and close to our God-given heritage of natural beauty! Have you ever heard the song of a bird at dawn, with the sun just a promise on the horiz—"

Poo-poo, sir! I've heard that bird song story before. And I ask you other, more sensible readers: does a real nature lover need a trumped-up excuse, such as trout fishing, in order to get out into the great outdoors? Of course not! You, sir—if you want to wave a fly rod around in the air, that is your business. But don't come around with any cock-and-bull stories about our heritage of natural beauty! And, chum, if you're such a great nature lover, how is it you huddle in the house like a hibernating grizzly except during trout fishing season?

The so-called art of trout fishing, as practiced in all but a few remote sections of this continent (particularly in eastern United States), bears the same relation to "nature" as does the art of Kelly pool. If Old Lady Nature had been left to her own devices, you would be able to count all the trout in most streams on the fingers of one thumb.

It is only by maintaining elaborate hatcheries and rearing stations, out of the proceeds of fishing-license fees paid in by society's lunatic fringe, that most states can offer even a semblance of trout fishing. In these flagrantly unnatural hatcheries, trout are not even permitted to lay their own eggs! When a lady trout is ready to spawn, she is scooped out of the tank and her roe is stripped into a pan, where it is artificially fertilized, and eventually hatches into trout fry. These fry are hand-fed on chopped liver, ground horse meat and other epicurean delights, till they are big enough to be carried in tank trucks with special water-aerating apparatus to the stream side, and dumped into the creek.

Here, if the trout is not scared to death by the roominess of his new quarters or by frantic anglers traipsing up and down the stream, he hides under a rock and pines for the security and three-squares-a-day of his hatchery home. And when hunger finally drives him to get out and look for food, he is in no mood to draw finicky distinctions between a Tup's Indispensable dry fly and a Wickham's Fancy. When he finds there is no horse meat floating down the stream, he barges up and down—grabbing anything he can lay his jaws on, hoping it will be edible. It may be a natural May fly, or a drowned caddis fly, or a worm washed down from a bank, or a piece of bark, or the larva of an insect, or a cigarette butt, or a Fanwing Royal Coachman with a nice, sharp hook. If it tastes anything like horse meat, he eats it; if it doesn't, he spits it out quick.

As a matter of fact, the most popular trout in the East is not even "natural" to this continent. Brown trout were introduced from Europe in 1874, and promptly proceeded to run the native brook trout (which are not trout at all, but charr) off the premises. Rainbow trout were imported from the West Coast, and if they knew how to get back there, they'd go.

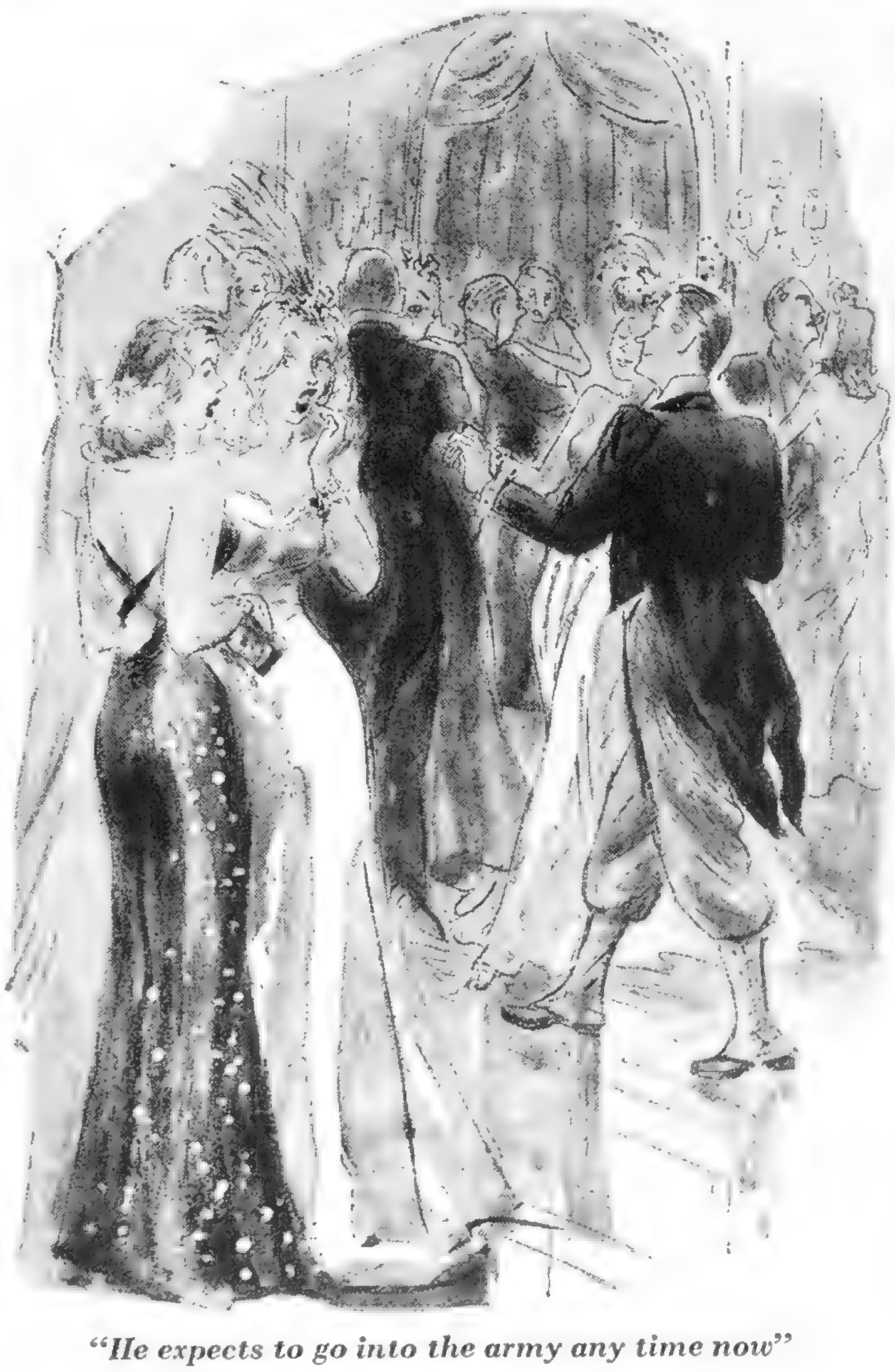
But our apoplectic friend wants the floor. "You listen to *me*, bud!" he bellows. "If trout fishermen are crazy, what about people who slide down hills on skis? And people who bat little balls around a golf course? And people who go around taking pictures of other people with little cameras?

"What about people who play badminton, table tennis, skee-ball, cribbage, three-cushion billiards; stamp collectors, jitterbugs, bowlers, tobogganers, rabbit hunters? If you call *trout fishermen* crazy, why don't you call those people crazy *too?*"

Why, my dear *sir!* I *do!* They're all of them wacky as belfry bats! They're tetched as titmice! They're stark, raving balmy! Anybody who's hobby-hipped is mad as a March hare!

But you see, sir, the subject we're discussing is trout fishing—if we tried to cover *all* those subjects in one article, there wouldn't be room for anything else in this issue.

And besides, I haven't time to go into mountain climbing and stuff right now. I've got to start right in tying up a mess of Spent-wing Quill Gordons! It's almost opening day, you know, and I'm to be Queen of the May! ⌗



"He expects to go into the army any time now"

Showdown in the Pacific

It was the Emperor's will for Admiral Yakimoto to destroy the American fleet and secure the final victory for Japan

by STEVEN DEBB

• FICTION •

THE Night of the Long Knives had arrived at last.

Around the council table in the Admiralty in Tokyo four men sat in earnest consultation. The silences were long and thoughtful, their voices heavy with dignity. For each man knew that from the decisions of this meeting would come Japan's victory, or Japan's defeat.

The German armies had long since crumbled into mutiny. Mussolini had disappeared into a sanitarium and Italy's unconditional surrender had been signed by the King. But in the Far East there was no defeat. China was exhausted by eight years of war. America showed some inclination to stay on her own side of the Pacific. Of all the countries in the world, only Japan could win.

The highest officials of the Imperial Japanese Navy had come into council with a prepared brief. So long, they said, as the American fleet remained a force, Japan would be in danger. Japan's merchant navy had never been large. Already American planes and submarines had taken heavy toll of it. Even now it was barely adequate to sustain that mighty ring of fortified island bases which formed her Maginot Line. America might shrink from so stern a task as the invasion of Japan. But America could not brook the continued existence of that island ring. Destroy or cripple the American fleet, and the island ring would be safe, war weariness would do the rest.

This argument carried the day. One last naval Armageddon, a modern Trafalgar or Tsushima, and Japan would be impregnable for centuries to come.

Admiral Yakimoto, C. in C. of the Japanese navy, was instructed to concentrate his forces; to effect contact with the American fleet; and to destroy it.

He anticipated no serious difficulty. His new battleships—swift fortresses of 65,000 tons—were ready for sea. The aircraft carriers destroyed at Midway and elsewhere had been replaced. He disposed of superb new aircraft of every relevant category. Faster torpedo planes, to skim in at wave height, wombed with tin fish of unparalleled size and striking power. Dive bombers, to plummet at 500 miles an hour against armored decks. High-altitude bombers, to pattern the sea's surface with high explosive from heights at which ships' guns were not substantially effective. The Admiralty scheme was more than plausible. On paper, it was deadly and convincing.

Admiral Yakimoto left the council chamber inscrutably confident. His spies were efficient. He was well informed about the swift mustering of the American fleet against him, following the collapse of Germany and Italy. He quietly concentrated his powerful forces, and put to sea.

Some weeks later he convened his staff in the operations cabin of his flagship. The table was spread with enlargements of photographs, taken within the last week by his high-altitude reconnaissance planes. This series of shiny oblongs of photographic paper located and displayed practically every capital vessel in the enemy fleet. Some were shown lying at their moorings in Sydney harbor, or at one of the remoter island bases from which he had not had time to dislodge them. One string of pictures showed an entire battle fleet far out in the Pacific, obviously hunting for him.

Only one petty detail fretted the surface of his mind. *This American battle fleet was not accompanied by a single aircraft carrier.* Nor had his scouts located more than a couple of these unwieldy monsters anywhere in harbor. This factor was definitely puzzling. The Americans had admitted the loss of several of these lopsided, ungainly vessels. He suspected that they had lost more than they had ever confessed.

Still, their absence was queer. Very queer indeed! The Midway Island battle would go down in history as the first major naval victory in which two fleets never really saw each other at all. It was decided by American aircraft, carrier-borne. Yet after carrier-borne aircraft had won a fleet engagement with consummate ease, here was America's full naval strength positively hunting him with no aircraft carriers at all. Was the American naval staff crazy?

Finally, conscious that his own provision of aircraft was stupendous, alike in numbers, modernity, and efficiency, he decided that a fleet engagement implied no real risk. Above all, his pilots were hand-picked. His mind flitted back to the most famous occasion in his navy's history. Outside Port Arthur, Admiral Togo had paraded his entire ship's company on the deck of his flagship. In sober tones he informed them that he needed a suicide squad of volunteers. Their job would be to steam fireships into the Russian fleet. It was improbable that a single man would return. The entire ship's company had stepped forward. Sedately, Togo picked his volunteers. Instantly, he had to summon help from other ships to prevent the rejected men from disemboweling themselves in the agony of their disappointment. Yakimoto knew that a similar fanatical spirit animated his pilots today.

He would proceed. A little more warily, perhaps, than if the Americans disported twenty aircraft carriers. But still with confidence and with resolution. Germany might be beaten, but Japan, never!

So his concentrated Armada steamed towards the Sandwich Islands, every gun shotted, every lookout manned, every plane tuned for battle, every listening device alert. A screen of fast scouting craft covered his van and his flanks. Absolute wireless silence was maintained. The coming battle would be on so gigantic a scale that plenty of sea room would be essential. He hoped to launch the first onslaught before the American fleet could become wholly concentrated. The photographs showed that it was still a little dissipated.

As he entered waters where contact became probable, he sent up six of his newest reconnaissance planes.

This routine maneuver caused Yakimoto his first shock. For of the six planes, only one returned. It had been quite heavily shot up. Its pilot was obviously badly shaken.

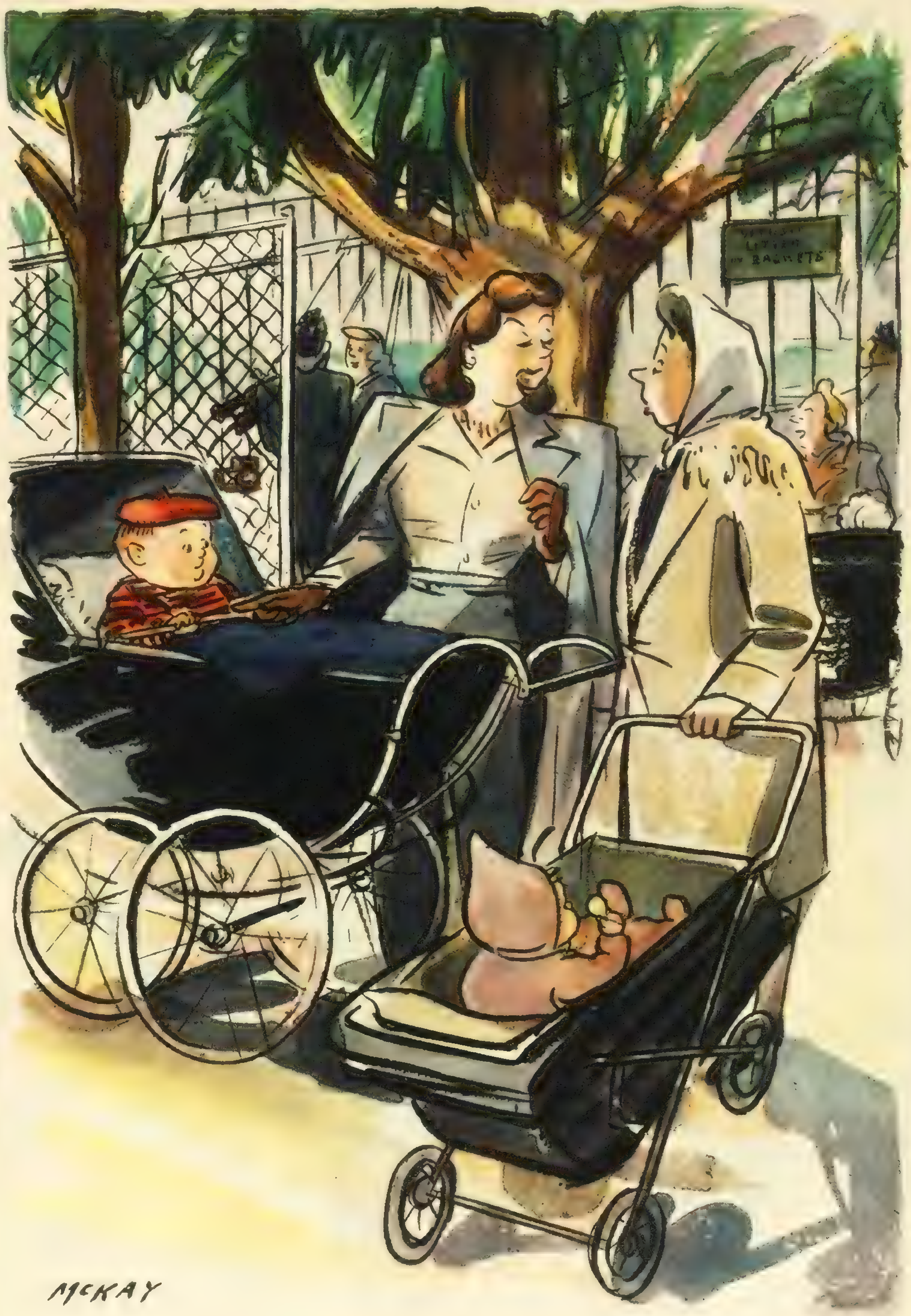
He knew nothing of the fate of his five missing comrades. He had seen nothing at all of the American fleet. Forty miles from the nearest enemy base he had been attacked by an American plane of unknown type. When first spotted, it had been patrolling 5,000 feet below him. His instructions were at all costs to avoid combat. But the Yankee had come up at him so fast that his only recourse was to run for home. Even thus, he had eluded his pursuer only by slipping into the cover of a fierce electrical storm.

Yakimoto, perplexed and downcast, decided to change his plans. Good as his new planes were, they were evidently unequal to engaging the land-based American fighters of the new type. He must keep out of range of island airdromes. He had every reason to feel sure the Americans were seeking battle. He must trail his coat, and coax them further out from their island airdromes.

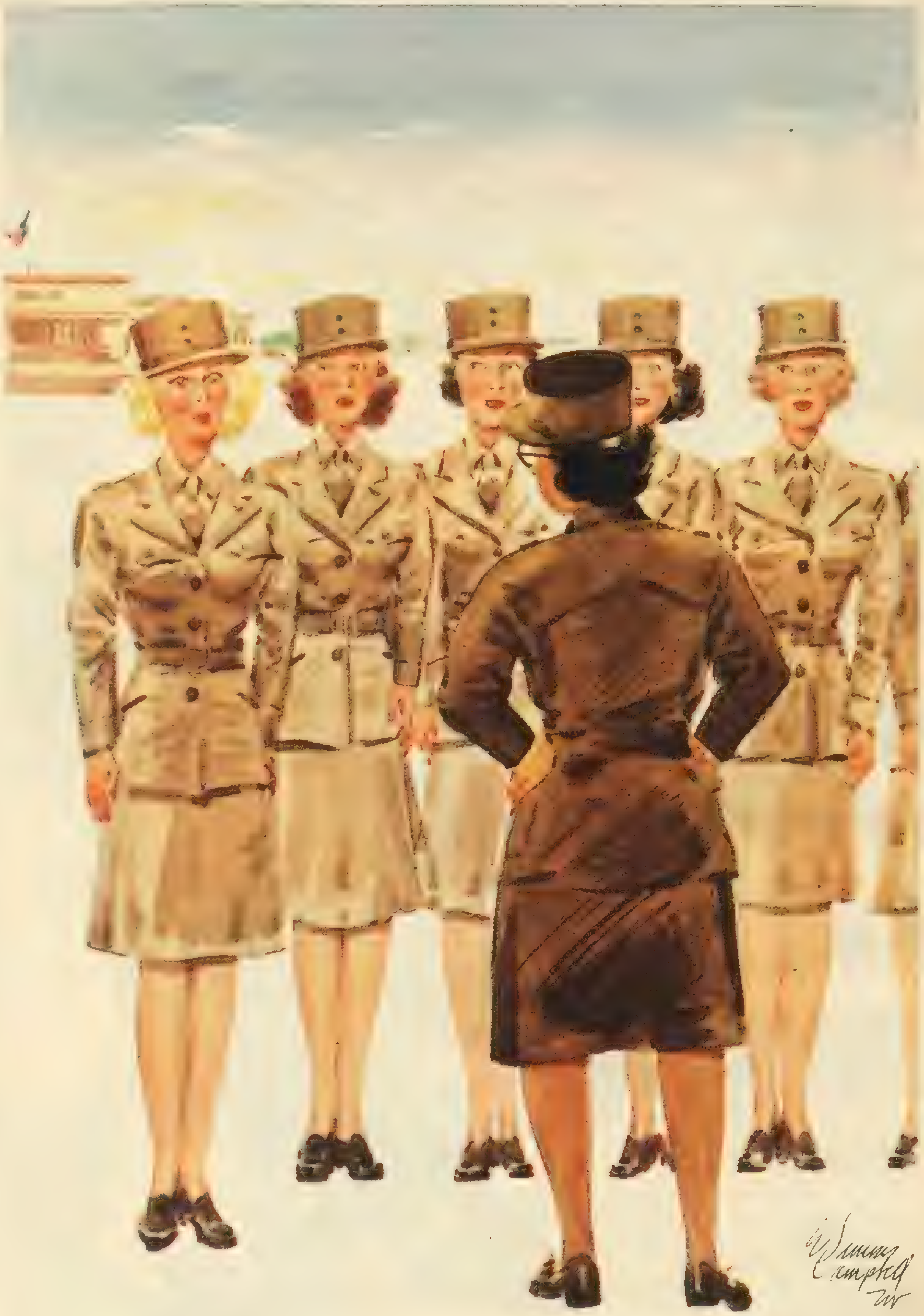
He cancelled the embargo on wireless silence. He turned his fleet. The ether became articulate with a study buzz of radio messages—the cheese in his mousetrap! He issued a spate of new orders. American scouting planes were by no means to be discouraged. On no account were they to be shot down. Fire at them, of course, but not to kill.

Better conceal my aircraft carriers as far as possible—the idiots probably think I haven't many

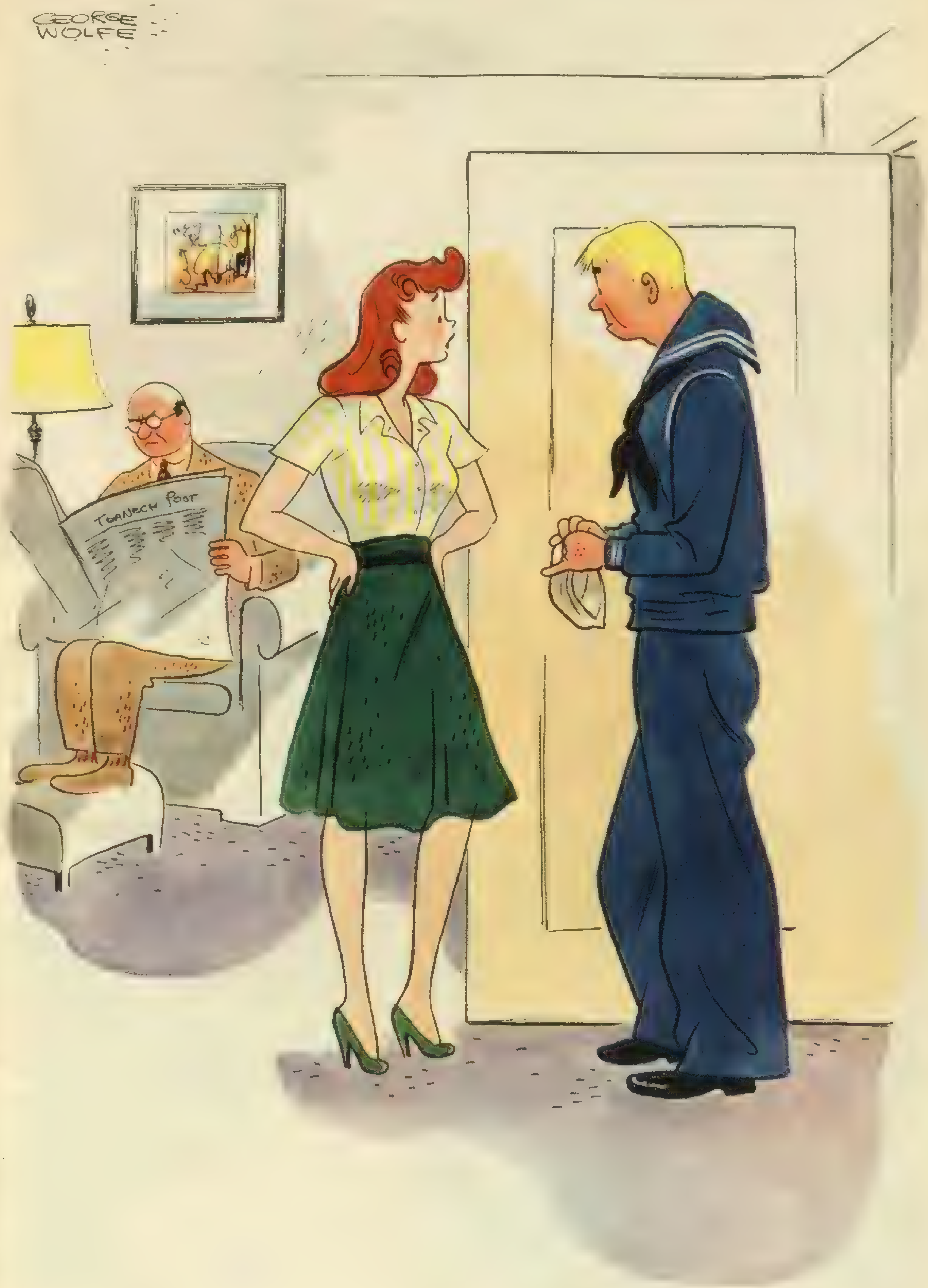
Continued on page 145


LITTER
IN BASKETS
McKAY

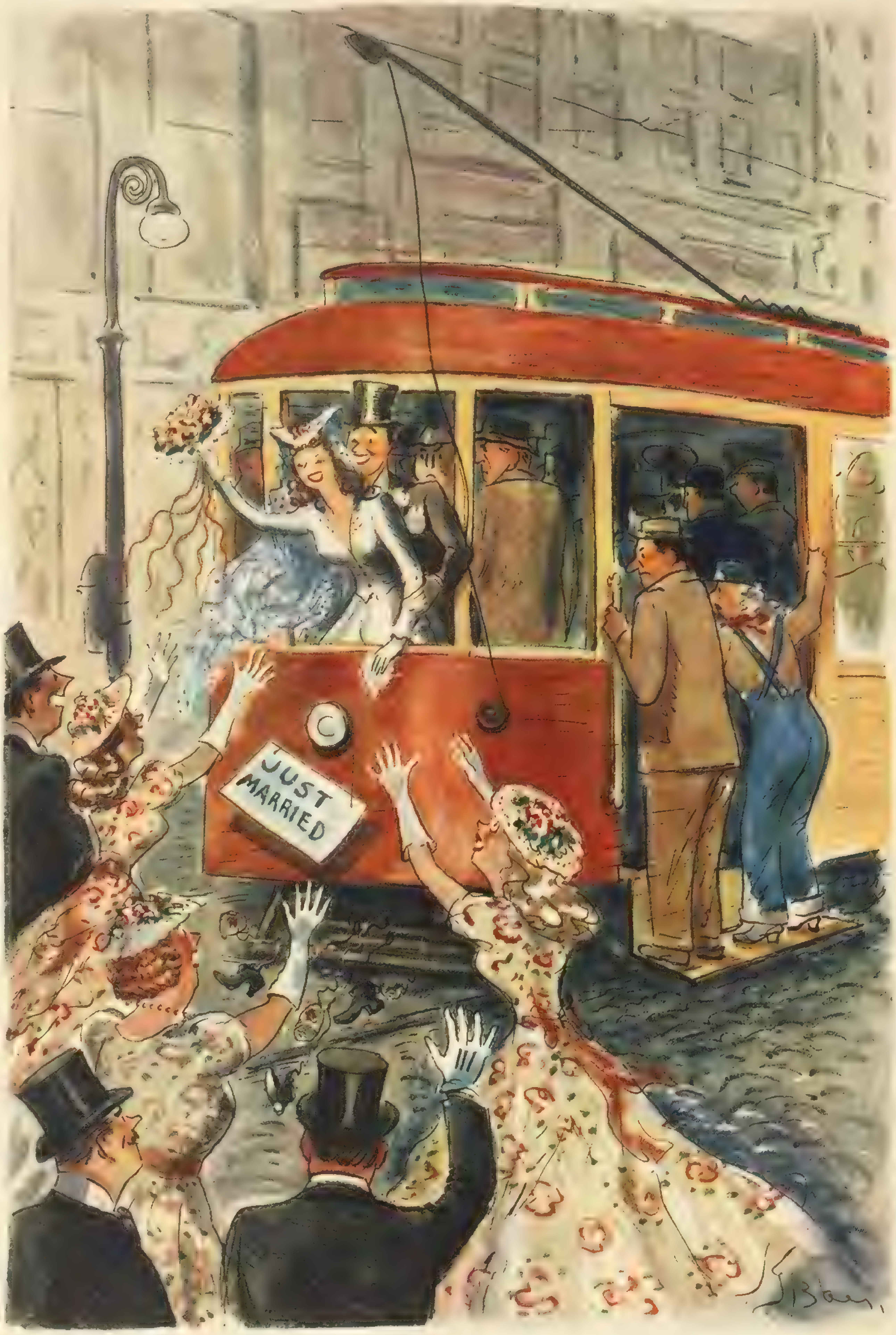
"I hate to brag—but did I tell you what Junior called Hitler today?"



"McNulty, weren't you a brunette yesterday?"


GEORGE WOLFE
TEANECK POST

"Father hasn't anything against you personally, Andy—he just feels that air power has made the battleship obsolete!"


JUST MARRIED

Simplicity's Godchild

In part II of this trilogy Television's self-styled gadgeteer is unmasked and proves to be an amazingly adept inventor

by EARL SELBY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

WILLIAM CRAWFORD EDDY is a sparsely-fleshed inventor who has been peppering patent lawyers with business in the last ten years. He is always ready to invent something and reaches for a patent application blank as casually as most men reach for a cigarette. Deprecatingly, he calls himself a gadgeteer; actually he is an amazingly successful engineer who bids fair to revolutionize television with thirty-five patents he has pending or on file in the United States Patent Office.

In operation Bill Eddy is a toy shop tinkerer who confesses that at periodic intervals he is stirred by an inner urge to patent something. If he doesn't immediately get an idea, his weather-tanned face will wrinkle and he starts living almost exclusively on aspirin and coffee. He will haunt toy shops and dime stores, intent on applying the operating principles of the devices sold therein to something in television. There is no telling when an idea or a solution will come to him. A copy of James Hilton's *Lost Horizon* has been enshrined in his library because one of his patentable ideas was diagrammed on its title page while he was riding on a train. He once came to his office with a proposal outlined on toilet paper. His desk drawers are spotted with patent applications, letters from bewildered patent lawyers, and notices from the patent office agreeing that his devices are entitled to be considered original.

Eddy, however, remains strangely aloof from his creations. They are to him a brood which, once spawned, are allowed to go their own commercial way. His eyes become vague if he is asked to explain one of his past inventions. For example, in 1941 he devised a microphone drop system that automatically dubs in sound effects. Today he has to get his assistants to operate it for him. "I remember waking in the middle of the night and designing this thing," he says, "but it's too damned complicated for me to operate."

He takes great joy in recalling a Navy laboratory's comment that one of his ideas was the product of an unbalanced mind. He has gone into the fields of optics, sound, light waves, electrical engineering and mechanics. Nothing is beyond his touch. "I'm not limited to one field because I don't know enough about any one thing to specialize," he once told a friend. "Fools walk in where angels fear to tread, and I guess I'm no angel."

The residents of Port Washington, Long Island, thought he was no angel when he lived there in 1938. He won his wife's permission to live a two hours' train ride from his New York office by promising to arise by himself and make his own coffee. After making this rash promise he dissected an alarm clock and installed two switches on it. The first turned on the radio at six a.m., letting the music blare in a wild crescendo to awaken Eddy, who is deaf from undersea work with the United States Navy. The second switch turned on the percolator. At seven minutes after six the NBC program announcer, one of Eddy's friends, made a soothing remark such as "All right, kiddies, let's all be good and get up now." That was the prearranged signal that Eddy's coffee was done. He would arise, drink his coffee, and go to work.

The wild blare startled the staid Port Washingtonians. Like good burghers their first reaction was to call the police. By the time the authorities arrived, Eddy would have turned off the radio. The police began coming every morning so punctually that Eddy used them as the signal to start for his train.

Eddy's commercial inventions began flowing into the patent office in 1934, after he was retired from the Navy for deafness. Starting with a method of super-imposing two optical images on a photo-electric cell, his ideas have affected almost every phase of television.

One typically Eddy approach has come to his aid many times. "Turn it bottom side up and see if the thing doesn't work better that way," he says. Fellow engineers at his three scenes of labor—the Farnsworth Television laboratory, the Radio Corporation of America's New York television station, and television station W9XBK in Chicago—mark him as the man who inverts everything except his three children.

He used this principle strikingly in designing a new television camera. Previous cameras were weighty and bulky, laboratory-built, and required an expert technician on hand for constant servicing. Eddy made the first assembled television camera. His camera shield is made in one factory, his electrical unit in another, the mechanical device in a third, and his lenses in a fourth. When anything goes wrong with one unit he can substitute another.

In the earlier camera models, the iconoscope, or reception tube, had been right side up; Eddy inverted his and reduced the camera's bulk one-half. Dissatisfied with the standard crank focusing, he designed a lever. Delicate focusing is accomplished by turning a knob on the lever. The patent application for this camera required thirty-six pages of descriptive text and seventeen drawings to illustrate one hundred forty-six parts. A friend remarked that the device was a reasonable facsimile of an invention, but Eddy grunted, "Just a gadget."

Eddy used his upside-down approach with great success while with RCA as chief sight-effects engineer for the television studio. The industry at that time faced a serious lighting problem. It gave rise to odd situations. Once, in an Eddy-staged drama, an actor was supposed to drink a poison and fall dead. For the poison, Eddy used a soft drink, which unfortunately developed into a hot grog under a blazing studio light. The actor, who had been anticipating a cool swig of soda water, picked it up on cue and gave a yell when the almost-boiling drink passed his lips.

RCA up to that time had been imitating Hollywood's illumination system by using a fleet of klieg, broad and spot lights, singly or in groups on stands moved by workmen. Each light required one technician and had to be arranged individually for each set. With all this apparatus and expense the sets were not properly lighted for television. Images were not always sharp in detail and there were many undesirable shadows. More lights could not be used because of the glare and heat of the five thousand watt kliegs.

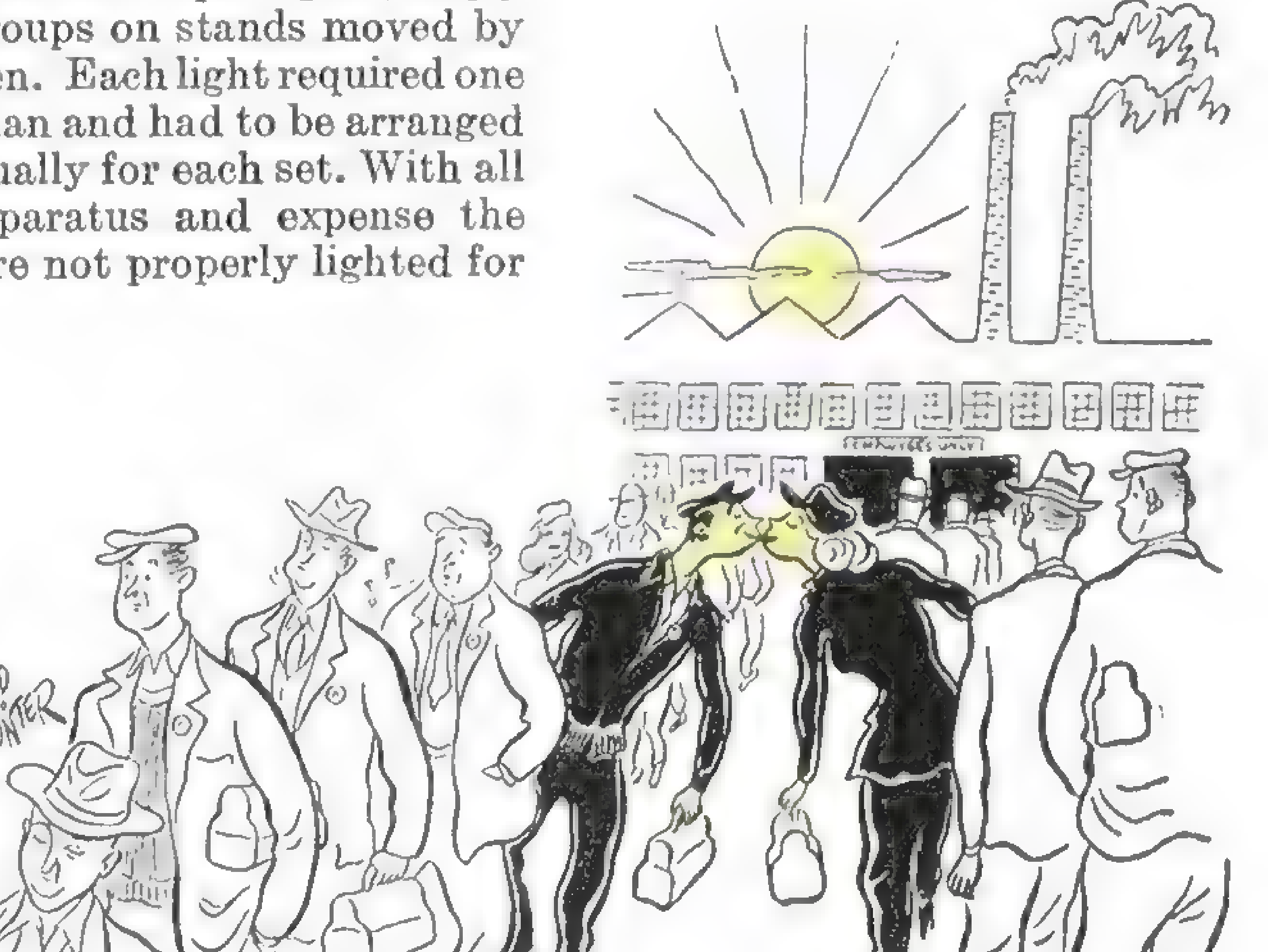
The whole arrangement seemed much too complicated to Eddy, who had once been dubbed "Simplicity's Godchild" because of his constitutional inability to see things the hard way.

"Let's turn the lights system upside down," he said. He promptly began designing a ceiling illumination. He designed overhead fixtures mounted in ceiling sockets. By means of vari-colored ropes stretched to an operator's booth, they could be rotated, tilted, or moved in any direction. Eddy put twenty-four of these fixtures on the RCA studio ceiling. One man, instead of a platoon of technicians, could control every light.

The effect on television production was immediate. The studio floor was uncluttered with lights and technicians. The camera, for the first time, could be used from almost any angle through having a virtually total sweep of the studio. By making his lights surround the set, Eddy achieved a model illumination. Experts were amazed, but in a technical journal Eddy wrote simply, "This system is a reasonably satisfactory answer to our problem."

The camera did not yet have

Continued on page 171



"Good morning, dear!"

The Esquire Sports Poll

Nearly 90%, including Army chaplains and urologists, think sports bolster morals as well as morale of soldiers

by HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON

▪ SPORTS ▪

℞

THE QUESTIONS

I

Is it your opinion that in normal times of peace, organized sports are an effective counter-measure in combating the social disease menace? . . . . Yes ☑ 83.73% No ☐

II

Is it your opinion that in war time, both from the interest of our adolescent youth and the men in military service, sports are an effective means of preventing widespread venereal disease? . . . Yes ☑ 88.66% No ☐

III

If you believe that organized sports are a deterrent to behavior offenses in the armed services, is this, in your opinion, the result of the sublimation of troublesome instincts brought on by unnatural segregation? . . . . Yes ☑ 58.79% No ☐

IV

Or is it the consequence of the building up of a conscious ethical and moral code through the application of the teachings of sportsmanship? . . . . Yes ☑ 58.17% No ☐

V

Or do you believe that all this type of effort is so much bunk and that the most effective way to handle this question is through properly supervised prophylaxis and segregation? . . . . Yes ☐ No ☑ 69.23%

In this Esquire Sports Poll a jury of realists report on one of the most stubborn competitions, That Urge vs. Self Control. If you don't care to have cruel facts of life fight it out to a decision, better get up and give your seat to somebody else.

This month the Sports Poll investigates opinion on a phase of sports that receives intense expert consideration of military combat and medical authorities and civilian scientists. Now, for the first time so far as we know, a poll of expert and popular opinion is taken on the logic and effectiveness of sports as a factor in sex hygiene.

The voting groups have included the usual sampling of general public, sports editors and sportscasters. There also have been polled medical notables, including prominent G.U. specialists, Army chaplains, and the men at Shaw Field, Sumter, South Carolina.

Ten miles from historic Sumter, Shaw Field is one of the Army Air Force's largest basic flying schools. Shaw Field is commanded by a "soldier's soldier," Colonel Burton M. Hovey, Jr., who in sixteen years in uniform has risen from the rank of a buck private to his present title. Less than two years ago, what now comprises Shaw Field was a huge plantation, rich in the fertile land-soil of cotton and tobacco. The present field was the dream of a young Chamber of Commerce secretary, who saw great possibilities for the city of Sumter in such a government project. Today, Major William A. Thompson, the former Chamber of Commerce secretary, is watching the results of Sumter's campaign from his desk where he holds the title of Defense Plans and Training Officer.

Cadets who come through Shaw Field on the second of the three-part aviation training program are from every state in the Union and represent every known profession. Morale at Shaw Field has been excellent under the jurisdiction of Major George E. Sargent, Post Special Service Officer. The officers, cadets and enlisted men are "bombarded" with all types of entertainment.

Considerable comment made by voters was of such frankness that it would jolt your eyes. Unquestionably that has been due to the Army and Navy policy in battling venereal disease out of its former sniping and guerrilla positions and educating uniformed men to regard it as a major foe, causing an appalling number of temporary and permanent casualties.

Judging by testimony from men in the armed forces, definite success has attended the efforts to remind Americans that they signed up to fight, not to play house. In view of rape being part of the Jap combatant diet along with fish and rice, and the German in trying to ape civilization, adopting the brothel card as a formality of the assaults of its Bauch Aufspringen Korps, the American policy is a particularly interesting and severe test.

Since the beginning of time there has been a greater supply of broads than there has been of men's brains, and even though the chumps wind up second and sorry, they alibi themselves with biology. Five will get you sixty that most of the mourners don't know what biology is. But that's just the point.

"This poll is worth while," wrote **Professor Walter R. Miles**, the noted Professor of Psychology at Yale University. "Men in military establishments crave and need activity when on their own—that is outside their assigned military duties. This calls for sports both spontaneous and organized; for hobbies, and for *conversation and dances with women*, as well as for books and reading. Hard, exciting exercise, self assigned, draws off pent-up energy, establishes topics of interest for thinking and conversation and lowers the stimulus threshold for sex. But not always hard games. A boy in the service at Guantanamo Bay asked for shore duty over the weekend. The officer was surprised. The boy explained: 'Well if you don't have weekend duty you go to Caimanera or else you *have to play* in so much organized sport that it recreates the tail off you.' Something intermediate is needed, and in most places very little is provided."

Major General Innis P. Swift, Commanding Officer, First Cavalry Division, Fort Bliss, commented: "The most important consideration is the building up of a conscious ethical and moral code. In addition, I believe the libido is satisfied by the pleasure of participating in sports. However, any counter-measures applied will only gain a response in a certain percentage of cases. Between five and twenty per cent of any group, including soldiers, will be unaffected by any counter-measure, and will indulge in illicit sexual relations with the always-present result of some venereal disease. Supervised prophylaxis is necessary to reduce the incidence of venereal disease in this group."

Dr. Logan Clendening, Kansas City, commented: "You are trying to settle one of the most complicated affairs in human relationships by a questionnaire which must be answered by 'Yes' or 'No.' The only thing I can say to all your questions is: It works in some people and it doesn't in others."

"From its experience in the promotion of sound social hygienc programs," wrote **Joseph L. Stenck**, Assistant Director of The American Social Hygiene Association, "the Association knows that recreational and sports activities are helpful. Recreation and sports, however, are not the whole solution to the problem, which is a rather complicated one. But we can say that sports use up the time and energy of young men during their leisure hours."

"All of the questions touch only the natural man," commented **Father Thomas F. O'Connor**, Catholic Chaplain, Ft. Ethan Allen, Vermont. "As far as they go, they are all right. The trouble is that they do not go far enough. Man is more than a mere animal. We can't by-pass the supernatural helps of religion and Grace. These natural aids aided by religion take up the slack and give a man a supernatural reserve to combat the evils that surround him in life. We should not forget the place of religion and religious influences in the lives of all of us for the building up of the whole man—his body and his soul."

"My opinion," wrote **Chaplain J. J. Feeley**, Philadelphia Navy Yard, "is that a properly organized sports program is a help to proper restraint, though I am sure that sports alone will not effectively control sex aberration. Sports do, I believe, afford a man an outlet for his excess energy, but to it must be added ethical and moral motivation." **Lieutenant (j.g.) Joseph W. Lyons**, Chaplain, Naval Air Station, Banana River, Florida, agreed that: "By actual statistics an active athletic program (not yet in full operation) has definitely served to keep our men on this station, has prevented, in the cases of those men who have given wholehearted cooperation, a seeking for other (generally immoral) outlets for pent-up energies. It serves to occupy their minds, staving off loneliness and self-pity which often bring morally disastrous associations. When coupled with a balanced program of entertainment, properly supervised, policed and chaperoned, the program is undoubtedly a builder of morale and a valuable adjunct in the promotion of Christian standards of living."

"I have read," said **Dr. Joseph Fulcher,** Tulsa, "that the ancient Greek athletes had a noticeable loss of libido." **Fred K. Leo,** WMBD, Peoria, Illinois, said: "The problem lies in complete character building, and I do agree that sports is a *factor* in this problem." **Robert E. Harlow,** Press Association, New York, added: "Sport makes men respect themselves and therefore conform more easily with normal sex life."

Some comment on Question I was to the effect that if sports ever got as organized as the indoor recreation traffic that spreads social disease the competition would be more in sports' favor. However, these cynics opined that until sports starts making substantial contributions to political campaign funds it'll be bucking strong natural competition aided and abetted by the candidates practically standing on the sidewalks under the pink lights and muttering roseate invitations.

Nevertheless, evidence of the vote disclosed a long margin for the affirmative of the question.

"Participation in organized sports," wrote **Dick Cullum,** *Minneapolis Times*, "gives a youngster an incentive to remain in condition as a way of contributing to the victory of his group, makes him health-conscious. Keen interest in forthcoming contests gives him something to occupy his mind in his casual spare-time thinking. Comradeships formed in a sports group, level barriers and bring frank discussion leading to an understanding of the values of prophylactic measures and an unselfconscious use of them after exposure. In the frank talk of comrades in sports an individual learns, maybe for the first time, that sex problems are common to all and learns what intelligent, healthy men do about them." Somewhat along the same trend of thought, **Robert S. Kunkel,** editor of *The Sporting Goods Dealer*, St. Louis, added: "While the effect of sports participation on the psychology of sex has not been defined scientifically, the importance of sports in the sociology of sex can not, in my opinion, be overestimated. Our saturation point of sports participation values is not yet even in sight."

Don Unferth, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin, *Tribune*, stated: "There is nothing better to get a fellow to take his mind off sex than competitive athletics. By that I don't mean group exercises. I mean contests such as baseball, football, basketball, boxing, etc. Having coached for six years prior to becoming a sports writer, I know what I am talking about. When a young fellow gets wrapped up in athletics, sex becomes only secondary to him. Winning that ball game is his primary interest."

"There is no doubt in my mind," declared **John O'Donnell,** Davenport *Democrat & Leader*, "that athletes have more of an abhorrence of venereal disease than non-athletes because they are more conscious of the toll it takes; that the athletes, because of rather intimate association in sports and in dressing rooms, are more careful of their bodies; that athletes, knowing their futures can be spoiled by disease, have an innate desire to stay clear of contacts leading to such complications."

J. Stanley Bradbury, Robinson, Illinois, State's Attorney and member of the County Social Hygiene Committee, said:

> My work as State's Attorney is 90% dealing with delinquent youths. We have no trouble with the group of young people engaged in sports, or other organized, supervised recreation. In one town in this county a few years back we were bringing in forty to fifty young people a week for delinquent conduct of every kind. After a well-organized recreation program of sports was instituted, arrests dropped to four in two years.

J. E. Holtzinger, Altoona, Pennsylvania, wrote: "I had three years' experience with college boys in a National Guard outfit where six to ten week summer camps were held. We never had any trouble so long as we had a planned sports program."

Reported **J. C. Wininger,** Kannapolis, North Carolina, *Daily Independent*:

> We have the Cannon Memorial YMCA here with 10,000 to 13,000 men and women, boy and girl, members from year to year in a town of 26,000. Conditions used to be wretched, until the YMCA sports program was broadened through the influence of Mr. Charles A. Cannon, head of the Cannon Mills Company.
>
> In recent years thousands of local workers here have been interested in playing softball, baseball, tennis, handball, volleyball, badminton, archery, and bowling, and the results in cleaning up this 36-year-old town have been amazing. This program, along with a well-organized program to combat social disease, has been in progress here for a number of years, and has brought excellent results.
>
> It stands to reason that a like program for the boys and girls in the service is even more important in these nerve-wracking, history-making days. Since the above programs were launched here, not a single athlete has ever been brought into any of our courts to my knowledge, and social diseases have been largely confined to the "small per cent," who refuse to take part in sports or other YMCA activities.

"I believe fatigue due to exercise reduces the sex desire," wrote **Dr. R. S. Mallard,** Ft. Worth, Texas, "and the incidental interest in competitive sports further diverts the mind and sexual instincts away from sexual habits. An idle mind and stored up energy will certainly lead to sexual excesses. Keep a boy's mind and body busy and he will have less time and inclination to indulge in sexual pursuits."

Dr. W. A. Keitzer, Akron, observed: "Sports provide an outlet for emotional and physical energy, which might otherwise be dissipated in the wrong channels."

"Dammit! Ah wish Uncle Baldo would go back with that circus side-show—Ah can't git no sleep 'tall with him howlin' at the moon ev'ry night"

Dr. R. J. Hubbell, Kalamazoo, said: "I believe athletics is of value because of the physical fatigue it entails." **Dr. Jefferson C. Pennington,** Nashville, remarked: "Yes, because they are time-consuming in and out of actual physical engagement and physically tiring thus enabling the participant to be satisfied with physical rest and mental activity."

"An interesting observation," wrote **Gene Peak,** WPAD, Paducah, Kentucky, "is the strenuous intramural sports schedule in boarding schools over the country, especially in the clerical preparatory and major seminaries of the church. This, taken with a strict moral code, is most effective in quieting hyper-sexual minds." **Jimmy Dolan,** Columbia Broadcasting System, New York, supported him with the statement: "I think it has been proven time and again that sports provide a definite counter-measure in combating the social disease menace in war time as well as in peace time. Men engaged in sports have a more wholesome outlook, hence are less likely to get into trouble."

However, **Paul Mickelson,** Associated Press, Kansas City, argued: "We should cease trying to promote sports as a panacea for all ills and diseases. Sports participation increases virility and virility must have an outlet. Athletes are just as sex-minded as the enemy of fresh air and exercise—perhaps more so as their finely trained bodies are appealing to the opposite sex. It is as one sage said: 'You can preach against it, you can legislate against it, but you can't make it unpopular with the masses'." **Roy Lee Harmon,** Beckley, West Virginia *Post-Herald*, called attention to the fact that: "As undying proof that rough, tough, gruelling exercise isn't enough to sublimate the sexual urge I cite the fact that guys who load coal in the West Virginia mines have mighty big families." And **Gene Kessler,** *Chicago Times*, added the equally obvious fact that: "Athletes have done their share to support the venereal clinics."

Despite the wide-open controversial character of Question II, the Yes edge was overwhelming. Of not a little surprise was considerable comment of men in military service who remarked that they now were in a game in which they were to kill or be killed, hence interest in keeping in best physical condition was keener than it ever before had been with them.

Some comment indicated the possibility of some change in attitude toward sexual relations. The buck who is gonad-goofey seems to be regarded by the poll's voters-in-arms as one who hasn't got the marbles in his head he should have to make him a normally smart citizen. Exceedingly candid comment from uniformed voters is that it's a good thing when sports

Continued on page 125

Our Weight in Wild Cats

Despite predictions of glum columnists, our government, production, labor and fighting forces are proving their stuff

by STRUTHERS BURT

• ARTICLE •

We Americans are a queer people, in some ways the queerest people in the world, and one of our leading traits is impatience. If you wish to coin a word, you could call us Impatientists. Unlike other nations, and because so far we have been so fortunate and have repeatedly accomplished marvelous things in no time at all, few of us have yet learned that even nowadays most important events move slowly. Indeed, it's a wonder that American babies still require nine months to get themselves born, considering our ingenuity and love of haste. By now our young should be able in not more than six weeks to emerge, full-armed, into a world eager to hear their complaints about their government.

But there was a period, not so long ago, when at least half a dozen times a day we were being told how "complacent" we were.

You remember.

With our morning coffee, then unrationed, the statement would spring out at us from the pages, editorial or otherwise, of our favorite paper. While as for the radio—! We were complacent. Unawakened. We were a large, dumb, ignorant nation. We were not aware of the war. We were insisting upon business as usual. We refused to alter our normal procedure. The more recalcitrant of us even continued to kiss our wives, morning and evening, if that was our custom; and if we weren't careful, and insisted upon kissing our wives, the first thing we knew, the Germans and Japanese would be among us. All this accompanied by admonitions to keep our morale high; a paradox. For how civilians can keep their morale high if not allowed to kiss their wives occasionally, circumstances and the wives permitting, is beyond imagining. I can think of nothing worse for the conduct of war and the support of armed forces than for civilian populations to abandon all activities save twenty-four hour-a-day brooding upon horrors that may come. "Cowards die many times before their deaths." Instead, we should thank God that we are not yet a front-line nation, and work unceasingly not to be, so that we, at least among nations, may arrive at the peace with energies not too much impaired. Nor is suffering for the mere sake of suffering a virtue. The uneasy feeling that it is, is merely a hangover from our Puritan ancestry. Needless suffering never made any man or nation the stronger. There's plenty of it about without hunting it.

But you know how it was, and still is, given the slightest opening. Hardly a minor government official shook loose from his job long enough to make a speech without upbraiding us, and hardly an editor was able to sit down at his desk without doing the same, and a number of our columnists, male and female, were especially active, in particular those, who having spent five or six years in Europe, were eminently fitted to report upon the state of the nation. For some unexplained reason, they alone—these critics—were aware of the danger. Endowed with un-American foresight and strength of character, they alone were fighting the war. Not a single one of them had kissed his wife, or husband, as the case might be, since the Germans had entered Poland.

Along with which, of course, went the reverse; it's still going. The attack was double-pronged. The second prong had to do with the government, the Army and Navy, and management and labor. The results of the last two, combined, are known as production.

They were terrible—the government, the Army, the Navy, management, and above all, labor. You can't hiss that word; "L" is a labial. But a lot of people still try to do so, forgetting that just down the road there's someone else, equally ignorant, trying to hiss the equally un-hissable word, management. Then the President went out quietly like Haroun-Al-Raschid and looked at the country and came back with an encouraging report. And then suddenly happened Midway and Guadalcanal and Africa, and a lot of us were surprised. Indeed, I'm afraid some of us were disappointed. People hate to be made fools of even if the stakes are death and blood.

We discovered that far from not having any central plan, any unified global strategy, we had a very definite central plan and global strategy, and that both had been in effect since June, 1942, in fact, since the fall of France in the Summer of 1940. We discovered that American production, far from falling down on the job, was performing for the most part astronomically. We discovered that American labor was doing the same; those of us fair minded enough, study statistics even when they are opposed to our prejudices. And finally we discovered, even the most reluctant of us, that American soldiers and sailors and marines, never before in battle, were behaving like veterans. Some of us even began to perceive that this was our kind of war, as Walter Lippmann predicted a year ago, and that if anyone wanted "to play Indian" with us, that was just what we did best, and there's every reason why it should be. Bushwacking—Commando fighting—is in the blood and tradition of practically every American, even the little boys of our slums. Most Americans are born with a machine in one hand and a gun in the other. There are over ten million expert marksmen in America; old and young, male and female.

In fact, we discovered so many things so suddenly that the majority of us still apparently overlook the fact that we have already won two major victories; the FBI fight against sabotage; the campaign against U-boats off our Atlantic Coast. The latter may break out again in some new and terrible form, and it still remains perhaps the gravest risk we face, as it was in the last war, but for the time being we are winning along our own Coast, if not as yet elsewhere. And as for the convoying of troops, never in the history of the world has there been such convoying. Curt Riess, who's supposed to be an expert on the subject, says the FBI is the "most remarkable counter-espionage system in the world" and that the Gestapo is mortally afraid of it.

Well, there it was, but as for myself, I never did believe the prophets of disaster. Perhaps it was glands, I don't know. But I think it was due to a couple of exceptional accomplishments; that is, where Americans are concerned. And I'm proud of them, and I don't mind saying so. In the first place, I really do know my own country, the great, huge, magnificent, unbeatable land. I've lived in many parts of it, and when I say lived, I mean lived, not merely traveled. In the second place, and this is extremely rare, I've actually read a lot of American history, so I'm aware at least of one thing. Bad and inefficient as we may be (although we're not), we're not half so bad and inefficient as our grandfathers, and they, in their turn, were not half so bad and inefficient as theirs. And yet, bad and inefficient as they were, they were, none the less, wonderful.

Just look about you if you doubt that. The next chance you get, become intimate with your country. You'll be surprised.

Meanwhile, I kept wondering—I'm still wondering—what a mother I know in Sandusky, Ohio, thought, with four boys in the service and her husband a veteran of the last war, when some patronizing voice out of the noisy seclusion of New York or Washington told her she was "complacent." And I also

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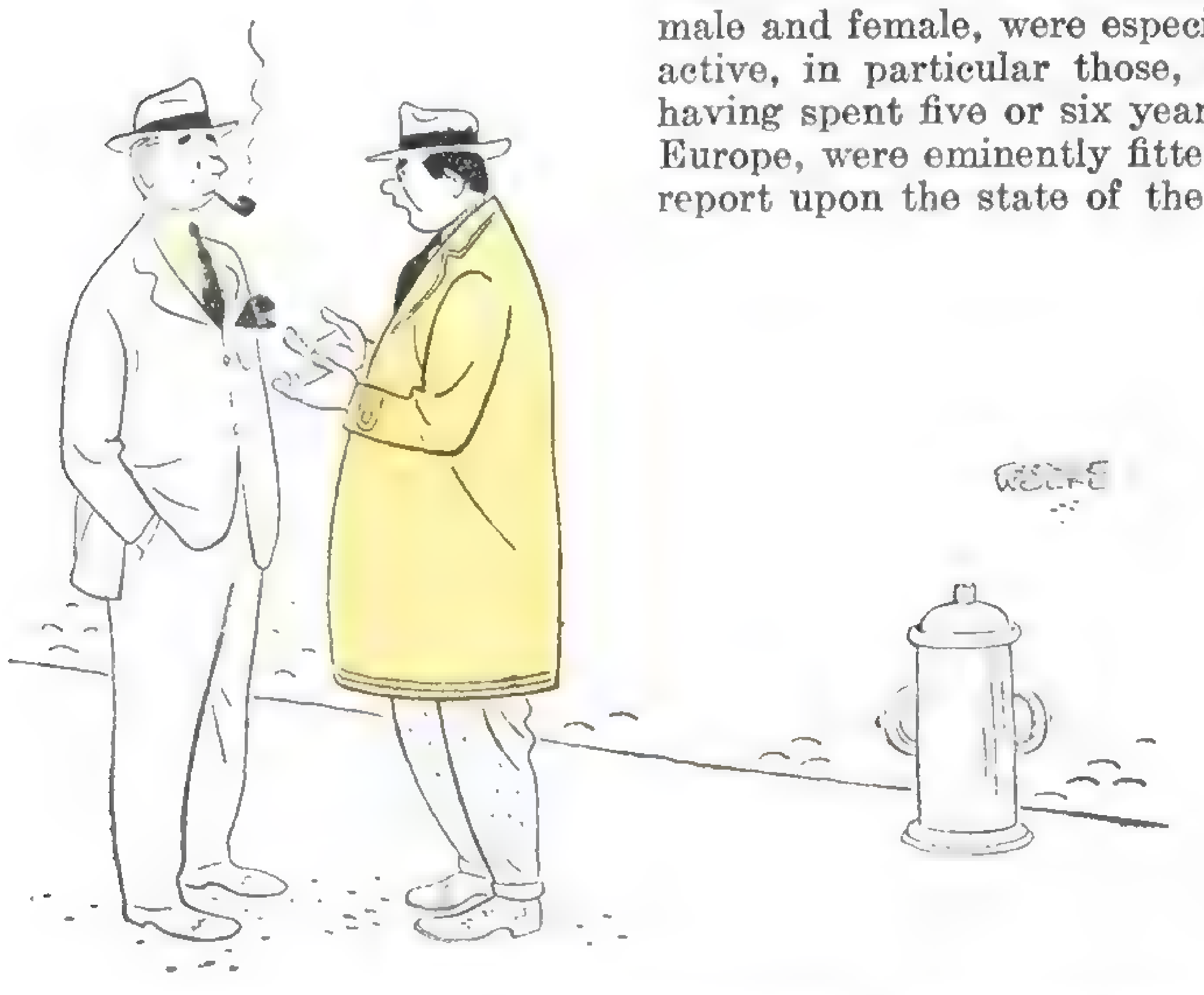
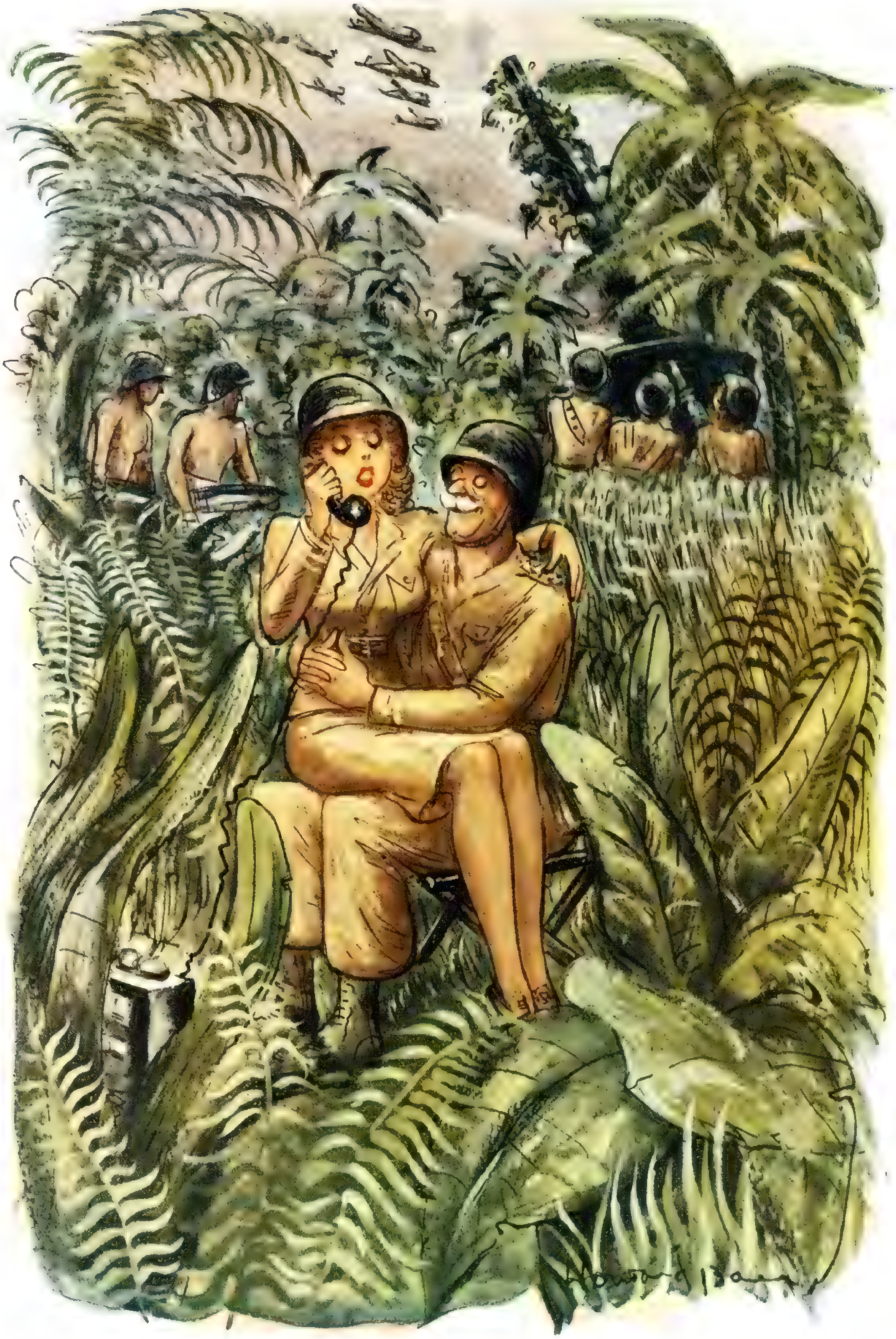
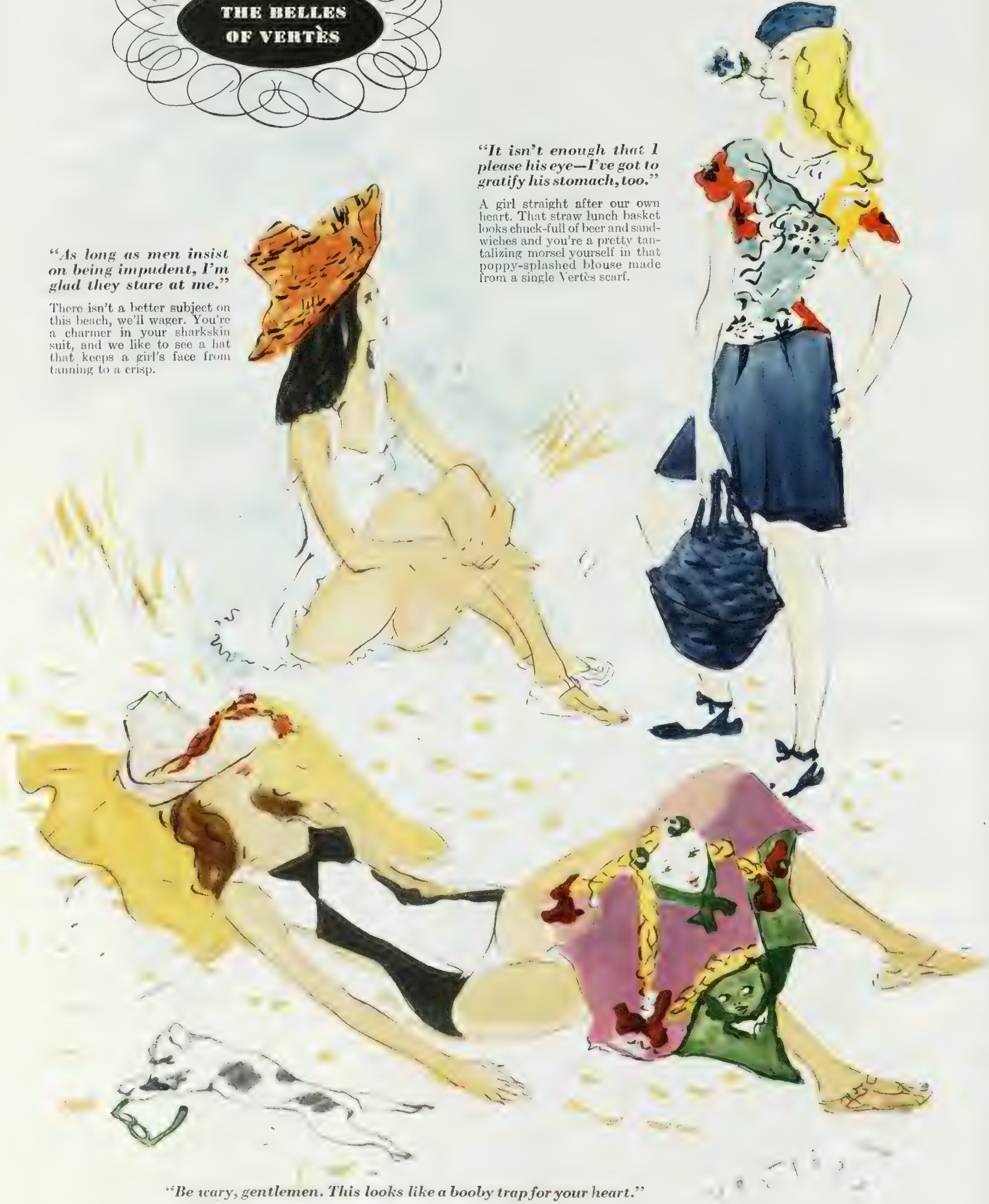


"You'd think she'd be satisfied with a fur coat, or a diamond, or a string of pearls—NO—she has to have a vacuum cleaner!"



"Good afternoon, Third Field Battery—G. H. Q. speaking"

THE BELLES OF VERTÈS



"It isn't enough that I please his eye—I've got to gratify his stomach, too."

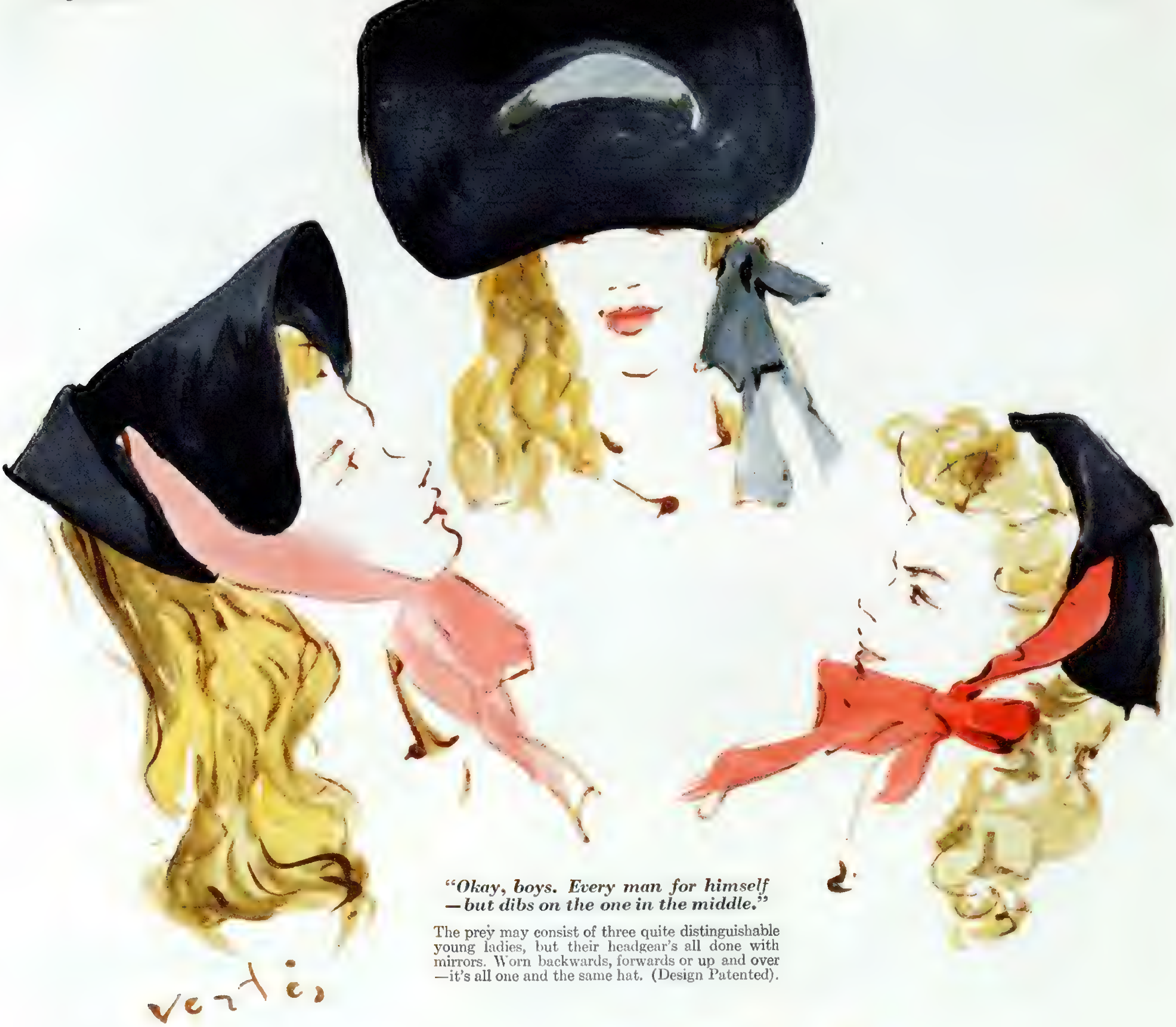
A girl straight after our own heart. That straw lunch basket looks chuck-full of beer and sandwiches and you're a pretty tantalizing morsel yourself in that poppy-splashed blouse made from a single Vertès scarf.

"As long as men insist on being impudent, I'm glad they stare at me."

There isn't a better subject on this beach, we'll wager. You're a charmer in your sharkskin suit, and we like to see a hat that keeps a girl's face from tanning to a crisp.

"Be wary, gentlemen. This looks like a booby trap for your heart."

Still . . . it's much too fine a day to let sleeping beauties lie. We'd be the envy of all eyes if this lady of the lastex suit and pigtail-emblazoned scarf took our arm for a stroll. So up with her straw hat first—it *might* be our cousin Susan!

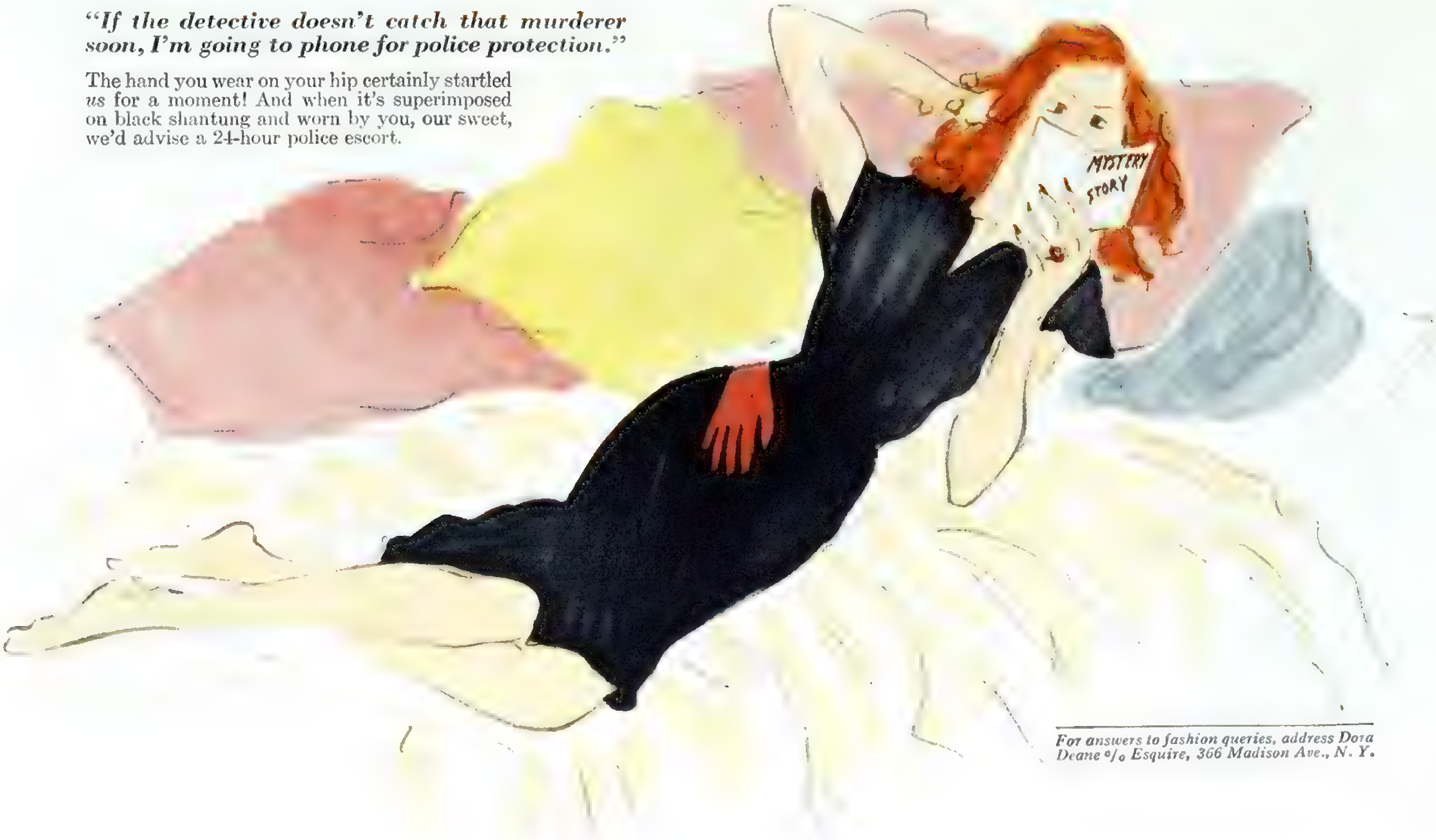


"Okay, boys. Every man for himself —but dibs on the one in the middle."

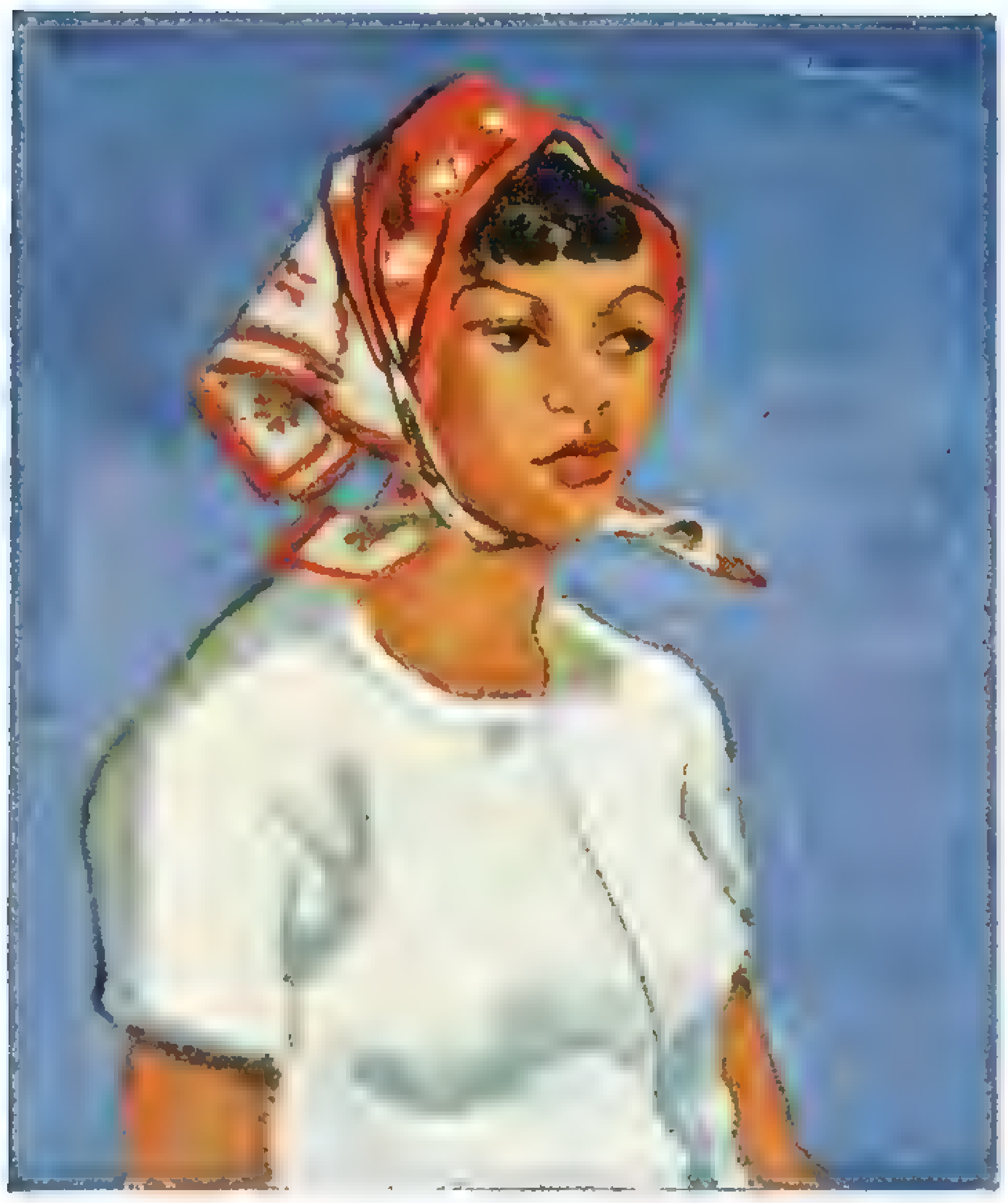
The prey may consist of three quite distinguishable young ladies, but their headgear's all done with mirrors. Worn backwards, forwards or up and over —it's all one and the same hat. (Design Patented).

"If the detective doesn't catch that murderer soon, I'm going to phone for police protection."

The hand you wear on your hip certainly startled *us* for a moment! And when it's superimposed on black shantung and worn by you, our sweet, we'd advise a 24-hour police escort.

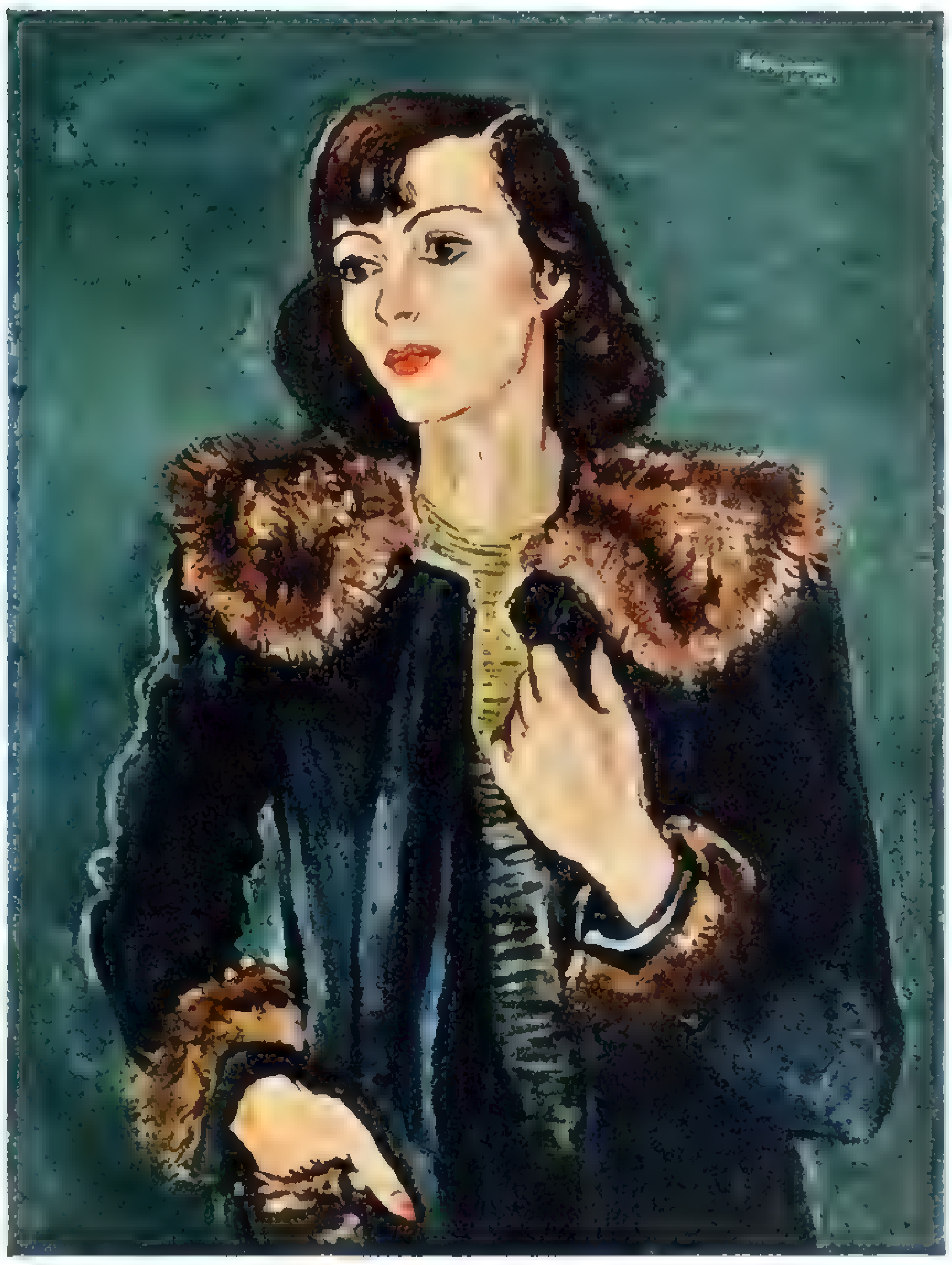


For answers to fashion queries, address Dora Deane c/o Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



COURTESY MRS. M. C., NEW YORK

COLORED GIRL

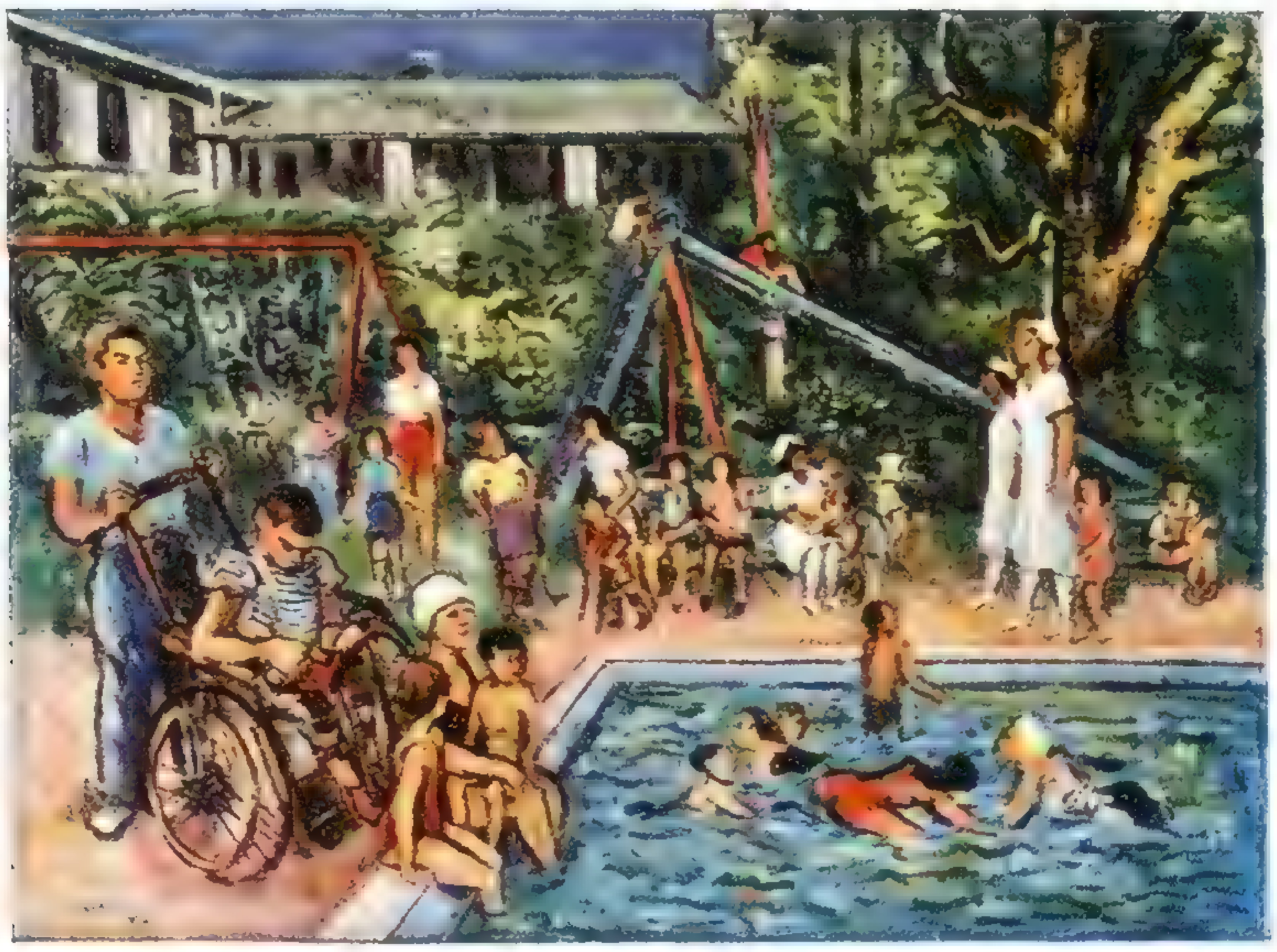


LOUISE RAINER

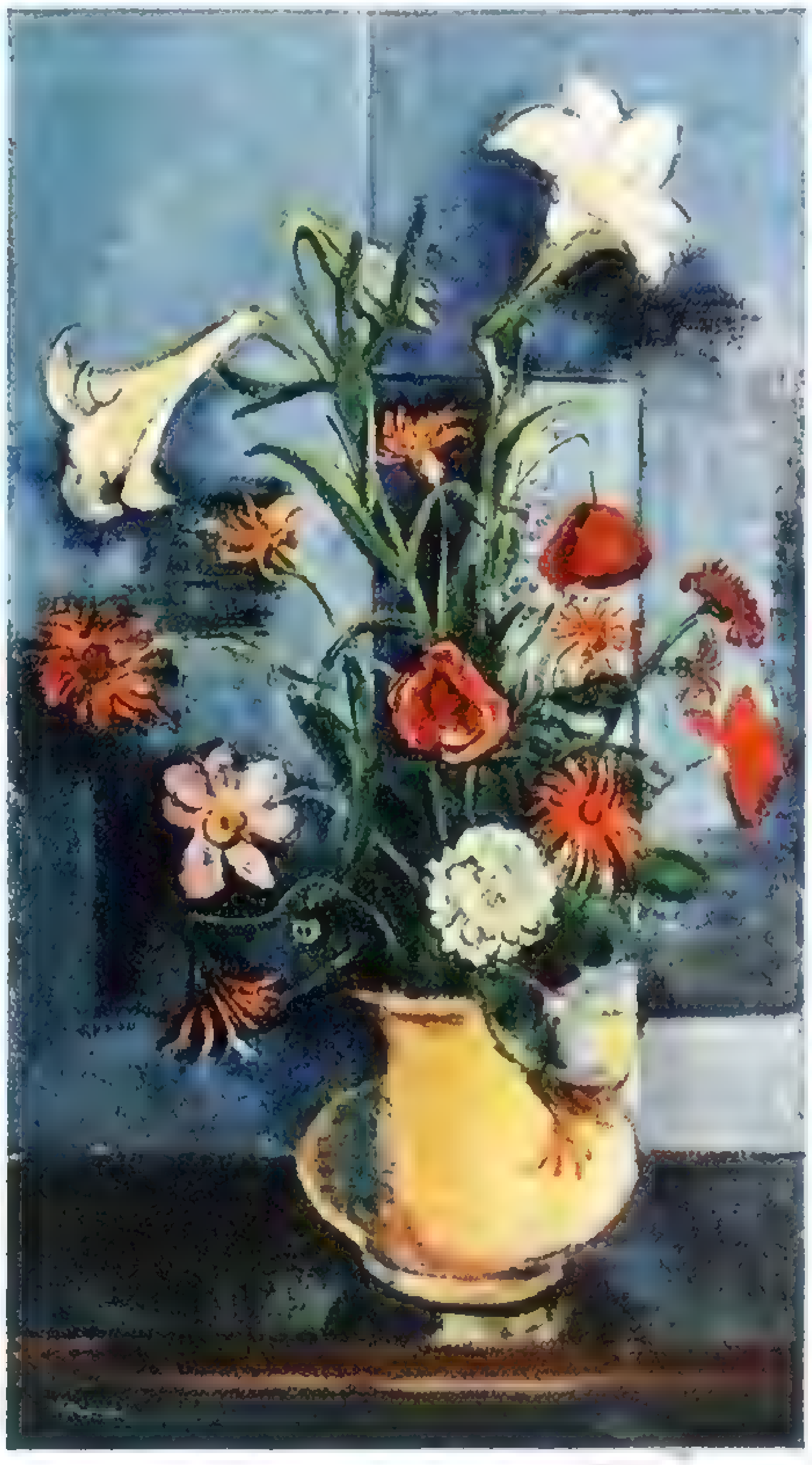
Five Paintings

by ARTHUR KAUFMANN

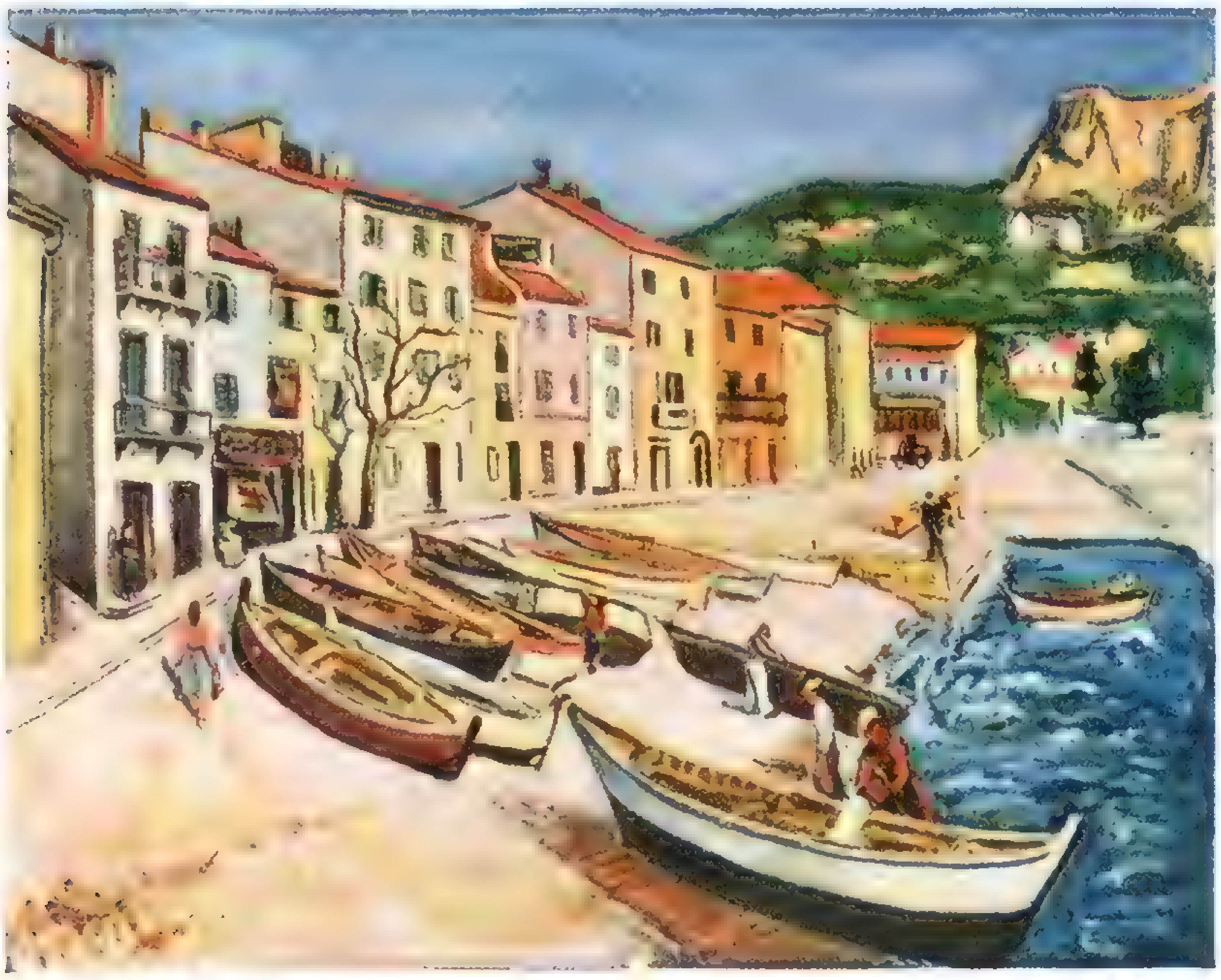
Children's Camp, Louise Rainer and Still Life reproduced in Chicago through courtesy of Arthur Kaufmann, 414 West 121st Street, New York City, where they are now on display.



CHILDREN'S CAMP



STILL LIFE



COURTESY MRS. M. C., NEW YORK

CASSIS-SUR-MER

Rebel of Young Rhineland

Before the scourge of Hitler, Arthur Kaufmann, portrait painter, led the modern group movement in Duesseldorf

by HARRY SALPETER

▪ARTICLE▪

It is fitting that Arthur Kaufmann should have come to these shores from that city in Germany, which, after Munich, has been best known for its export of art. To artists and the art-wise generally, the School of Duesseldorf is a short-hand phrase indicating a complex of qualities, including fidelity to ascertainable detail, romanticism, sentimentality, posturing upon the humorless stage of history. But for the School of Duesseldorf, every American school boy and girl and every one living today who was once a school boy or girl would have visualized *Washington Crossing the Delaware* differently in ensemble, grouping, coloring and even detail. Emanuel Leutze was not born until forty years after the event, but such is the despotism of art that, despite its occasional necessity to serve in the place of photographic realism, it has imposed upon our imagination an historical episode in a form and coloring against which we have no competing image. It is to Leutze, an American expressing himself through the instruction and devices of the School of Duesseldorf, that we owe such other impressions upon our historical sense as his *Washington at Monmouth*, the *Settlement of Maryland by Lord Baltimore*, *Columbus before the Queen*, *Columbus before the Council at Salamanca* and *Columbus in Chains*—calendar panoramas against which a whole generation of debunking historians will beat and argue in vain.

The art which Mr. Kaufmann, a more recent immigrant from Duesseldorf, represents, differs somewhat in both detail and spirit. It is an art which has crossed the border to study at the School of Paris, at both the Impressionist and post-Impressionist branches of that institution. Whereas the old school men put things in, the school which Mr. Kaufmann represents inclines to leave things out, for the sake of simplicity and force. Between Leutze and Kaufmann may be said to lie the history of art, between degenerate Academism and revolt, but a revolt stopping short of surrealism and non-objectivity. For Mr. Kaufmann is nothing if not objective. An artist brought up in the Leutze tradition would have found nothing absurd in the request of a sack-coated sitter to be portrayed in the Gainsborough manner; Mr. Kaufmann, to his own cost, could dishonor neither Gainsborough nor himself, by painting what wasn't there. If Mr. Kaufmann has no other distinction, he has at the least, that of being an honest portrait painter, in all that that phrase implies—ability to capture a likeness within which is the essentials of his sitter's character.

Arthur Kaufmann was born into a family in which five brothers and sisters already had been provided for him, in the small town of Muelheim-Ruhr, whose distance from Duesseldorf may be traversed by a thirteen-year-old stout-legged boy in something like seven hours. By that year Arthur already had given indications of his future intentions. He had drawn profiles of the family, who thought them promising. He had painted the garden fence with water colors and wept when the first rain streaked them off. He had helped paint the floors of the Kaufmann house. He had already shown profound sensitivity to color by falling in love with a little girl because of the quality of green in the ribbon in her hair. And, at thirteen, having heard of the almost legendary nature of the art of Duesseldorf, he arose at dawn and started walking big-city-ward, arriving at noon. He walked the streets and stared at the shop windows and trudged through the picture galleries and churches and saw paintings in large quantity for the first time. The day was a portent not only of the artist but of the world traveler the schoolboy was to become.

The Kaufmanns believed in culture, but weren't too sure that you could make a living out of it. Grandfather Gottschalk had composed music and had conducted a small orchestra. Arthur's father inherited the musical strain, playing the clarinet, violin and piano at home concerts. By nature he was a skeptic, but the failure of his private banking firm, when Arthur was ten, sorely strained his philosophic resources, too. Fortunately, his elder children had married and were prospering. Arthur stayed on at the *gymnasium*, where he acquired neither learning nor distinction, until he was released, by graduating, at the age of seventeen, when about the only thing that he knew was that he wanted to be an artist. The year was 1905.

This decision moved the family center of gravity to Duesseldorf, in whose Royal Art Academy Arthur became a student. Two brothers already were engaged in business in that metropolis and now the parents came along to make a home and provide the needed guidance for the young man. This time the eager inquirer went by train. A year passed and Arthur was still an art student, which deeply disappointed the family, who had expected either the Academy or Arthur to come through with a miracle of acceleration. Kaufmann admits today that he was an ordinary student, who had to exchange time and work for the understanding of such matters as anatomy and perspective, and to whom knowledge didn't come in sleep. Family pressure was turned on to picture for the young man the charm and security of a business career. The young man was not persuaded and helpless though he felt against the weight of those older, hard-boiled, and successful, he also felt stubborn enough to demand a larger opportunity than was represented by a year in the Duesseldorf Academy.

Whether it was in the form of reprieve or renewed opportunity, he won for himself six months in France, most of which time he spent in Paris. He attended sketch classes, studied the works at the Salon des Réfusés and talked over his problems with the not-yet-so-great Pascin who was then living in the same house on the Quai des Grands Augustins and who was drawing for Simplicissimus. Pascin suggested that Kaufmann instruct himself by copying the old masters and he set to work copying Rubens' *Triumph of Truth* and, thereafter, the young man allotted a certain part of each week to the copying of pictures in the Louvre. Although the time was 1906-'07 and the School of Paris was alive and kicking but not yet widely acknowledged, Kaufmann became aware of the quality of the coming masters, such as Cézanne and Renoir, as well as Manet. Leaving Paris, he gave himself a brief holiday in Brittany where he painted the landscape and the peasantry and where, in Leo Slezak's company, he visited Sarah Bernhardt at her Belle Isle estate. He returned, refreshed, to the Duesseldorf Academy which, soon afterward, he again left for a tour of cities and art treasures of Belgium.

There was no help for it; the young man was obliged to set aside his ambition to become an artist, and buckle down to the task of earning a living somehow. In preparation for the commercial life which was regarded as inevitable for him, he was sent to Surbiton, near London, to the home of an English family, whose son, in exchange, was sent to live with the Kaufmanns, to learn German. Way back in 1909, Arthur Kaufmann was the beneficiary of a private exchange fellowship which, twenty-four years later, was to assist him and his yet unborn children in their undreamed-of battle against Hitlerism, for the English language was to serve Kaufmann not only as an instrument in the business of making a living, but as

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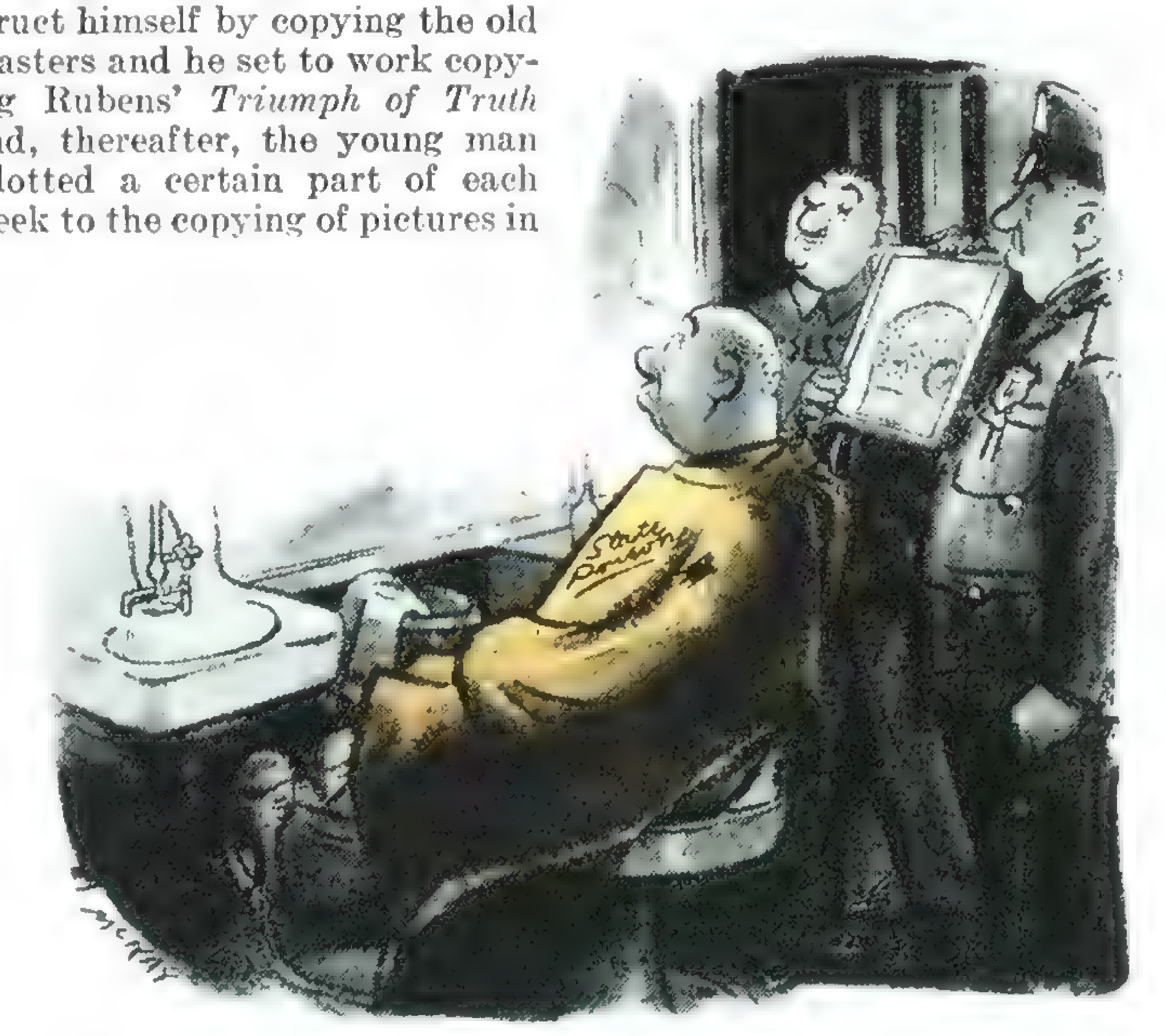
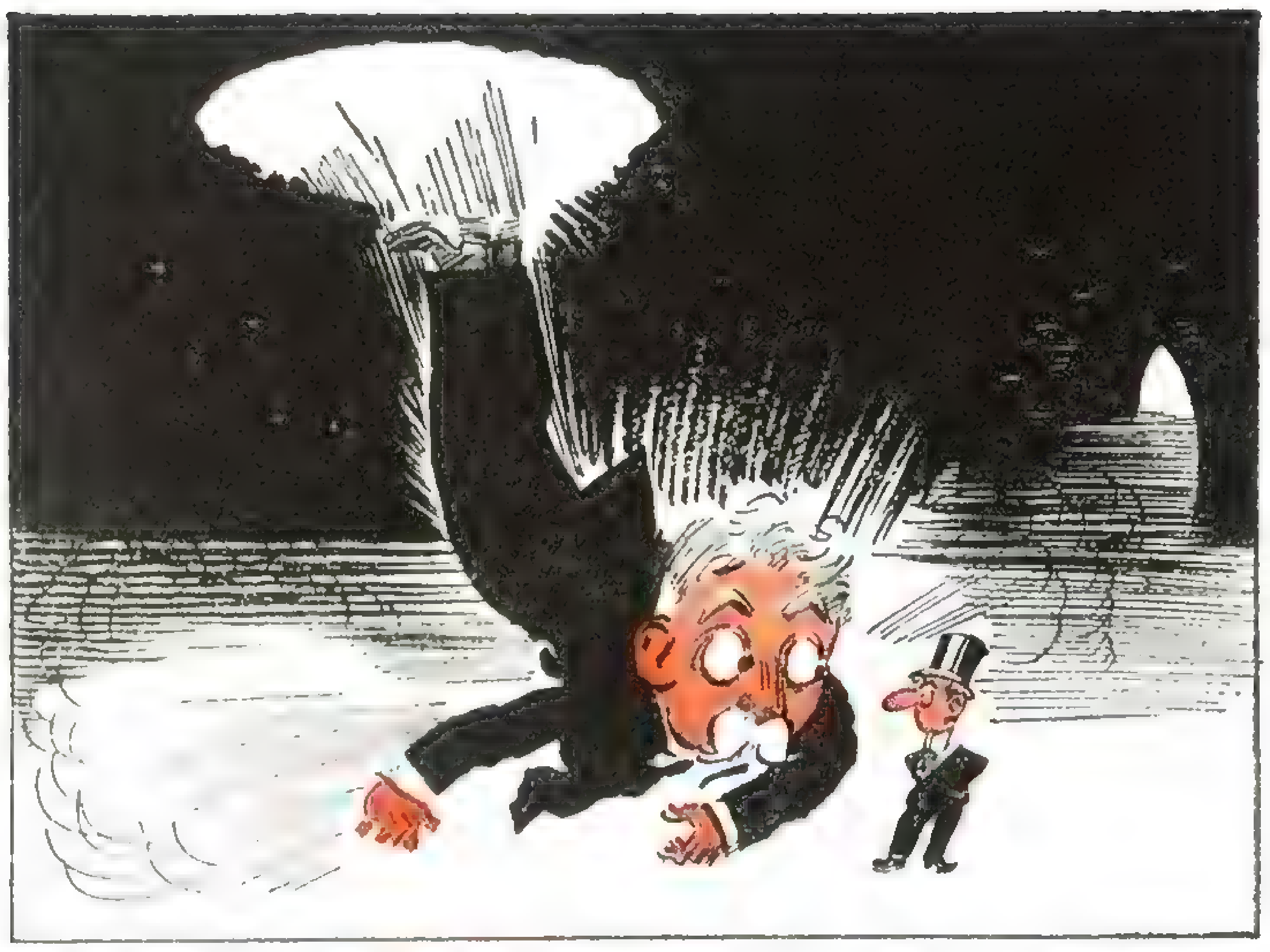
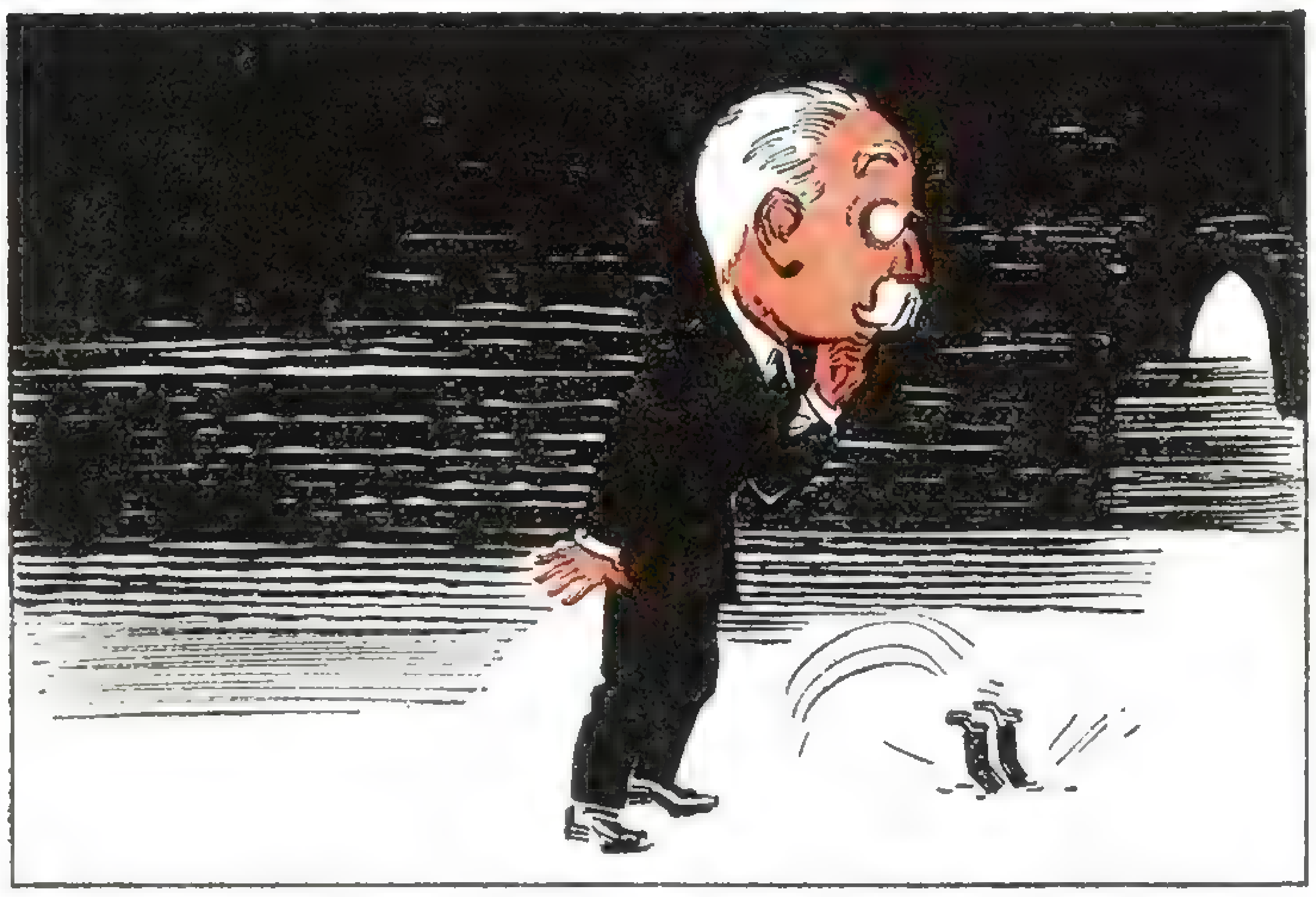


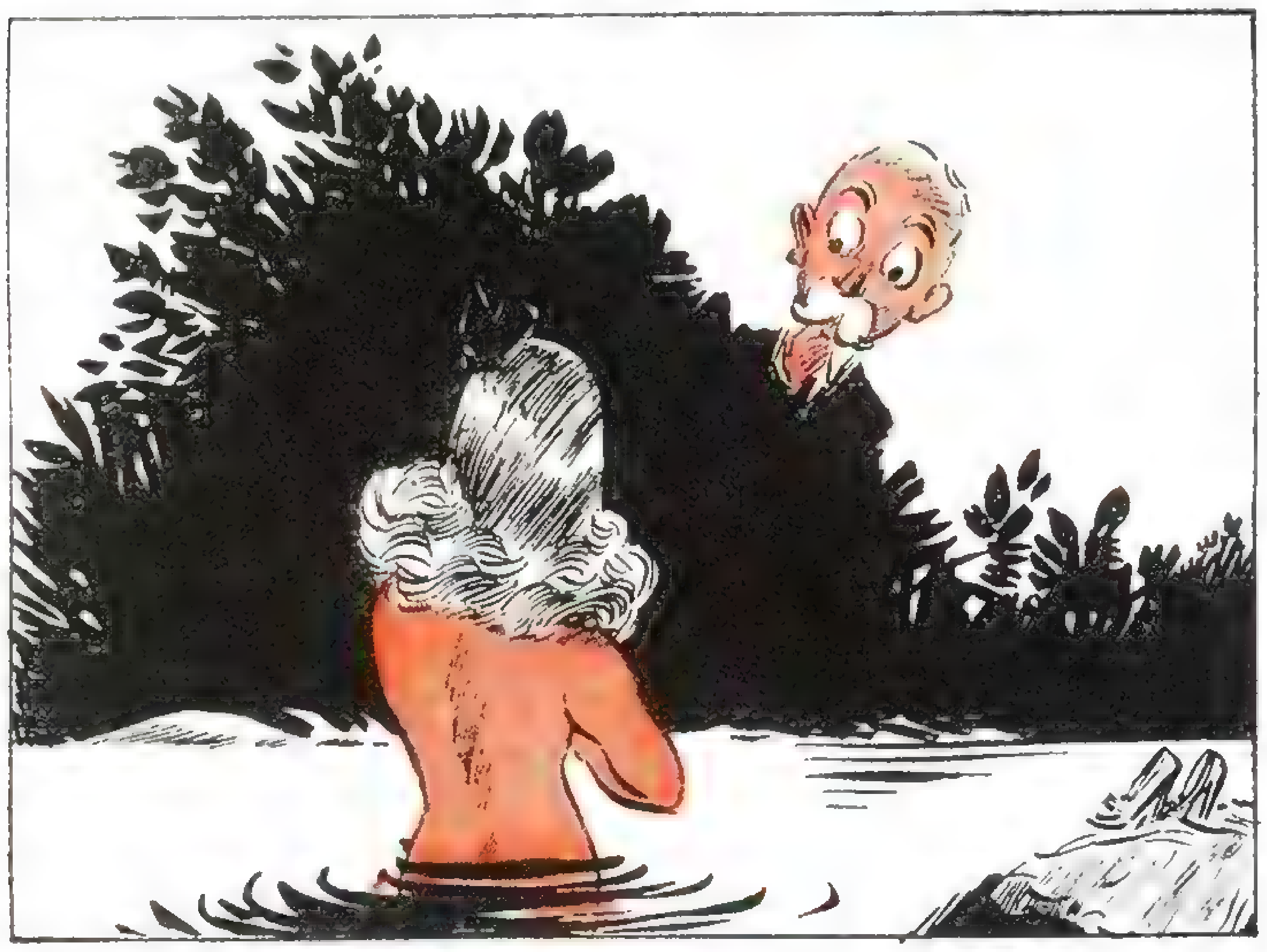
THE EXPLOITS OF ESKY—*pictured b*



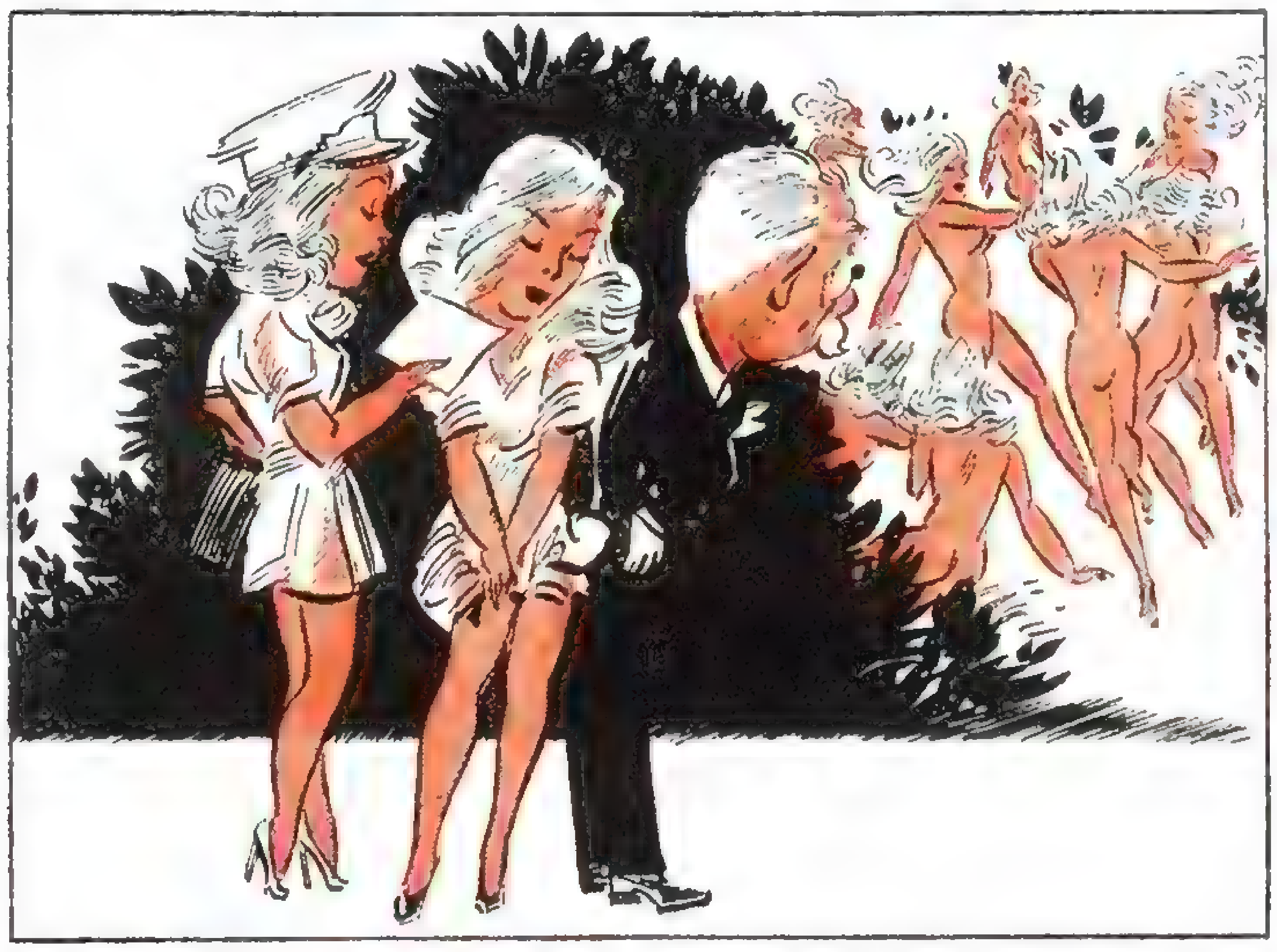
25 Esky saw the Redheaded Dancer entering a wood. He ran toward her but tripped and fell down, through a hole and into a tunnel. When he opened his eyes he was looking at a *VERY* small man who looked like a cross between W. C. Fields and Fred Allen but spoke like Ned Sparks. "Don't ask me if I'm a Gremlin—I'm *NOT*—I'm a hard-working Goofin. I suppose you think that flowers and grass just pop out of the ground in the Spring—well they don't—they got to be pushed and it's we Goofins who do the



26 pushing-push-push-push from morning till night—I've no time to talk although I will tell you this—you are in for a dizzy day which will include a frustration and a fall." The little man disappeared in the soil. Esky got to his feet and saw a light and he walked toward it . . . He came to a workshop. There sat a Sculptor: "Hurry, hurry, hurry," he kept saying. He was making at least six faces a minute of stuff he got from a barrel marked Human Clay. He noticed Esky . . . "I am making up faces for



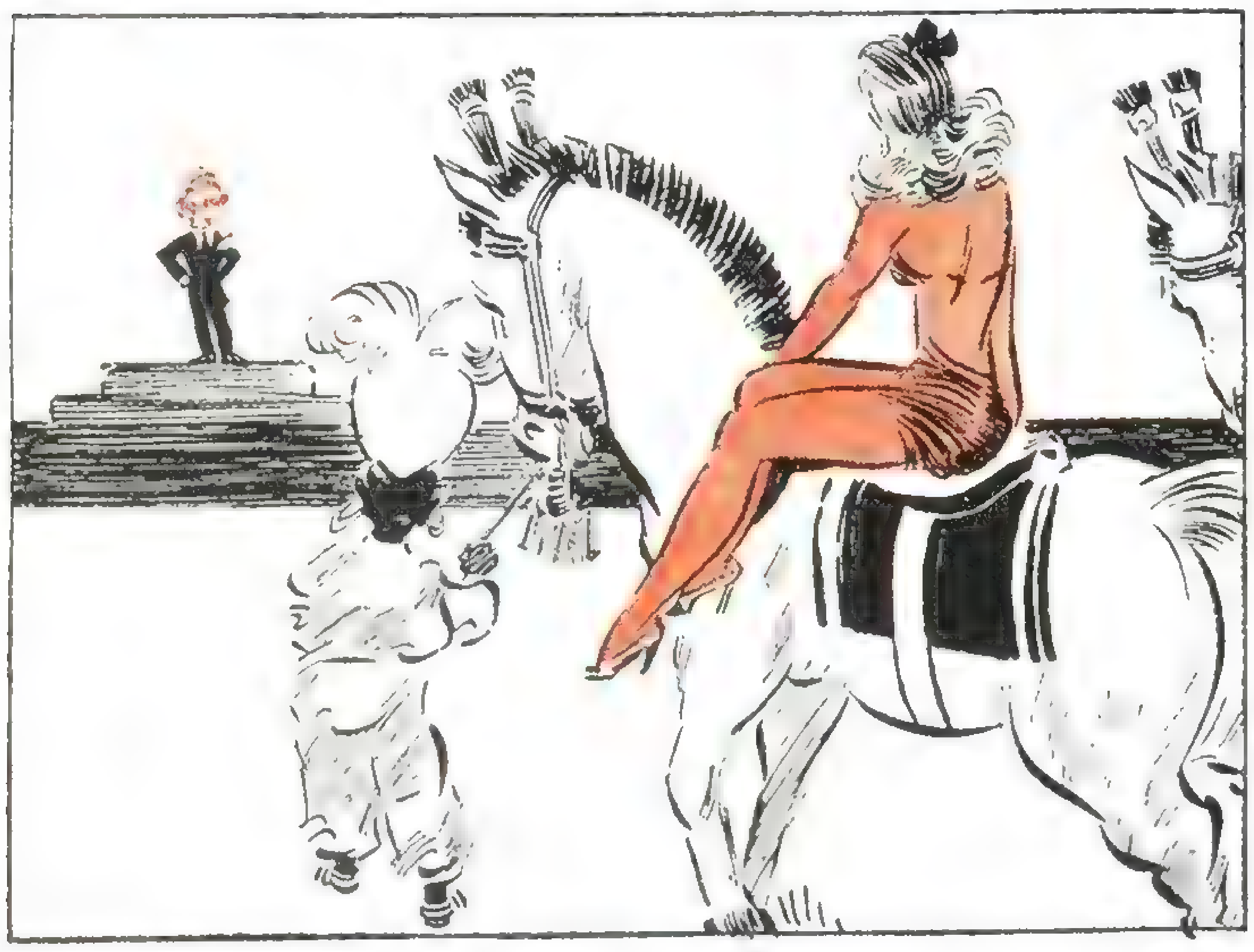
29 Time when women can become pregnant by taking an electric shock. What do you want?" "I want to see the Redheaded Dancer." "You won't need a ticket for that, just go upstairs and down the path." Down the path was a brook and Esky saw the Redheaded Dancer in swimming. "Hooray," he shouted, "at last a Pretty Girl to look at." "Esky—you Darling, won't you join me?" But before he could a Western Postal Girl tapped him on the shoulder: "Follow me. You are to be Judge of Beauty in



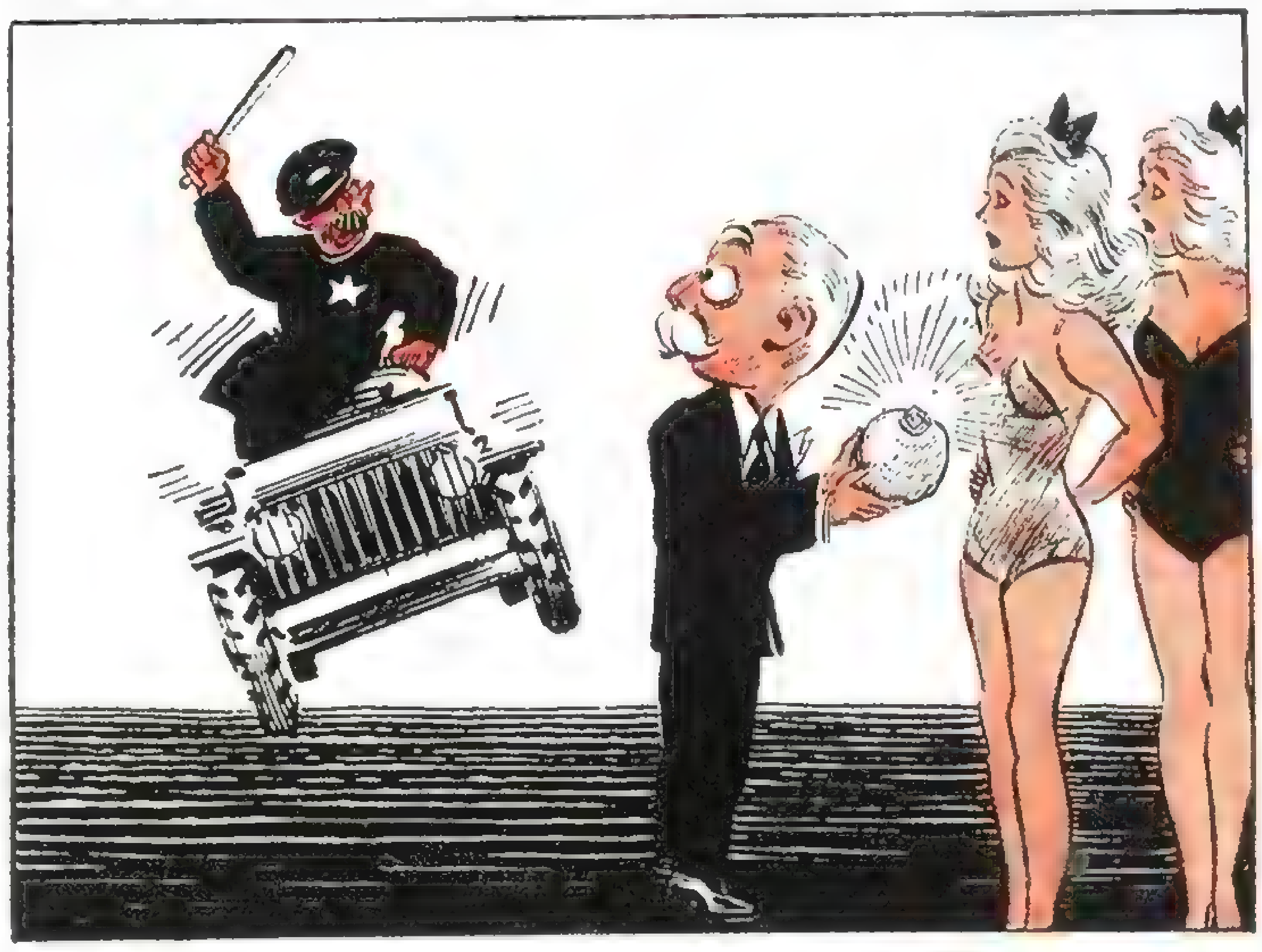
30 Finneagan's Dell." Esky followed and so did the redhead, dressing as she walked. The Western Postal Girl started to sing Singing Telegrams:

"Happy Birthday Auntie Bess
Every day I like you less."

But Esky wasn't listening . . . To one side of the path Esky saw the most perfect creatures disporting themselves in a Corot-like clearing. The Redhead explained: "That is the Abode of the

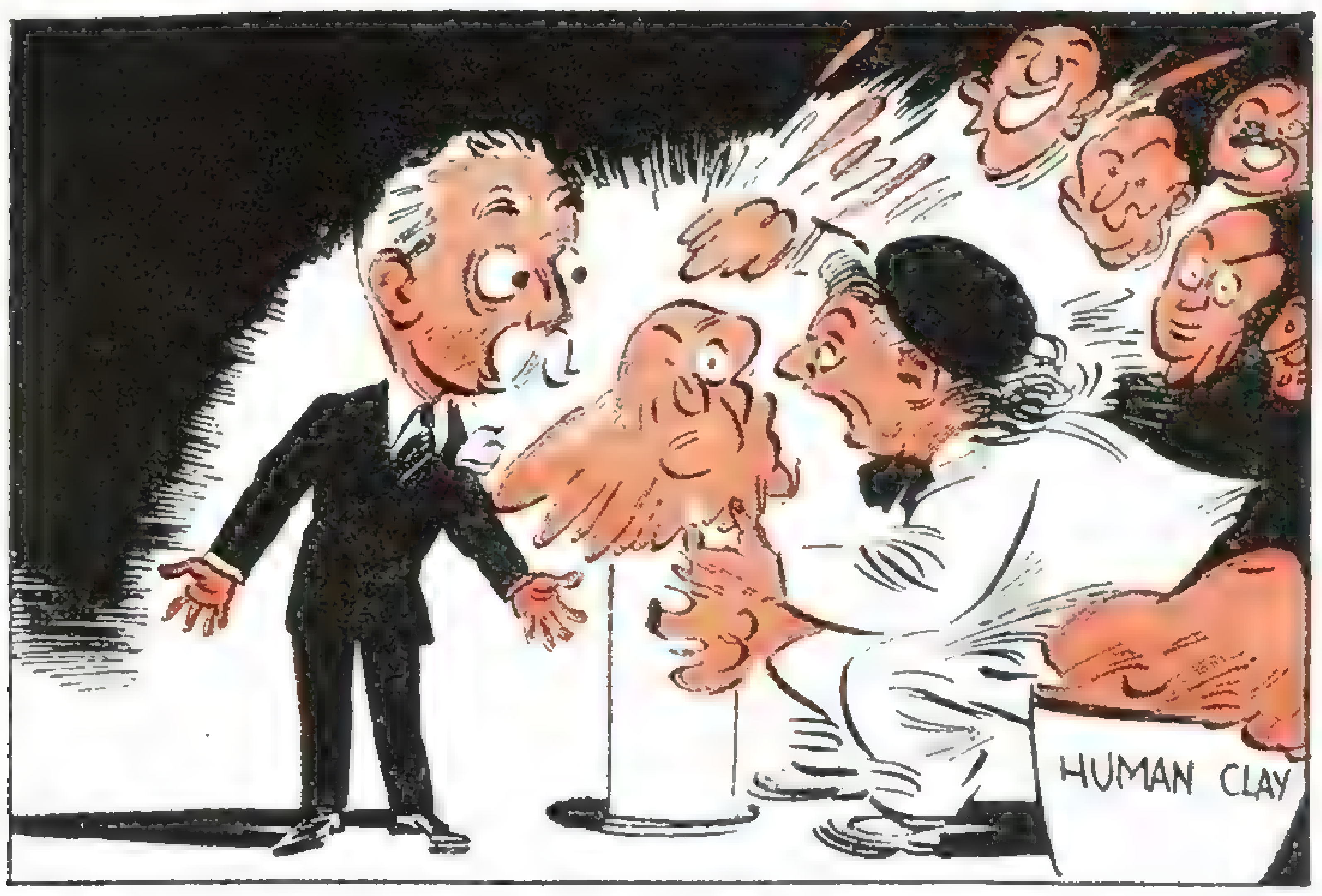


33 the prettiest." "What are those machine gun nests placed on the upper rim of the amphitheater?" "Those are there to mow you down in case you pick the wrong girl . . . each studio has two gun crews." Esky walked alone toward the Judging Stand feeling like Sidney Carton. Someone shouted: "Let the Parade of Pulchritude begin." Seven white horses appeared each led by a turbaned black boy and on the back of each horse was the entry of a Studio. Esky thought he had never seen such beautiful

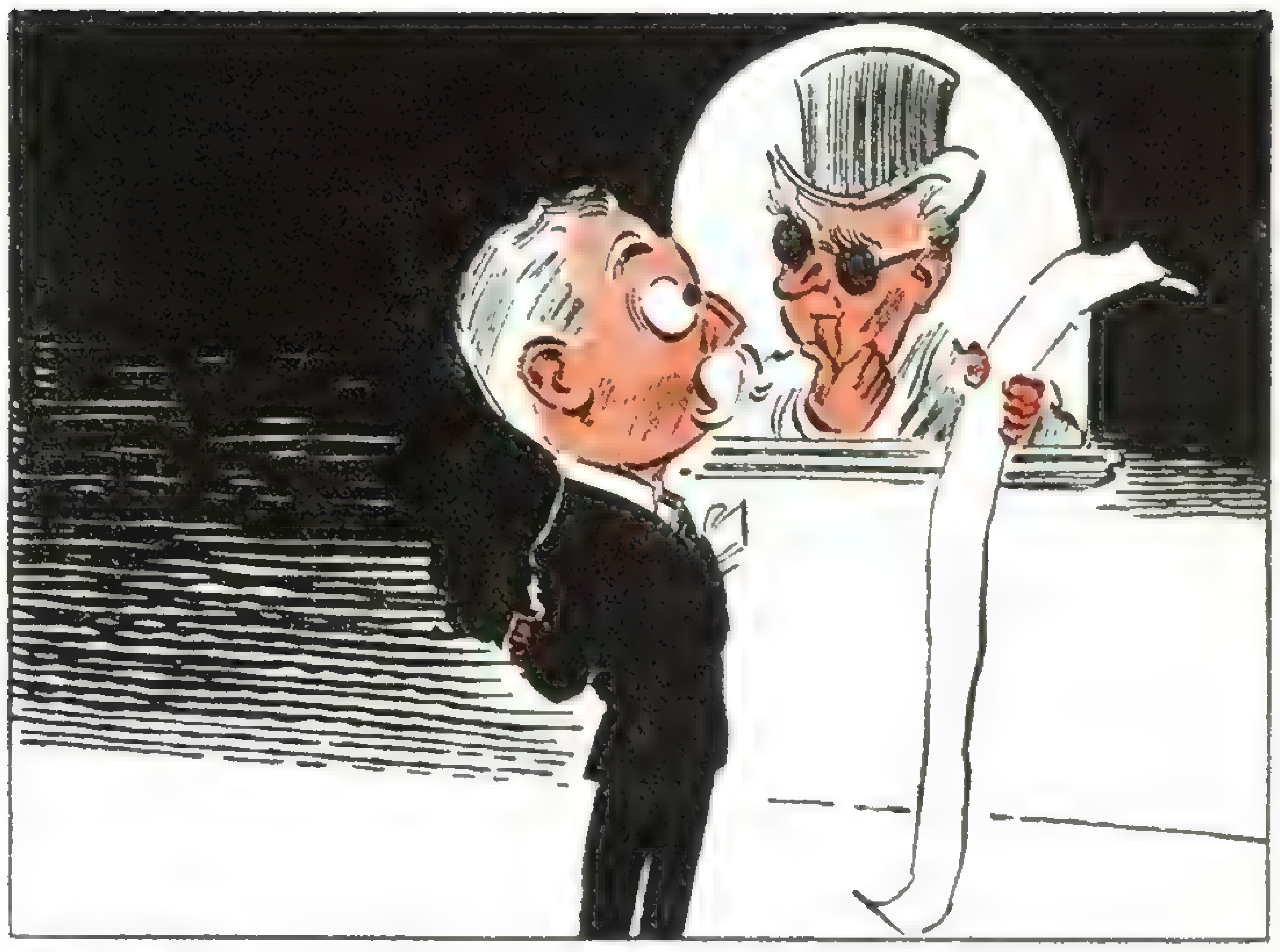


34 horses. Each Lady dismounted and walked up onto the platform. When the seven Queens were lined up, a man gave Esky a solid gold Orange to present to the winner with a large diamond set in its navel. Esky passed from Queen to Queen with his tape measure, making notes, measurements and dates: "Such posture, such grace such eurythmy." A Keystone Cop came rushing up in a Jeep, shouting: "Stop there is a Radio Comedian, a female impersonator among the contestants and if he should win

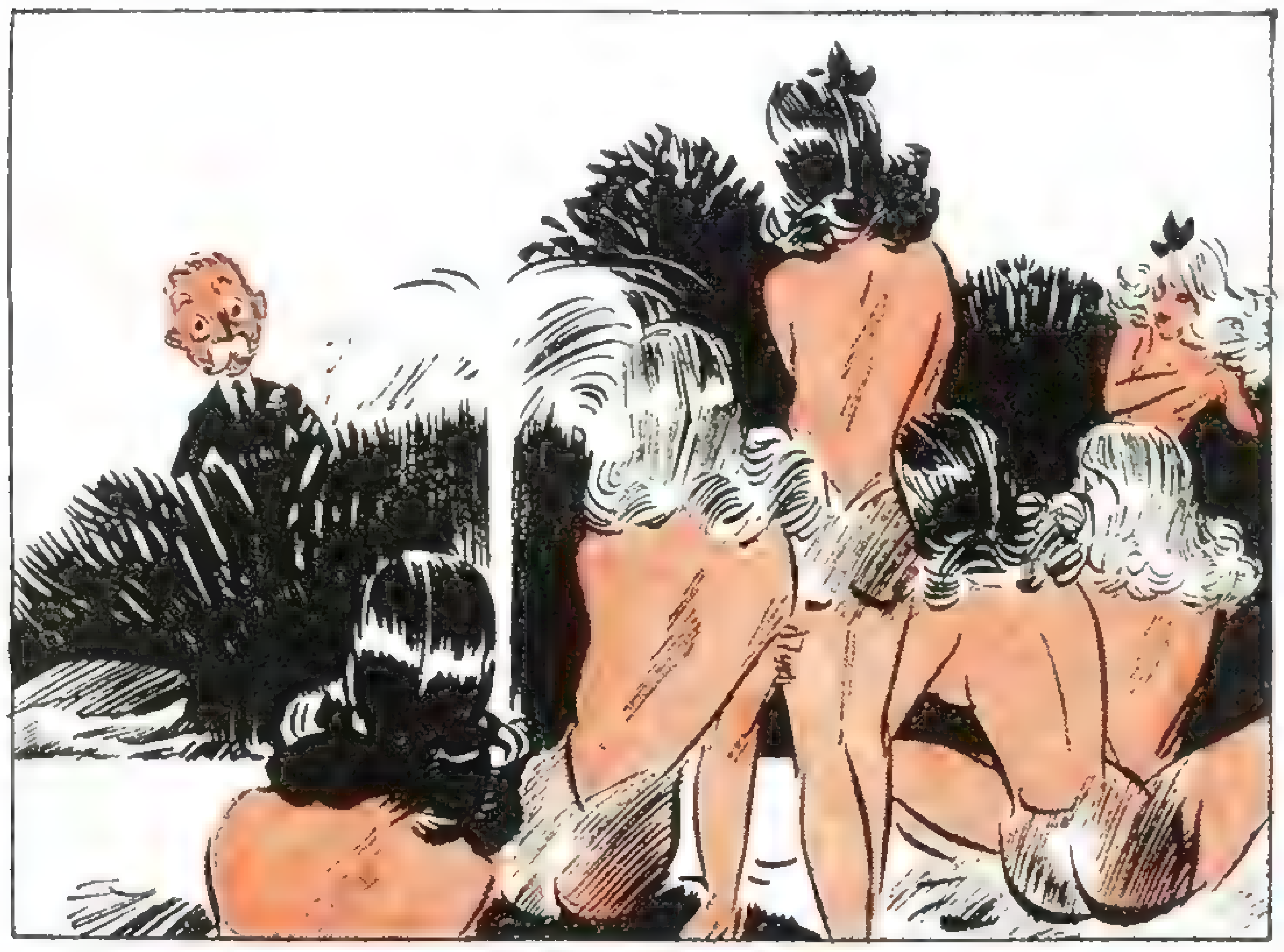
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL: *storied by* BEEP



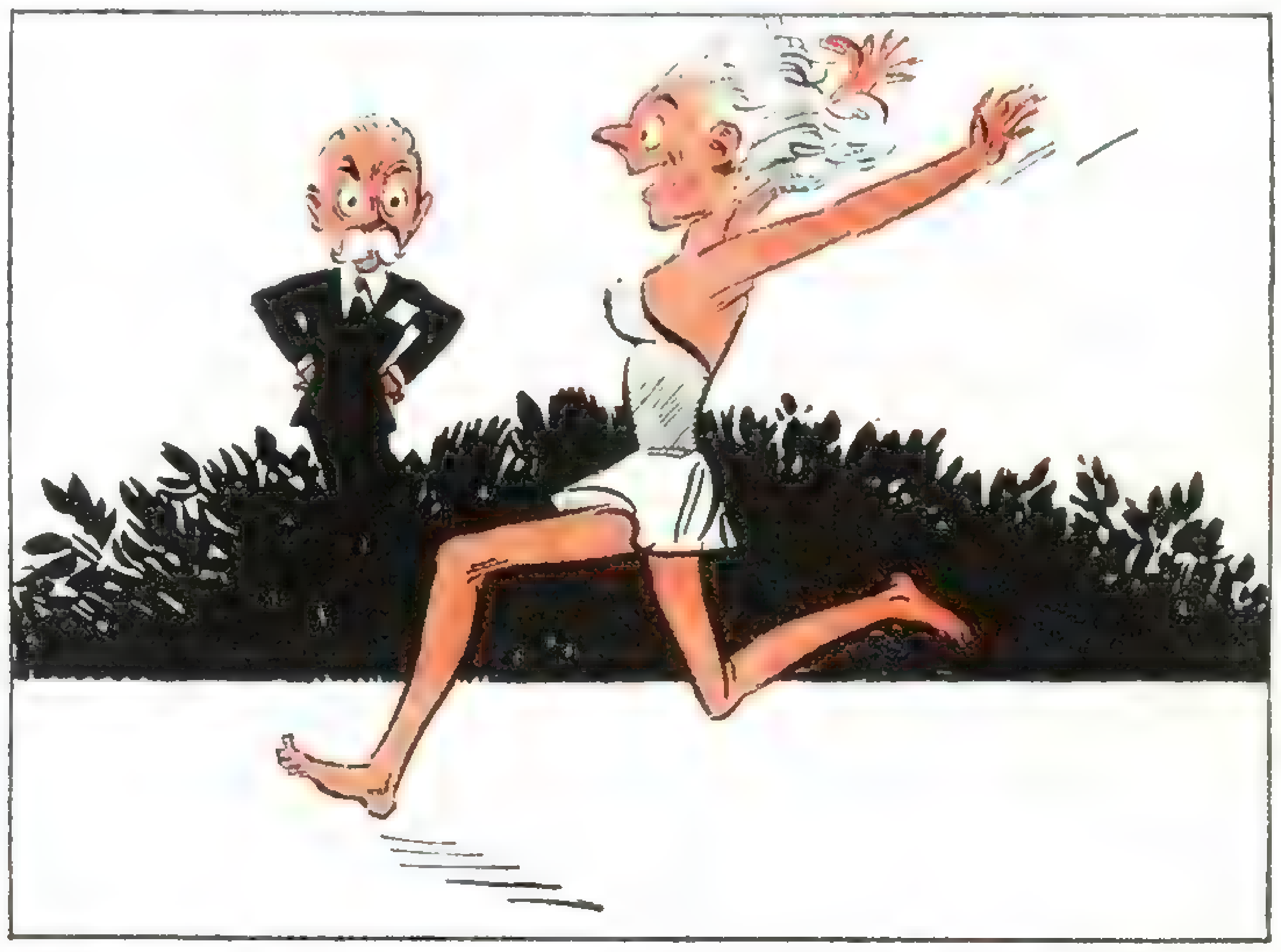
27 people who are to be born. I'll bet you never saw a faster Sculptor." He dropped eight faces into a box which a little Shipping Clerk nailed up and hauled away. "I am doing the work of six Sculptors now." "What about quality?" asked Esky, "take a little more time and make some faces beautiful." The Sculptor dropped another six into a box. "Those faces are not even suitable for Radio Comedians," yelled Esky. The Sculptor stiffened: "This is the Age of Quantity Production. Someday I may



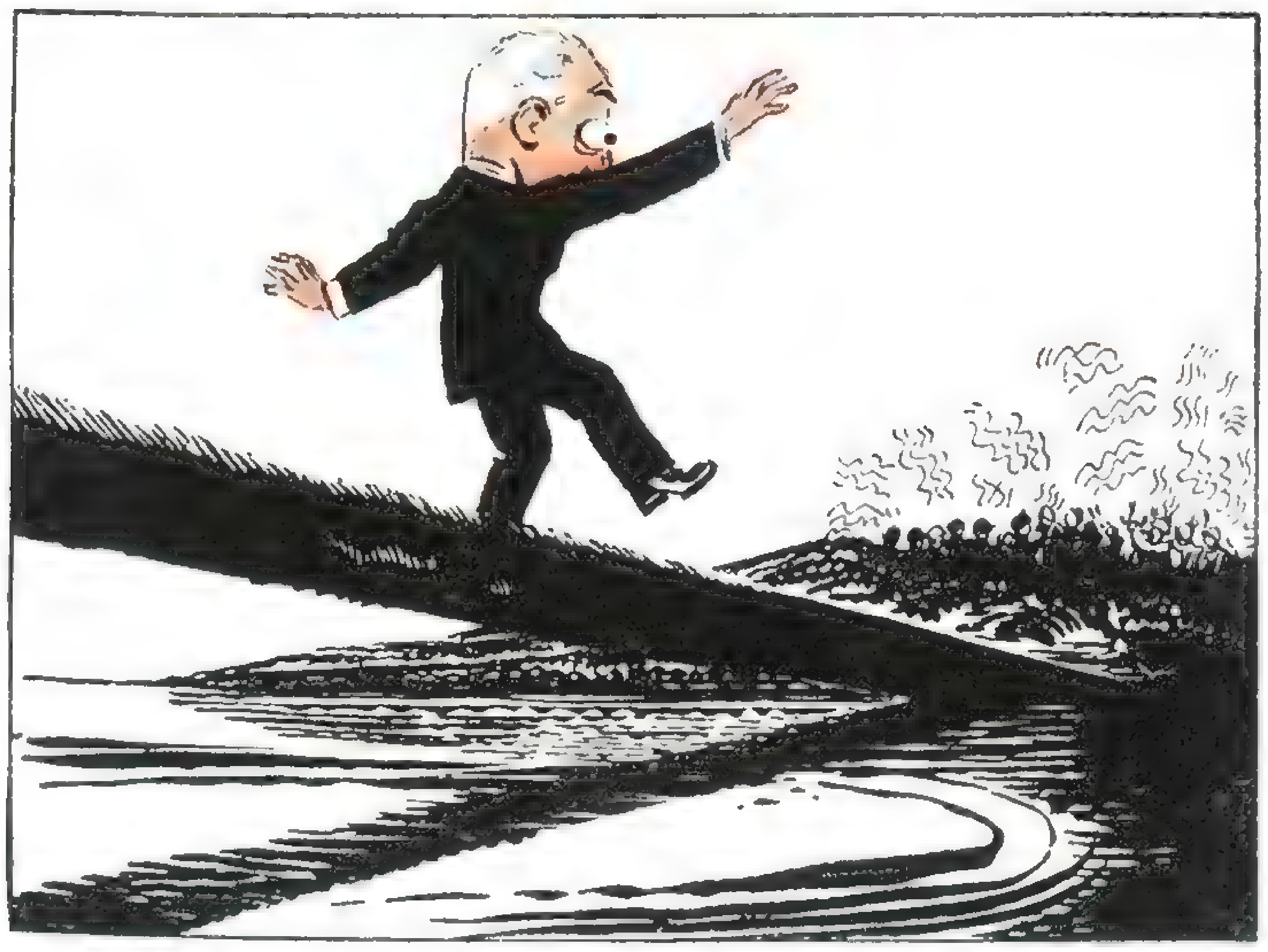
28 turn to Quality but for now it's hurry, hurry! So get out." Esky left, he heard the whistle of a train and around a bend he found a Ticket Booth. Esky asked for a ticket to Switzerland. "We don't sell tickets to places, we sell tickets to dates in the Future," the Ticketseller explained. "People who like the Present are rare. That Gentleman in the waiting room wants to see the Beveridge Plan in operation so I sold him a ticket for 1960. The Lady dislikes men but wants a baby, so I sold her a ticket for the



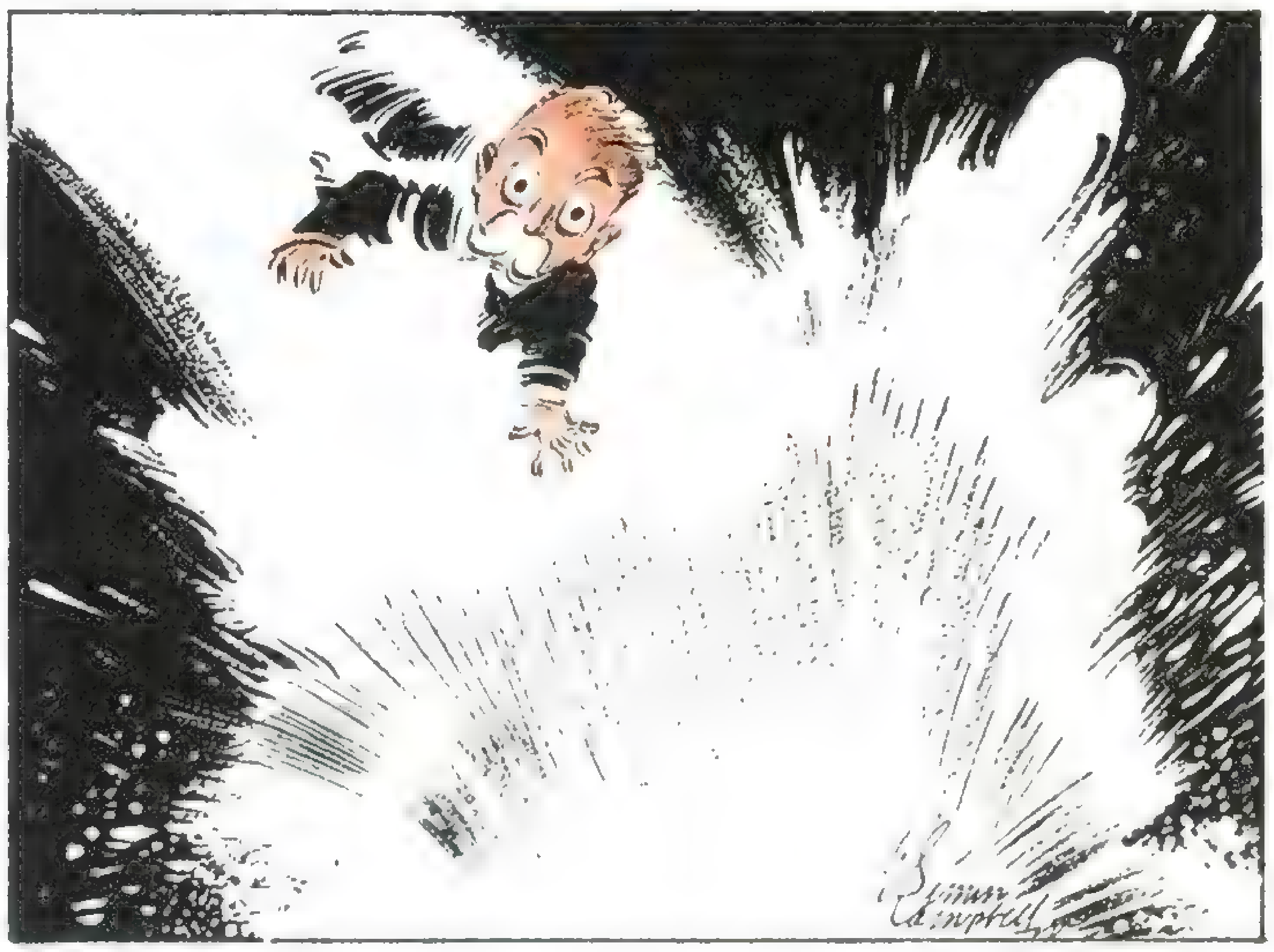
31 Libidos. Where they gather when they are not on Men's minds." Esky watched them play gracefully or loll indolently by a tinkling fountain. The sound of their mellow voices lured Esky toward them like a magnet but the Redhead grabbed and held him. The Libidos joined in a ballet while leaves rustled an accompaniment. "Why do so many look like Movie Stars?" asked Esky. "Oh they belong to Men who are too lazy to imagine their own Perfect Woman so they adopt the likeness of a Star and if



32 you'll look close, you'll see one Old Hag—the Libido of a Man who just don't give a damn." Esky saw a Mess drift by. "Come," said the Redhead, "if you don't get to Finneagan's Dell in time, I'll be attending Esky's Wake." And the three of them hurried to the amphitheater. The Western Postal Girl explained: "This contest is the result of an argument between Hollywood Bigshots as to which Studio has the Star with the Best Shape. Each has its Queen garbed in a bathing suit and all you do is pick



35 the Orange—Hollywood would be ruined!" At the height of the confusion fifty elephants ambled onto the field: "It's the McDill touch." Esky was giving his undivided attention to a neatly divided Blonde till it occurred to him that he could escape so he ran to the brook. He started across on a fallen log. But on the other bank was a camp of Fascist Soldiers eating spaghetti. They saw Esky who slipped and fell into the water. He was carried downstream toward the Giant Falls. "After him," yelled the



36 Fascist Leader, "he can't lick seventy of us." The soldiers got untangled from their spaghetti and took up the chase. Dashing his head against rocks set Esky to thinking: "This can't be a dream or I'd have better luck with the girls but the Goofin was right in predicting a Dizzy Day." So we leave him on *The Brink of the Falls . . . Do the Fascists get Esky??? Does he go over the Falls??? Does he have better luck with women??? See Chapter 5 of the Exploits of Esky* . . . in next month's issue . . .

Terror in the Newsreels

American clips of generals riding in jeeps are tame beside the realism and excitement of fighting Russia's films

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

Sitting in a movie house, looking at the shots from the official newsreels, is a terrifying experience; these pictures are made to be seen by those who will be drafted, by those unfit for service, by the relatives and friends of those shown in the action: and the effect is complex and exciting, as all approaches to reality must be.

But the approach is not always the same. It seems to me that you can learn a lot about the nature of the enemy and about the nature of our Allies by looking at the films; and a lot about ourselves. I think I have seen all of the great shots, most of the typical films, Russian, American, British, Chinese, and German; and I have been impressed by the differences between them, which unscientifically I call national differences; and by the one essential in them all, which is the presence of reality, the absence of the studio, the reassertion of the moving picture as the recorder of the *Fact.*

In the rather dreadful Winter of 1917, the British government released a documentary war picture on The Battle of the Somme; much discussion rose over one shot—ten or fifteen frames perhaps—in which the British went over the top and one man fell back, obviously dead. The question was: *Should the British government have shown a British soldier killed?*

With variations, that question still plagues all the governments, except maybe the German. To what degree shall our shots of actuality show the hardships of life, the casualties, the accidents, the enemy in action, our wounded, and so on? At what point does a glossy fake stop reassuring our people? At what point is the reality of war too much to show—especially to a mixed group, bent on entertainment? At what point should we stop satisfying the appetite for horror?

The Germans had no questions to answer, at first; and we don't see many German newsclips now. In the beginning they sent over *Baptism by Fire*, a tremendously well-cut series of shots indicating the invincibility of their arms. I recall the terrifying precision with which motorcycle troops debouched onto a meadow beside the road; and the smashing effect of fire and smoke and the whole earth rising to meet bombs dropped from the sky. This was celebration of victory; this was a threat.

For a long time, you may recall, all the still pictures of the war came to us from Germany; one would have thought that the British had never heard of the camera. There were some British films available shortly after the war began, but the newsreels were insipid; and, in fact, nothing worth remembering came out until the terrifying shot of Dunkirk which you have seen pasted into many fiction films. This was a shot of incomparable power and I believe it was made into a short special, with a little introductory padding. That any one, in the midst of Dunkirk, stood by his camera, and got back alive with the shots of the beach, seemed incredible; and the great shot in the clip, the vast complex varied action on the beach and in the sea and air, is truly unforgettable.

It has, also, one of the characteristics of British newsshots: they are well made. The cameramen aren't too tricky, but the shots sent over here, at least, are as good as if they had been made with ample time to set up angles; and with the shock of reality unrelieved. I recall a typical shot: a battery of anti-aircraft guns in action on a destroyer (maybe a battleship); this picture was made in the midst of an appalling attack by dive bombers and other aircraft; at moments the sky is full of the puffs of smoke, then the planes come screaming down, the water jerks into long spouts—and there is the battery, a dozen guns moving in unison, altering elevation, circling for the shot, and endlessly shuttling back and forth as the separate cannons fire, recoil, and fire again.

Compare with that an American naval shot. Our aircraft carriers have been the most disputed of weapons; but because they have gone down, after licking their weight in cruisers, destroyers, and other aircraft, we are sentimental about them. The best movies of these flat tops in action are those of a fire sweeping the landing deck while the enemy is attacking. It is an astounding picture of *men;* what the men do is unbelievable in this sense, that while you know the event happened, you see no reason for the way the men act; you do not hear the commands, you see only the remarkably energetic and unflinching reaction to disaster after the disaster, to bombs and fire and the hose bursting in two, and the heavy sea. The picture, you would say, was made by a man as desperately fighting for the safety of the ship as any one of the men and officers fighting their way along her deck.

But that picture, I am sorry to say, is not typical of American newsclips. It has actuality; if anything grim occurred, anything harsh and tragic, the shot was taken out, but at least it was a picture of action. An appalling lot of American shots are safe; the Army and Navy and Marines may have great stuff hidden away, but they are releasing men landing on the Solomons just at the moment the Japs weren't looking; they show men shaving and generals jeeping over bumpy roads and soldiers enjoying the sights in all parts of the world and men landing in Australia, but the actuality of battle they are saving for the archives. To be sure, a few clips of action and a few attempts to put over the horrors of war are available; maybe a sort of plan of propaganda might help, so that these would always be shown when someone decided that "the people" needed a needling. The trouble is that you can't give people hypodermics, or stimulants, unless you have the people with you. And by showing innocuous and rather uninteresting pictures week after week, the authorities are letting the people drift away.

Naturally one sees a lot of our own product and only the pick of the imported goods. So the Chinese pictures all seem full of pity and terror; the great single shot of the war is probably the baby crying alone in the desolation of a raid; and the Russian pictures all seem pre-1914 in quality of the stock, as if they had bought up all the raw stock available during the first World War and forgotten to use it; the pictures are rough and grainy; but the ancient Soviet training in making feature films out of people, not actors, has worked a miracle; for now the Russians are making newsreel shots which are as effective as our *Wake Island* and other fictions. We Americans have left the grimness and the grandeur of war to the studios, which is foolish; the Russians have brought the excitement and the melodrama of war into their newsreels.

This isn't accidental. If you remember the Red communiques when they were retreating, you will recall that no matter how vast the operation was, Corporal Simyon Stachnakoff or someone else was always mentioned for heroism; and even to this day the Soviet communiques refer to "killing 300 fascist Hitlerites." In both cases *they relate the war to people;* they say that their interest is in individuals; for a nation accused of regimentation, they are peculiarly sensitive to the private person (just as we are sensitive to the individual bomber or interceptor, giving them their names and nicknames and makers' names). The Russian films turned out the same way. A conspicuous clip brought a German, catapulted out of his tank, lying dead, gruesome, and suddenly giving you the effect of truth. And also truly

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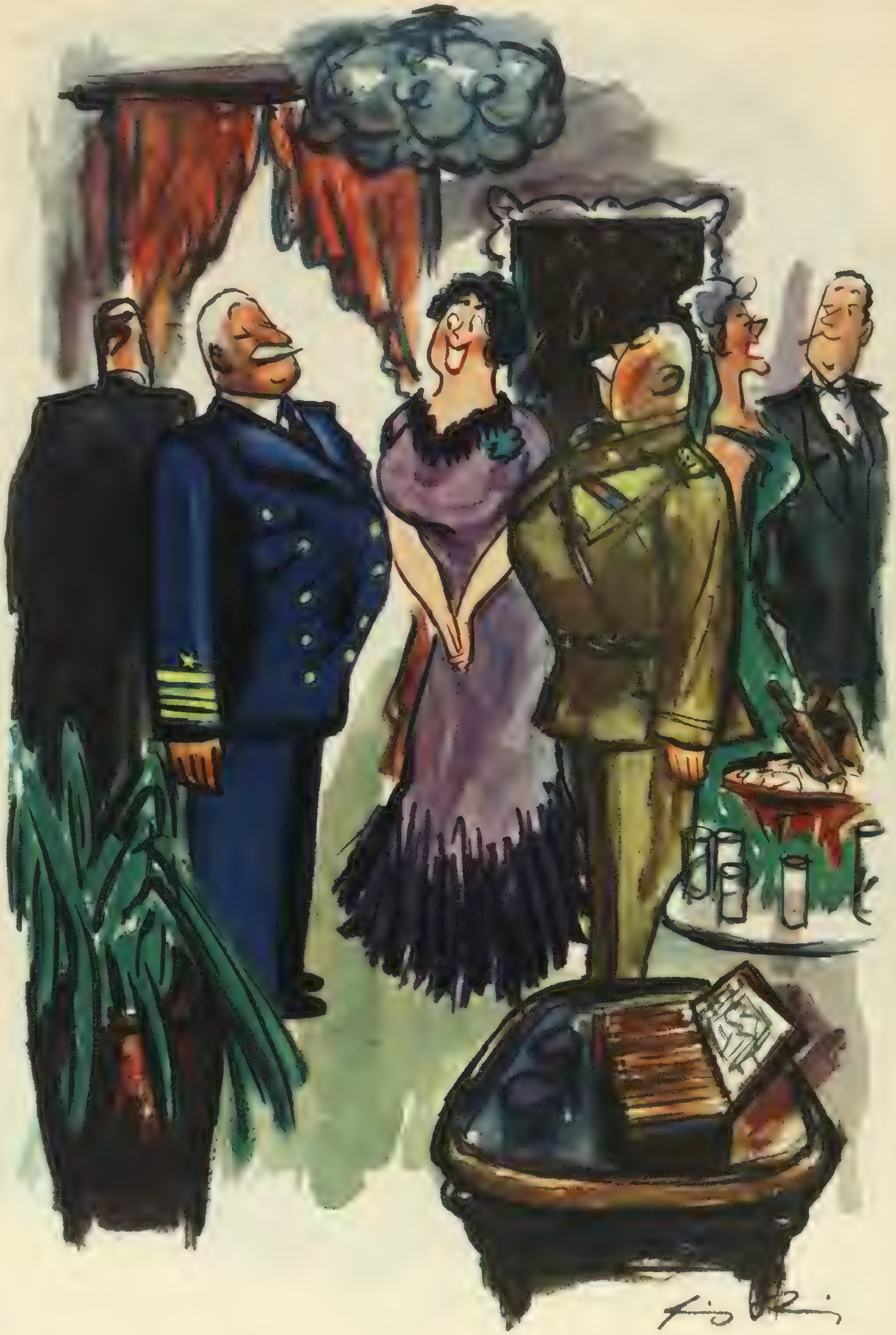
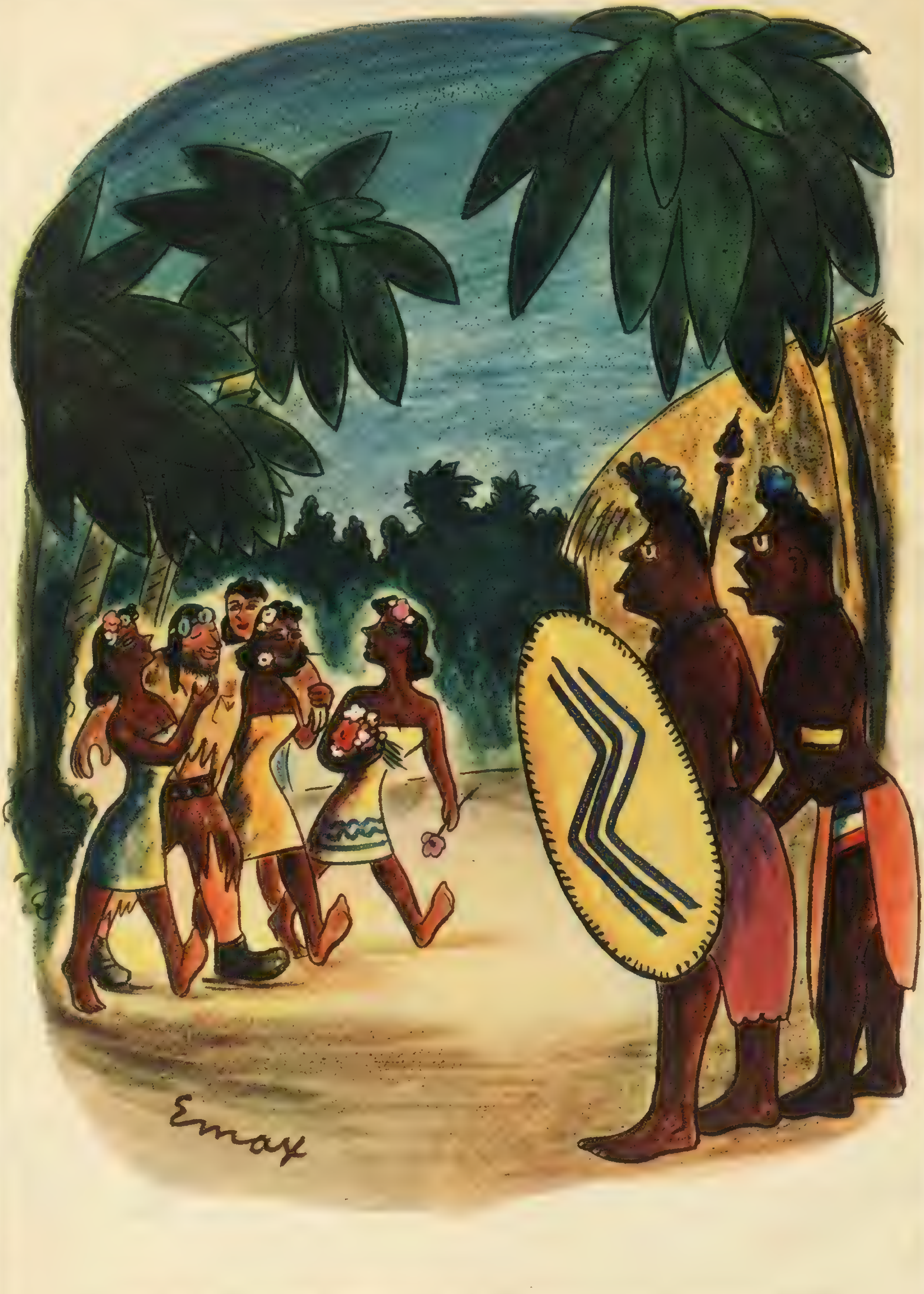
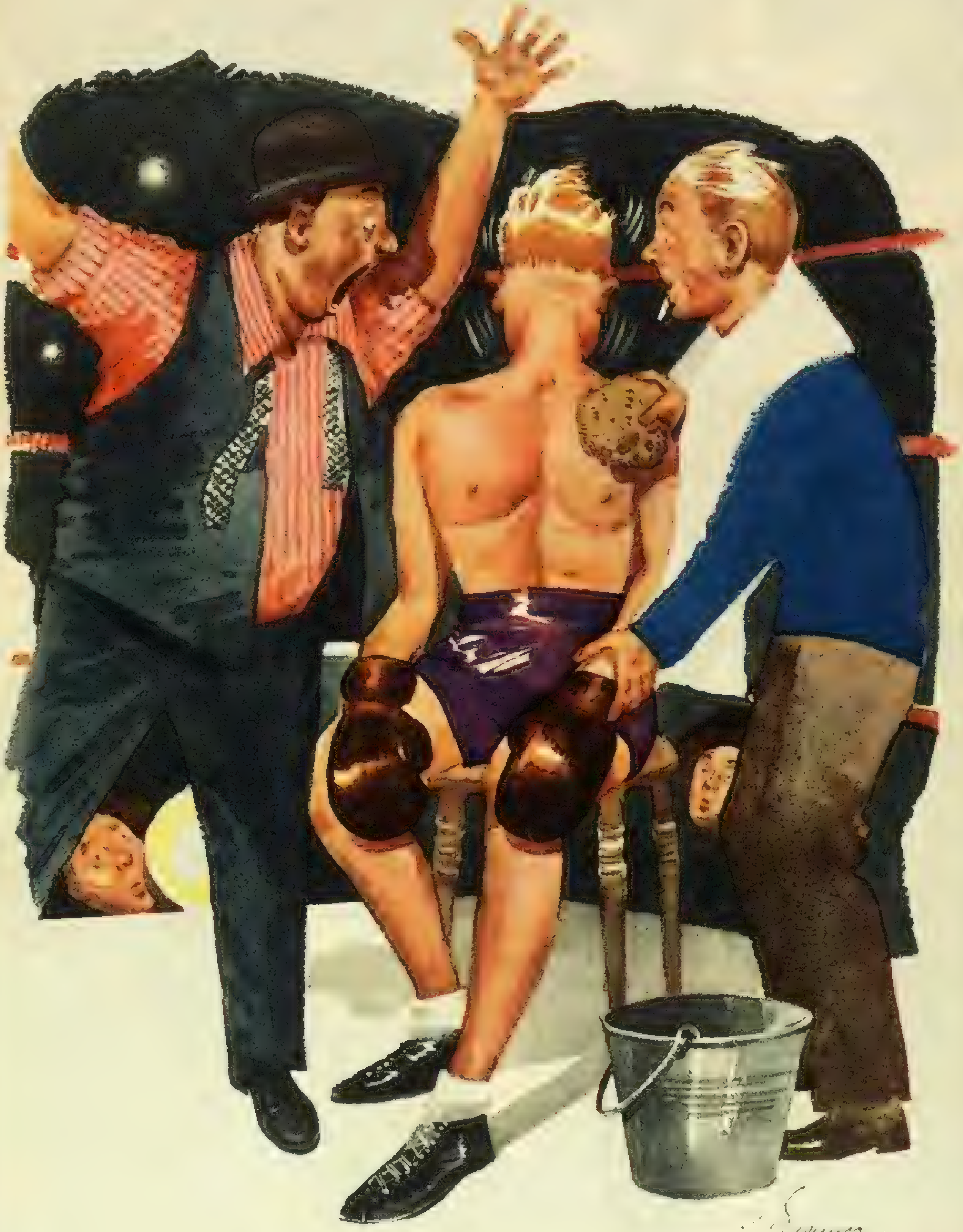
"We're late—everything will be picked over!"



"I feel very fortunate—I understand the government has been trying to bring you gentlemen together for years"



“Chief, we'd better rescue these birdmen ourselves from now on!”



"I kept telling him to stay away from that left!"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Critic's stream of consciousness while seeing *The Doughgirls, Something for the Boys, Dark Eyes* and *The Patriots*

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THEATRE

MAXIM GORKY wrote to Chekhov that, while at his plays, he thought "of many things . . . fundamental and important." Commenting, Nemirovich-Danchenko, long associated with the Moscow Art Theatre, observes that "this always happens when one meets with genuine art . . . in this is the strength and power of art." Very true. But since one meets with genuine art in the theatre very seldom these days, what is the nature of the many things one thinks of while in attendance upon the general run of exhibits?

At the latest Cole Porter-Fields musical comedy success, *Something for the Boys*, my mental processes functioned in part after this fashion. First, I mused, this show, which is thoroughly amusing in its first act and is surely pleasuring me with some good laughs, is going rather flat in its second act, and for a reason that the late George Lederer, that practiced showman, soundly argued. "A consistently handled plot is fine for a musical comedy up to about ten o'clock," he used to say; "soon after that, if you aren't careful to throw most of it right out of the window, you may run into boredom."

I dislike to admit it, said I to myself, but the critics themselves are responsible for much of this plot consistency business and when they get it, don't like it but nonetheless have to save their faces by pretending to. For years they argued that one of the troubles with musical comedy books was their tendency to go off thin tangents in their last acts and collapse. Giving heed to them, the bookmakers began to see to it that their plots pursued a reasonable course, and it was too late for the critics to withdraw. No one in his right mind wants a logically developed plot in a musical show. Its logic may be faintly suggested, but strictly to carry it through, at the expense of song, dance, funny cracks and lovely cuties, is a gratuitous kick in pleasure's seat of the pants. One goes to a musical gala to hear a story rapidly sketched in, employed as a skeleton on which to drape tunes, hoofing, comedians and attractive femininity, and gradually allowed to fade out gracefully in the accumulation of general excitement. The person who demands plot constance in a gay song and dance show is the kind of oaf who would demand credentials of a pretty girl.

Here, I further meditated, we have in this Bill Johnson, the romantic love interest, a god-sent relief from the usual music show male lead. This Bill, who looks like a cross between Maxie Baer and Toots Shor and comports himself much like those elegantos, may, for all I know, esteem himself privately as a lady-killer, but if he does so he is careful not to betray his secret feelings while he is on the stage. A big, smiling, easy-going, natural buck—and with a voice to boot—he certainly is a welcome change from the bepowdered, ogling dummies we commonly have to suffer.

Continued the un-Chekhovian ruminations: 1. Porter is improving; his lyrics in sum include only one reference to Mrs. Vanderbilt, and that one sufficiently saucy. 2. Ethel Merman is to the contemporary music show stage what Blanche Ring was to yesterday's. And she can pantomime an obbligato to a lyric better than any other woman singer hereabout. 3. There is a dark chorus girl up there on the stage who looks a lot like Frances Langford, which is looks for any girl. (It's too bad Dick Watts is in Ireland.) 4. I can't stand looking at female dancers with calf muscles the size of basketballs. 5. I am delighted to see a marching brass band again on the stage. It makes me think back to the kid delight of the same thing in John Philip Sousa's *El Capitan*. 6. That's a good humorous crack about a catty woman: "She flies the 4:45 broom out of Flatbush." It even makes one forgive the Flatbush. 7. The movies have ruined Allen Jenkins as a comedian; he isn't funny any more. 8. Although Paula Lawrence does her job very well, I am getting tired of deadpan comédiennes. 9. Also ballroom scenes, however beautiful. 10. The comedy song number, *Down on the Mississinewa*, which seems to be one of the show's big hits, is leaving me absolutely cold; in point of fact, it left me equally cold when I first heard it in one form or another in such shows of forty years ago as *The Strollers*. 11. However and nevertheless, that first act was a honey, so who am I to complain? The second parts of my own critical articles are also never so good as the first parts.

At *Dark Eyes*, the often hilarious comedy by Madames Miramova and Leontovich which deals with a trio of down and out Russian women who somehow find themselves spending a week-end on Long Island and contrive to get their wealthy host to put them back on their feet, what is left of my mentality, when I wasn't laughing fit to kill, operated thuswise:

1. This script which, I have been told, was originally lacking in sufficient humor, has been inspirited by outside hands with some mighty frisky situations and gags; why don't these outside hands get due credit? In the same way, why doesn't George Kaufman ever take credit for the gags and situations with which he improves others' directed by him? I like to know how to apportion credit with some exactness. How much, for instance, in *Arsenic and Old Lace* was to Joseph Kesselring's credit (he was put down as the sole author) and how much to the Messrs. Lindsay and Crouse, who are alleged to have tinkered it into the enormous success it is?

2. How does Jed Harris, now that he is back in the critical chips again, feel about his denunciations of the critics as a gang of know-nothings, and how can any such man plausibly reconcile himself back to self-esteem when the same know-nothings praise him? Shouldn't such praise, coming from men he has contempt for, logically make him feel that he is a failure? Yet it never in such cases apparently seems to. If a critic writes of one book of mine that it and I are a disgrace to the critical art and of the next, which is fundamentally much the same, that it is a first-class contribution to the same art, it isn't the critic that I conclude is necessarily an ass but maybe that I myself am. Yet here is Harris—to whom all praise, including my theoretically dumb own, for his admirable direction—going out and proudly buying himself a new hat.

3. Why do young actresses like this Anne Burr, who ordinarily behave in a more or less natural manner, generally, when they are cast in the roles of fashionable heiresses, comport themselves as if they had swallowed corsets and coincidentally experienced a temperature drop of twenty degrees? Similarly, why do juveniles like this Carl Gose so frequently confuse the antics of a 70-year-old Mistinguette with ebullient youth? Is it due to lax direction or do the performers in question run amuck on opening nights?

4. When will playwrights and producers begin to realize that, while the ejaculation of the term son-of-a-bitch may be funny once, its repetition, as in this exhibit, is not only not funny but amateurishly wearisome?

At Joseph Fields' *The Doughgirls*, another ribaldly amusing comedy—this one about three loose females set against a wartime Washington background—some of the reflections that bemused me when I wasn't chuckling with mirth were these: 1. The average movie actress who challenges the stage proves herself a pathetic dud, yet this Arleen Whelan is giving a highly competent performance in a role that might easily be wrecked. Maybe it is because she wasn't suited to the movies and wasn't any good in them. Since I seldom see movies, I don't know, but I usually find that the girls who are

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◄ BROADWAY FOR THE BOYS

The juke joint scene from *The Eve of St. Mark*

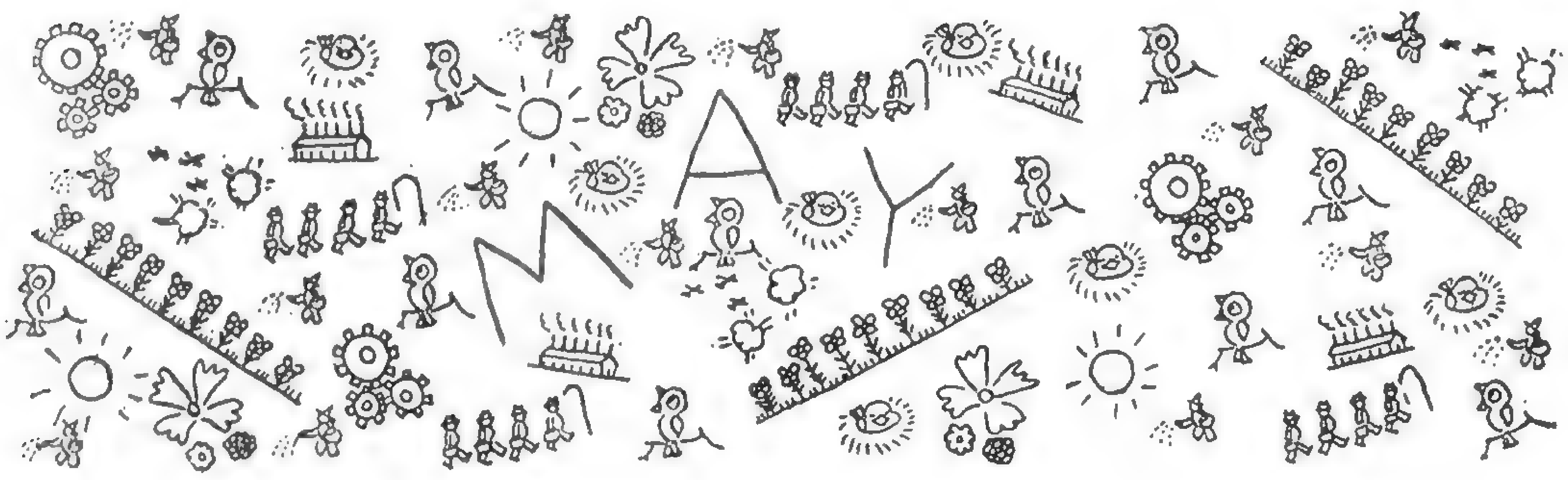
THESE soldiers have just come from a discussion of a hygiene lecture in which it was estimated that in the Army 20 per cent don't, 20 per cent do and 60 per cent might. They are Quizz West (played by William Prince) and Francis Marion (James Monks), and they have already made considerable progress with the Bird sisters, Lill (Joann Dolan) and Sal (Toni Favor), perched on Quizz' lap.

Lill tells how dull it was in town before the Army moved in but hints there can be too much of a good thing. "This is practically inflation, what we've got now," she complains. One thing leads to another, and another leads straight back to barracks when Quizz decides he belongs to the first 20 per cent. "I have a hell of a hankering," says Marion. "But you're the strong, solid man, and you bear the purse. I bow to your judgment and follow."

But all is not anti-climax in Maxwell Anderson's ruthless blow-by-blow account of Army life. Quizz and his buddies exchange their training camp for a little lost rock in the Philippines, where they make a stand that is as glorious as any in the literature of the stage.

JON ABBOT PHOTOGRAPH

Ad Libbing With Esquire



Why wouldn't it be a good idea for the government to print "Buy Victory Bonds" right on our five and ten dollar bills?

The lady next door says: "I don't think the shoe rationing is so stringent—why, with my husband's coupons and my own I'll get along very well on six pairs of shoes a year.

The Italians don't listen to radio news any more—they can see they are losing by looking out thenearest window.

Mother's Piano

My Father always got a big kick out of surprising my Mother with gifts. I don't think he ever brought her anything that she didn't like.

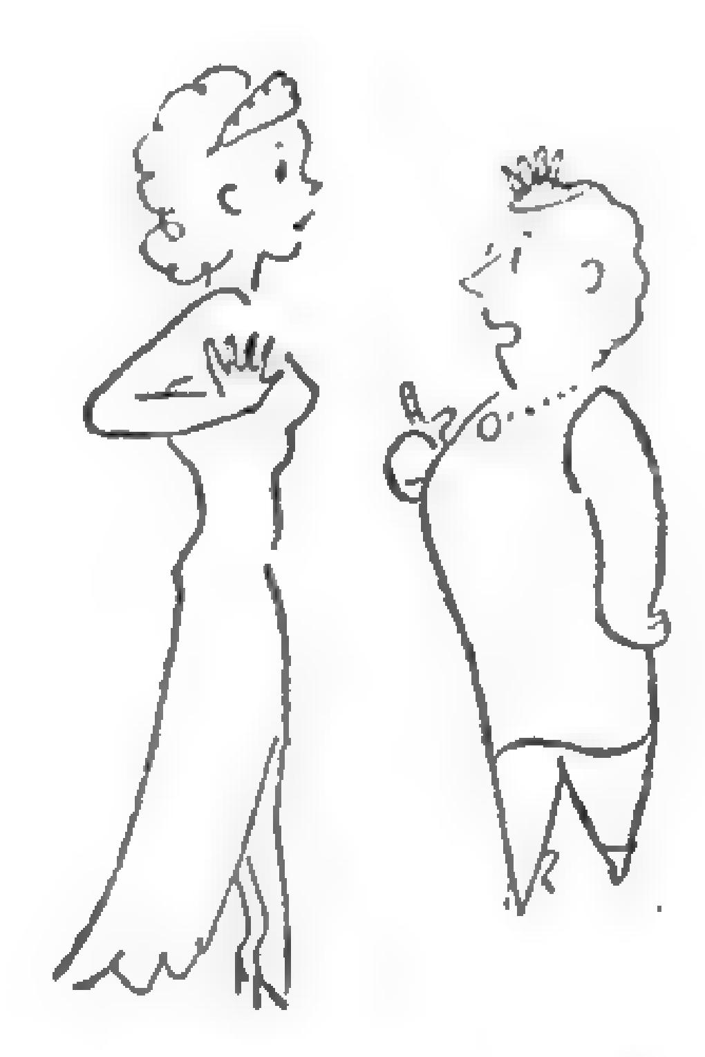
He would bring home drapes, dresses and even hats and she thought they were wonderful. But I think the biggest surprise of all was the time he bought her the piano.

He schemed and figured until he bought her the most beautiful piano in town. It was a beautiful rosewood affair with a piano stool to match. Then he decided that he would like for her to come home and find it setting in the parlor. So he set the delivery date for a day when my Mother would be at Ladies Aid.

Soon after noon the piano movers and the piano arrived; then they were stumped with a problem—the piano absolutely would not go in either our front door or our back door. But my Father wasn't stumped; he told the men to remove the bay windows from the front of the house and put the piano in that way.

The windows were removed, frame and all. The work went forward and the piano was in place before my Mother got home and she was so happy she cried.

The men got the windows back in the house the same night.



"Now don't duck when you leave the church—we only have a handful of rice apiece"

A friend of ours predicts that after the War the jeep fad will sweep America—he thinks that we will go nuts over the tiny cars that are doing so well where the going is tough.

When better Women are made, Men will make them.

A Tribute to a Terrible Voice

So you think you have bad neighbors? You haven't put up with anything until you live in the next apartment to Madame Bellows, the well known broken down soprano.

Wood street is made hellish when that babe gets out her operatic range and starts cooking. She has made more rats move than the Pied Piper.

Very few notes are worse than her low ones, but her high ones manage to be.

She has enough timbre in her voice to make a Victory ship and the resonance keeps them bouncing until you hear each note seven times.

If she lived two blocks closer to the stockyards the hogs would not be able to resist her call.

She practices the sliding scale with more slips than a greasy trombone and her octaves are much too far apart.

When she gets into her upper register the tomcats hang their heads in shame.

After she polishes off the arias, the toreador in Carmen would rather fight her than the bull.

Her neighbors pray for dark damp days that may give her laryngitis and cold waves that make her keep her windows closed.

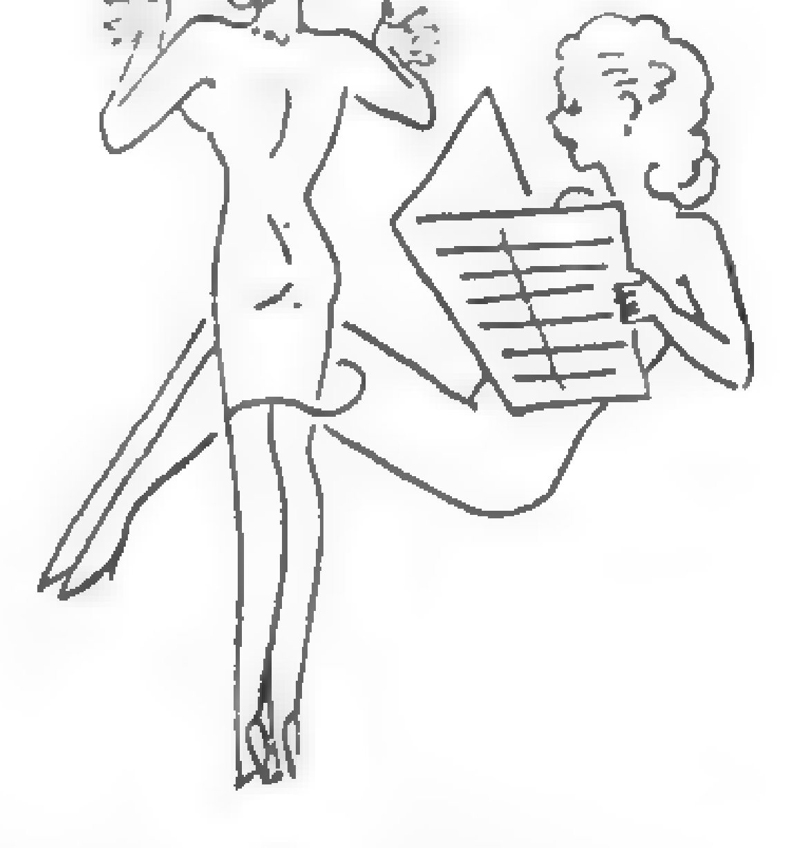
They shouldn't be too hard on her—she has done the neighborhood's morals a lot of good—the people are much better behaved now that they've had a taste of what Hell can be like.

. . . the end . . .

Many a Man who used to escape to the office now finds himself surrounded by women there.

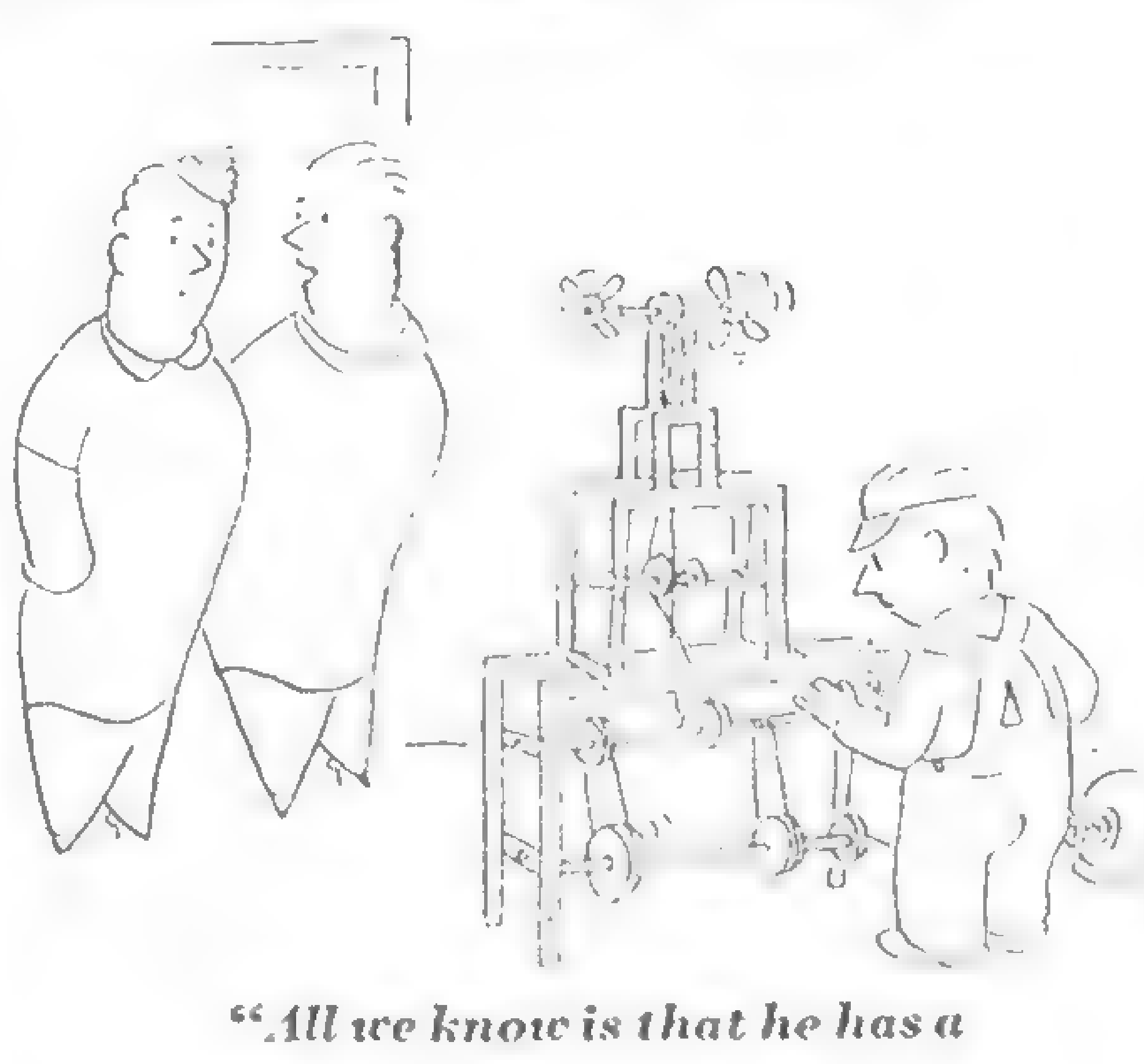
"Whatever became of your brother—the one that stuttered, wheezed and whistled when he talked?"

"Oh, he's a big success now—he's making a fortune giving those one-minute commercials in radio."

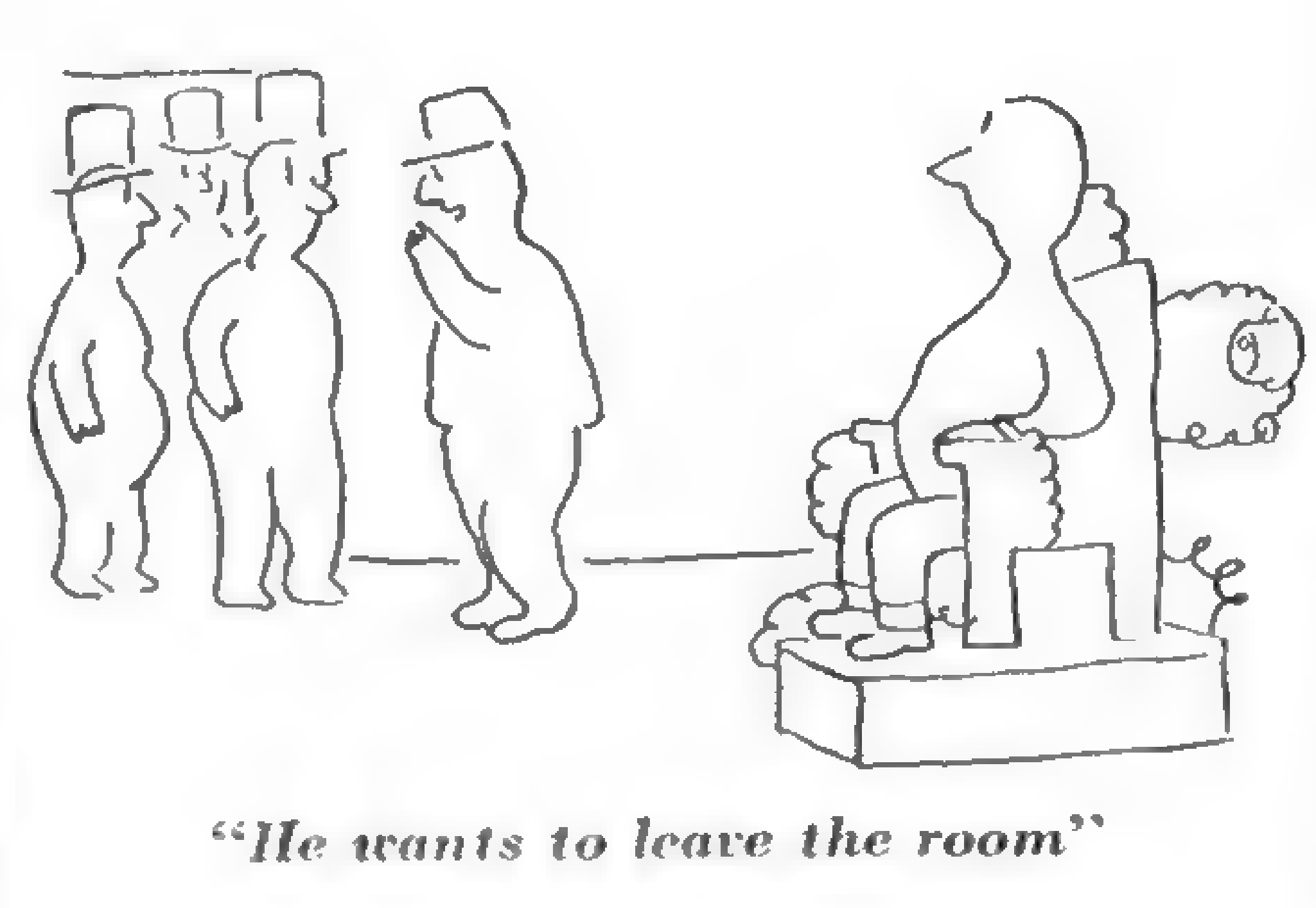


"It will be easy for me to pretend that beans are beefsteak—I've been pretending for years my husband is Charles Boyer"

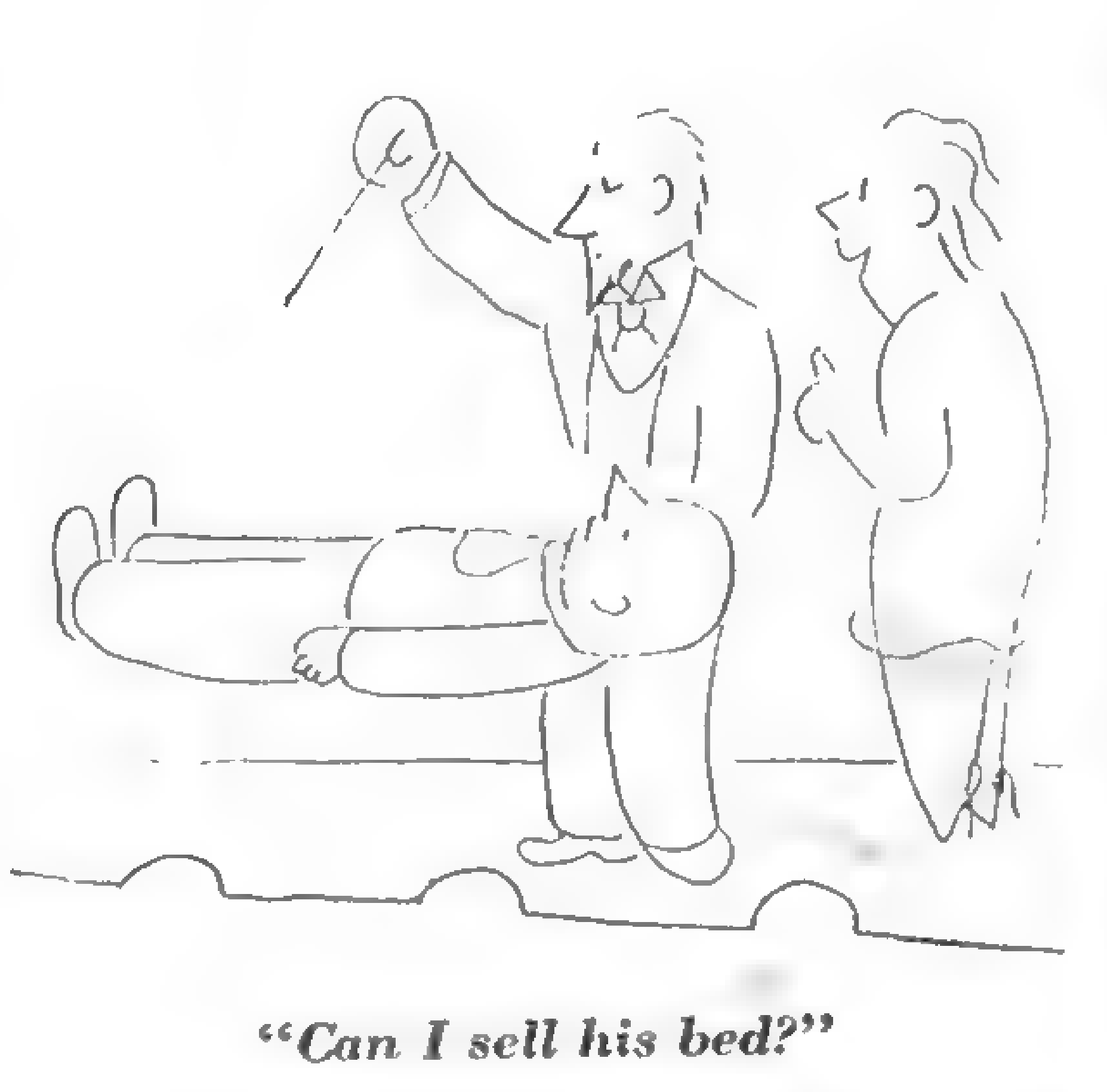
We got a letter from a girl in Maine that we like to show around. She wrote that our cartoons in Ad Lib are just the right size to paste in letters to soldiers. She also pasted some on her V-Mail and we are waiting to hear if Ad Lib got to the boys overseas via microfilm.



"All we know is that he has a Government Contract"



"He wants to leave the room"



"Can I sell his bed?"

THE TALE OF A TAIL

The man was obviously nuts, but it was the only seat on the bus, and it is a hell of a long way from Chicago to St. Louis, so I sat down. No sooner had I seated myself than he started to talk.

"Well," said he, "I got my final papers today."

"What papers?" I asked.

"My divorce papers . . . the Judge made a little speech when he gave them to me. He said it was the strangest case that had come before him. Made me kind of proud."

"What made him say that?"

"I imagine on account of my grounds. I imagine I'm the only man in America that ever divorced a woman because she did not have a tail; a real long tail, as long as a spider monkey has—that's what I first thought she was when I saw her in Brazil.

"What a country that is—but hard to develop. I never could develop the wife I got there. I was looking for rubber trees for the P.W. and when I got to the headwaters of the Amazon I started looking around for trees. And in one of them my wife was swinging by her tail with a gang of spider monkeys. I coaxed her down to the ground with a hair ribbon from the dime store. I was tickled pink at catching her because I figured she would be the side show attraction of the age. And she could've been too, but . . .

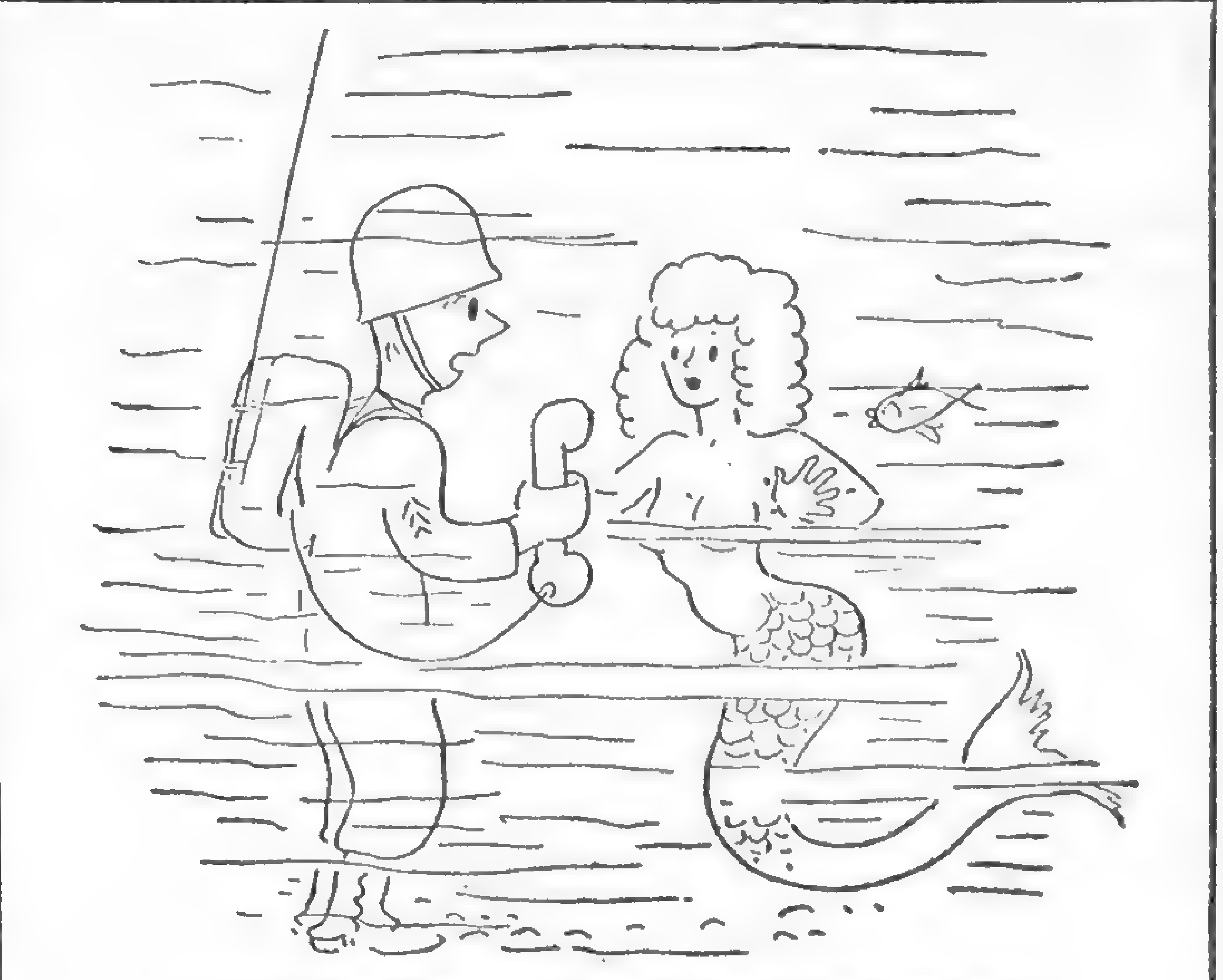
"Well, I knew I'd have trouble getting her into the U. S. so to make it easier, I married her. When we got to civilization I bought her some clothes, and she looked good in them too. I'll have to admit there are lots worse looking women walking the streets. Of course there was a little bulge in the back where she carried her tail, but not much.

"When we got back to Chicago I got busy rushing around to circuses and side shows. I finally made a swell deal with an advance of two hundred dollars. I rushed home to tell Betty the good news, but the minute I entered the house I saw something was wrong. Her dress didn't bulge in the back. Little by little, with shamed face and downcast eyes she told me she wanted to be like other women, and had gone out that afternoon, bought a meat axe and chopped her tail off . . . so of course I left her."

"Why?"

"Because I never could abide ordinary women. I'm on my way to Peru now to look at a two-headed woman."

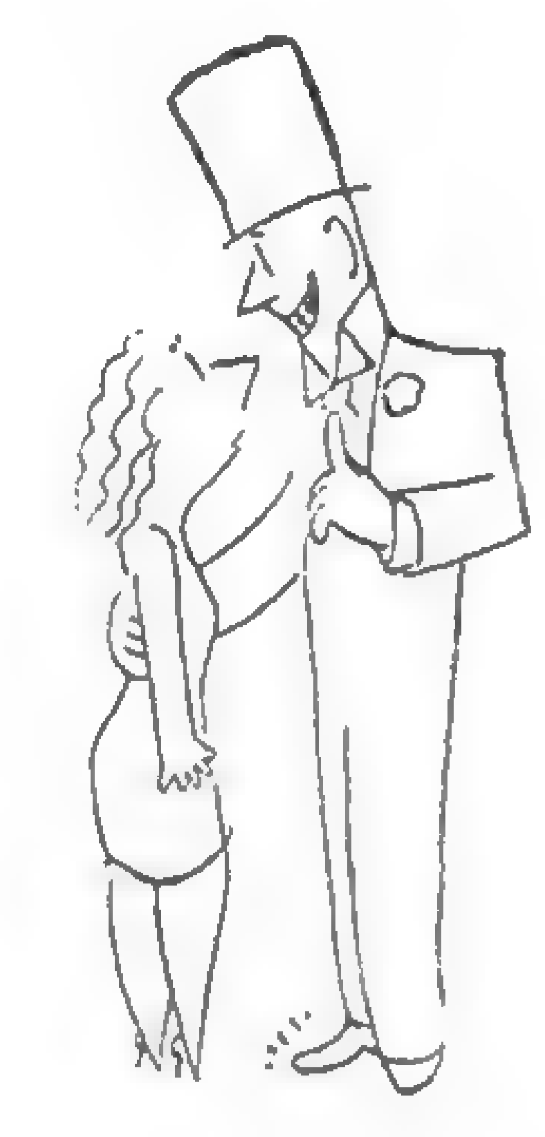
It was dark outside and began to rain—just like a Hemingway novel.



"Say something—the Captain won't believe me"

We were surprised to learn that Varga completes all his drawings as beautiful nudes and then adds clothes.

Captain Bill Lazarus of the Air Corps used to be Editor of a College Magazine and he writes: To tell the difference between a man and a woman is simple—a man wears shorts under his pants and a woman wears pants under her shorts.



"Come up to my apartment and see my Porterhouse Steaks"

FRIENDSHIP ON WHEELS . . .

It was a happy day for both of them when Gus Foreski, the streetcar conductor, and Raymond Dud, the streetcar motorman, were placed together as a crew on the Grand Ave. run. They had one big thing in common—they both hated people and hated to carry them on their car.

Many are the happy moments they spent at work not carrying passengers. They cooperated perfectly. Raymond would watch a car stop at an intersection, discharge customers; then he would speed away leaving them to walk or wait a half hour for another car. Gus held up his end too. His favorite trick was to see a man running for the car and wait till he had almost reached it, then Gus would give the full speed ahead signal and the car would dash away. Holiday time was great fun too, because then they not only left people, but people loaded with bundles. Then was the time to tear through the stops and leave passengers waiting. It was easy to tell the investigator (when the people reported them) that they were behind schedule.

But the greatest fun of all was a rain and sleet storm. What fun that was to leave people standing drenched in the rain and tear past them, leaving them high and wet on a safety island. This was such fun that when the rainy season came, Gus and Raymond always asked for night work because it was most fun of all to leave people standing in the rain with the pleasant thought that there wouldn't be another car for an hour.

Gus and Raymond have an ambition that is not easy to realize. It is to complete an entire run from one end of the line to the other without carrying a passenger. Gus says if they ever do that he'll quit the streetcar business happy. But Raymond says he don't think they'll ever quit because then what would he do for fun? And Gus can't think of an answer.

. . . the end . . .

A BLACKOUT TO BE PLAYED IN A BLACKOUT

SCENE: The bedroom of a famous Burlesk Comedian who is now cleaning up with cleaned-up jokes in Radio. The Wife of the comedian is seated in front of her mirror in something lacy. A man enters . . . the wife speaks . . .

"Pierre, my love."

"Amy, my darling."

KNOCK! At the door.

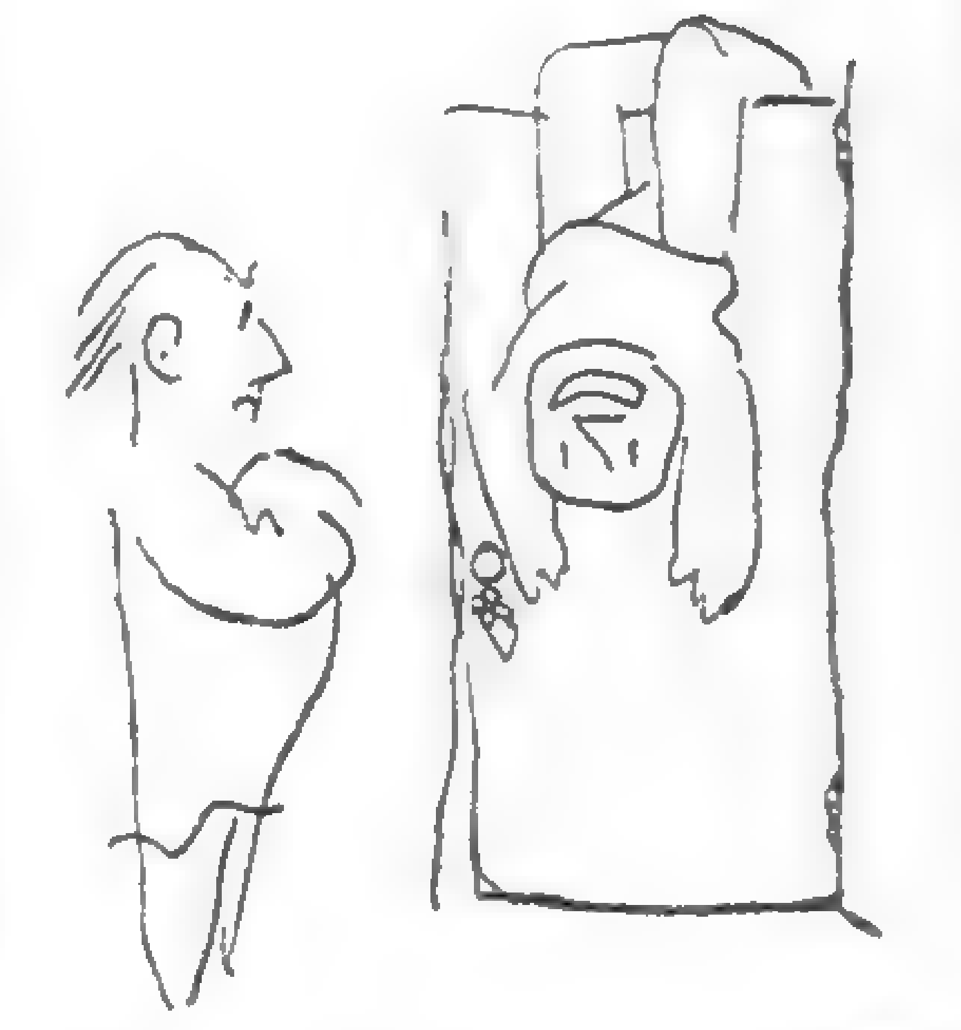
"Quick Pierre, you must hide—get under the bed."

Pierre hides under the bed as the husband enters. The comedian takes in the situation at a glance and hollers at the top of his voice: "Stop—stop everything—I must be the one under the bed."

His wife is astounded: "But hubby, you are the husband, and Pierre is the lover—your place is at the door and his place is under the bed."

"I'm not interested in place, or in how it looks. I'm a comedian. I've played this scene a thousand times and I know the FELLOW UNDER THE BED GETS ALL THE LAUGHS."

Soldier version: Oh, what is so rare as a day with June.

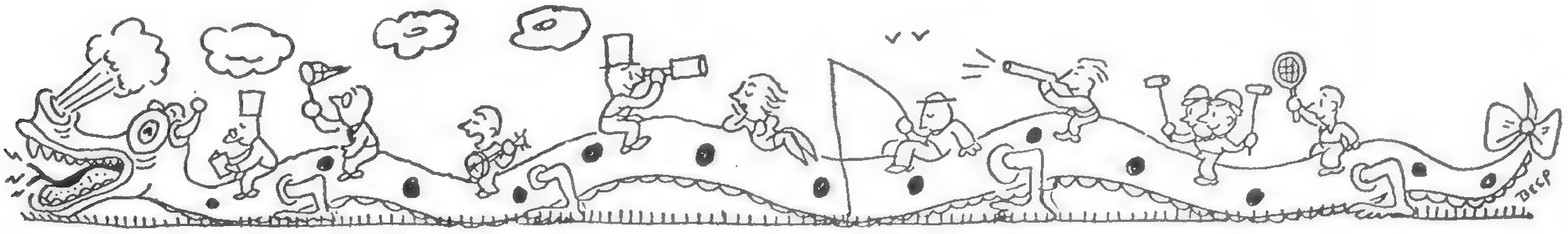


"You can't divorce me—I'll pretend to be crazy"

Rosebud calls her boy friend Russian because he's much more dangerous than he looks.

We recently sent a box of clothes parcel post to a country cousin. The corner druggist had stamps but no scales, so we set the box on the penny weighing-and-fortune-telling machine. We dropped our penny—the weight was ten pounds—and the fortune was remarkable. It seems the box is going to marry a blonde, have four children and should choose its friends from people born in August.

A woman is an animal that wears a fur coat to be warm and leaves it unbuttoned to be stylish.



Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

About Chicago's reversible river and Bathhouse John, Saroyan's *The Human Comedy* and the strange love of Swift

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

• BOOKS •

Chicago! If ever there were a great city created (created, not constructed) by human will, it is Chicago. We often speak of the U.S.A. as a young country; and it is young compared to Italy or Great Britain, not to mention Mexico and Peru. Yet, we don't regard Boston, Jamestown, and St. Augustine as very recent. But Chicago, now the second city in North America, was, a century ago, not much more than a collection of shacks on a swamp; whereas the neighboring town of Detroit was well over a hundred years old. To find a good description of the creation of Chicago, we should have to quote Milton:

> Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
> Rose like an exhalation.

In the twentieth century, the world is steadily becoming more *conscious* of the greatness of Chicago. *Within the last month*, three books have appeared, all of which in matter and manner deserve reading. Harry Hansen, the distinguished literary critic, was asked to contribute to that remarkable series, *The Rivers of America*. For this series Farrar and Rinehart have just been awarded by the Publishers Weekly a decoration for producing the "outstanding example" of good publishing during the year 1942. Mr. Hansen chose as *his* river The Chicago. It does not compare in size with the Missouri or the Mississippi, but in its history, in the miracles that have happened along its shores, it is one of the wonders of the world. Mr. Hansen has written an admirable book; the first part, called Gateway to the Pacific, names its first chapter "Baffling, Erratic, Reversible River." Reversible is the word: I can remember when the river was turned around and made to flow in the opposite direction; I spent fifty summers on the shore of Lake Huron, and we blamed that reverse English for the lowering of the lake. Another miracle: the old expression, "he won't set the North River on fire," won't apply to the Chicago River; somebody did set it on fire and it burned merrily. Mr. Hansen gives its early history and finally takes us for a walk on Wacker Drive till we see the mighty jaws of the opening bridge. He is accurate in describing the World's Fair of 1893 as "a cultural stimulant of the first order." My readers old enough to remember that Fair will agree with me that for sheer beauty it has never been equalled. The Court of Honor at night, with 100,000 people sitting outdoors in a silence more thrilling than sound, I shall never forget. Fifty years ago it was; and more vivid in my mind than anything at the Century of Progress.

Another new book is by our able American novelist, Ernest Poole, and is called *Giants Gone: Men Who Made Chicago*. This, like Mr. Hansen's book, should interest all Americans. Mr. Poole was born in Chicago and is glad of it. His Giants are those colossal figures that have existed only in the U.S.A., and could not have appeared anywhere else. They are Gurdon Hubbard, William Ogden, Long John Wentworth, the Medill family, the men in the convention that nominated Lincoln, and Pinkerton, Cyrus McCormick, Potter Palmer, Marshall Field, Philip Armour, Carter Harrison, Daniel Burnham, George Pullman, Jane Addams, Theodore Thomas, Dr. Frank Billings, and President W. R. Harper. This book is not only well written, it is filled with original material—facts and anecdotes from Mr. Poole's personal knowledge and from conversations with men who knew intimately some of the Giants. It is a contribution to American history. He is correct in including Dr. Harper among the Giants—for no other man could have created the University of Chicago. Dr. Harper took his B.A. at the age of fourteen, his Ph.D. at nineteen, and was married the same year. I became intimately acquainted with him during his years at Yale, and I well remember how he went from college to college taking away some of their greatest scholars. My first view of the University was from the top of the Ferris Wheel in 1893; and when I reached the ground and walked over to the Quadrangle, there was the President, filled as always with enthusiasm. Among the great men in education, he is one of the immortals.

The third book deals with men equally prominent, though in a different way. This is by Lloyd Wendt and Herman Kogan, and is called *Lords of the Levee*, with the secondary title, *The Story of Bathhouse John and Hinky Dink*. To a reader in any British city this story would appear fantastic; for whatever advantages the U.S.A. may have over Great Britain in certain ways, Europe is superior in municipal government. In our large cities, corruption is often taken as naturally as bad weather. This book, without being overwritten and without striving for effect, is as thrilling as a romance of murder. It has a grim humor all its own; but it is to be hoped that sometime in the future such city histories as this will seem as obsolete as Negro slavery. I only wish my Yale classmate, the late Billy Kent, were alive to read this book; for many years he fought among the reformers in Chicago, before he finally retired to his native state, California, and entered Congress. He used to tell me stories of Chicago that make me feel sure that *Lords of the Levee* is not fiction, but history.

Writers should be told not only to beware of slogans, clichés, and repetitions, but of words that happen to be in the fashion—"pools" for female eyes, for example. Mrs. Harrison of Milton, Mass., tells me that during two or three months reading in 1942, she found the word "slithering" 240 times.

I salute the President of Smith College, Doctor Herbert Davis, for his little book, *Stella—A Gentlewoman of the Eighteenth Century*. Incidentally, Dr. Davis has been successful in a difficult undertaking—becoming President of Smith immediately after Dr. Neilson. Smith undergraduates and graduates had the reverential passion for President Neilson that Southerners have for Robert E. Lee; no one knew that better than Dr. Davis, but he has tact, wisdom, and humor. Now he adds to the vast literature on Swift, a discussion of one of the most mysterious of all romances, the relation between Swift and Stella. There is no doubt they loved each other; it is almost certain—but not yet absolutely proved—that they were married. But they never saw each other except in the presence of a third person. Browning, like most lovers, objected even to the *memory* of a third person. He said,

> "If two lives join, there is oft
> a scar,
> They are one and one, with a
> shadowy third."

There was nothing shadowy about Mrs. Dingley, who was *persona grata* to both. Well, Dr. Davis combines research scholarship with common sense, sympathy, and understanding. Some scholars read love-letters as if they were statistics. Perhaps the happiest comment in Dr. Davis's book comes at the very end. Swift had arrived at Chester to take ship for Dublin and there he received a letter from Stella that pleased him so much he added a P.S. to the note he was sending her: "When I read that passage upon Chester walls, . . . I said aloud—Agreeable B—tch." Dr. Davis's comment on these two words is, "they sum up so delightfully, so absurdly and with such tenderness the complete understanding that held them together . . . The phrase is to me a perfect blend of the tones I have been trying to distinguish and to consider separately. 'Agreeable Bitch.' . . . no words could have been more like Jonathan

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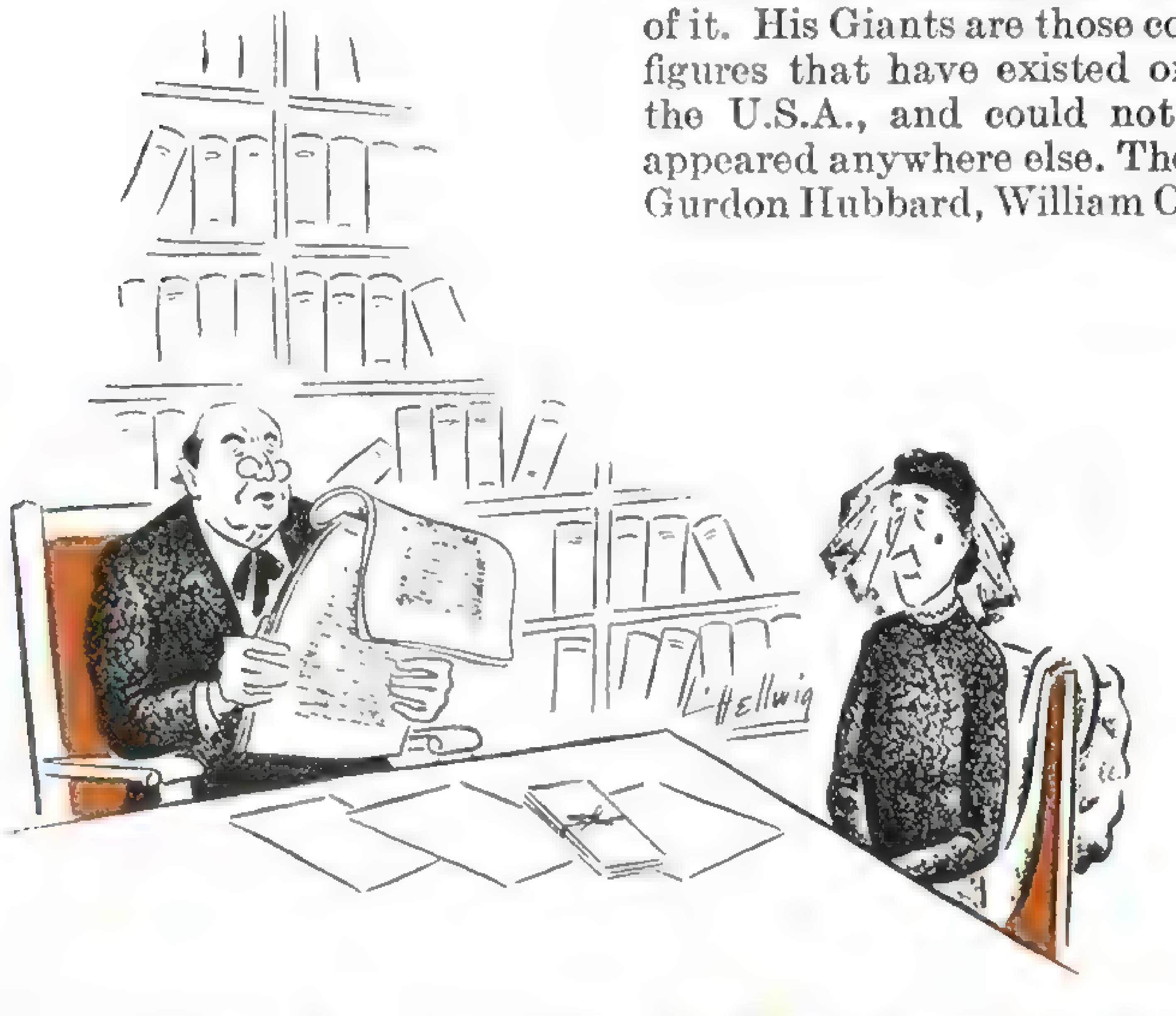

"—and to my sister, Amanda, the Riverside estate, the Rembrandts, and the four cans of baked beans"

First in the Service

WITH MEN IN THE ARMY, NAVY, THE MARINE CORPS, AND THE COAST GUARD, THE FAVORITE CIGARETTE IS CAMEL. (BASED ON ACTUAL SALES RECORDS IN POST EXCHANGES AND CANTEENS)

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THEY call 'em "cloud hoppers"—these keen, alert glider pilots of the Army Air Force. Like so many Americans, they're learning an entirely new job—and proving they've got what it takes.

It's the same all along the line—on the home front, too, millions are proving that good old American "know how" just can't be beat! And that goes for cigarettes, too. For when you take costlier tobaccos and that priceless "know how" of blending that produce a slow-burning cigarette, you've got *the* cigarette for steady smoking pleasure... Camels.

Try Camels yourself—you'll find they give you smoking pleasure that *holds up*.

MEET THE GLIDER PILOT

His insignia is the airman's wings with the letter "G." His cigarette? This pilot at the right gives you an idea why men in *all* the services prefer Camels. Get a package of Camels and see if they don't suit *you* to a "T."

FOR EXTRA **MILDNESS** AND RICH **FLAVOR**, CAMELS HAVE WHAT IT TAKES! THEY SUIT ME TO A 'T'

CAMELS

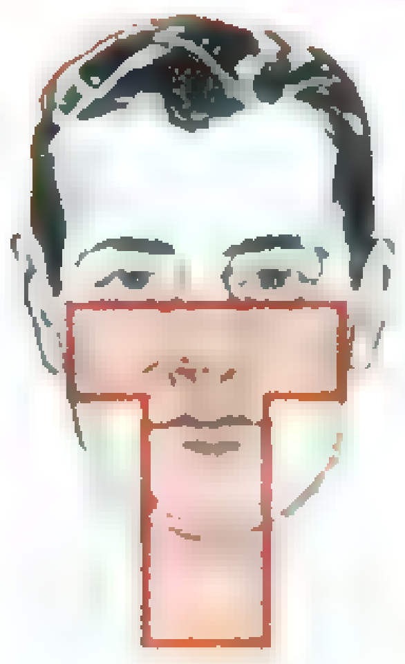
CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

I WANT A CIGARETTE THAT'S EASY ON MY **THROAT** AND HAS LOTS OF **FLAVOR**—AND THAT'S CAMEL. THEY'RE GRAND!

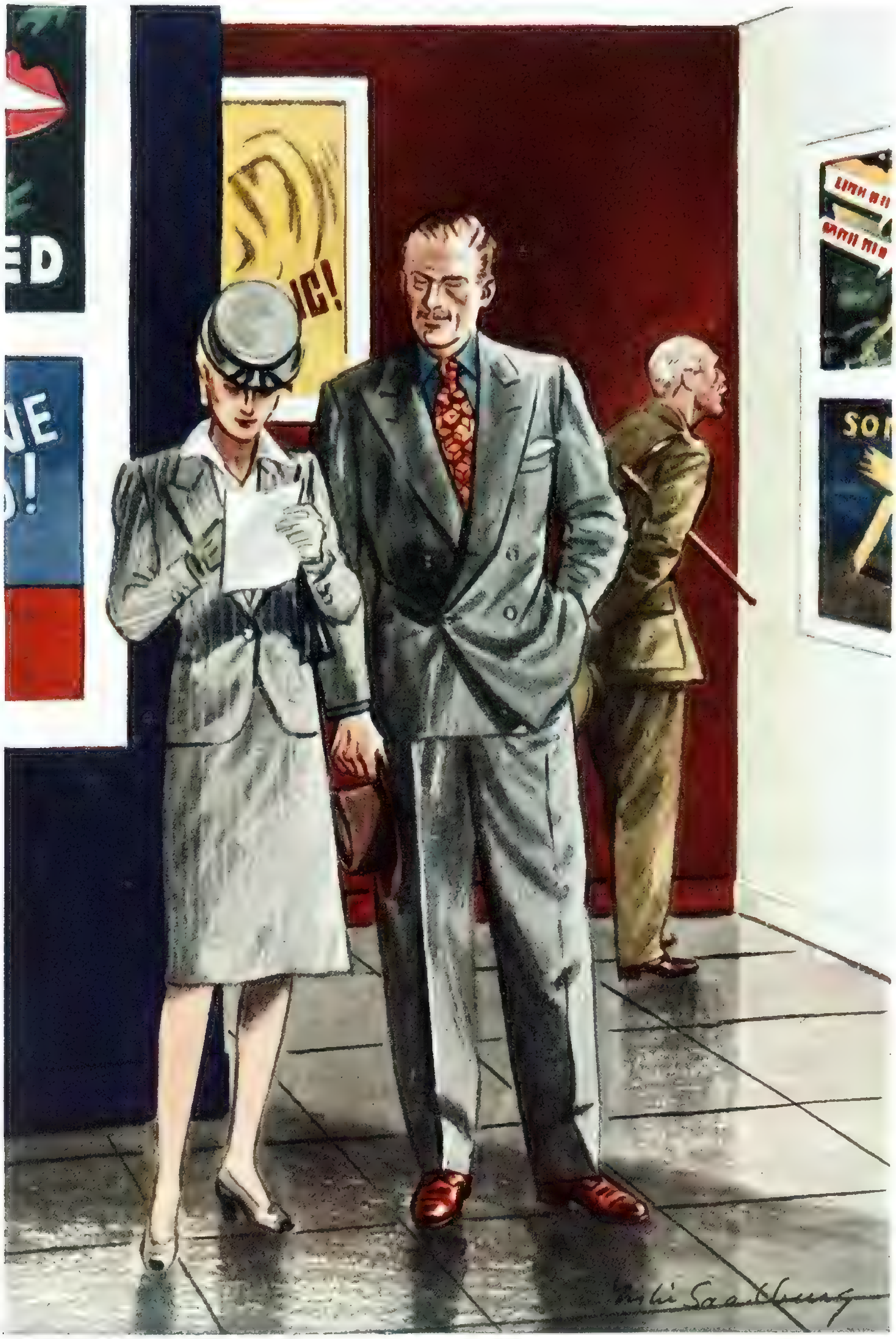
CHARLOTTE GILLAM, General Aircraft Corp. inspector, agrees with men in the service—Camels are her favorite, too. "From first puff to last, Camels are swell!" she says.

BUY WAR BONDS & STAMPS



The "T-Zone" —where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!



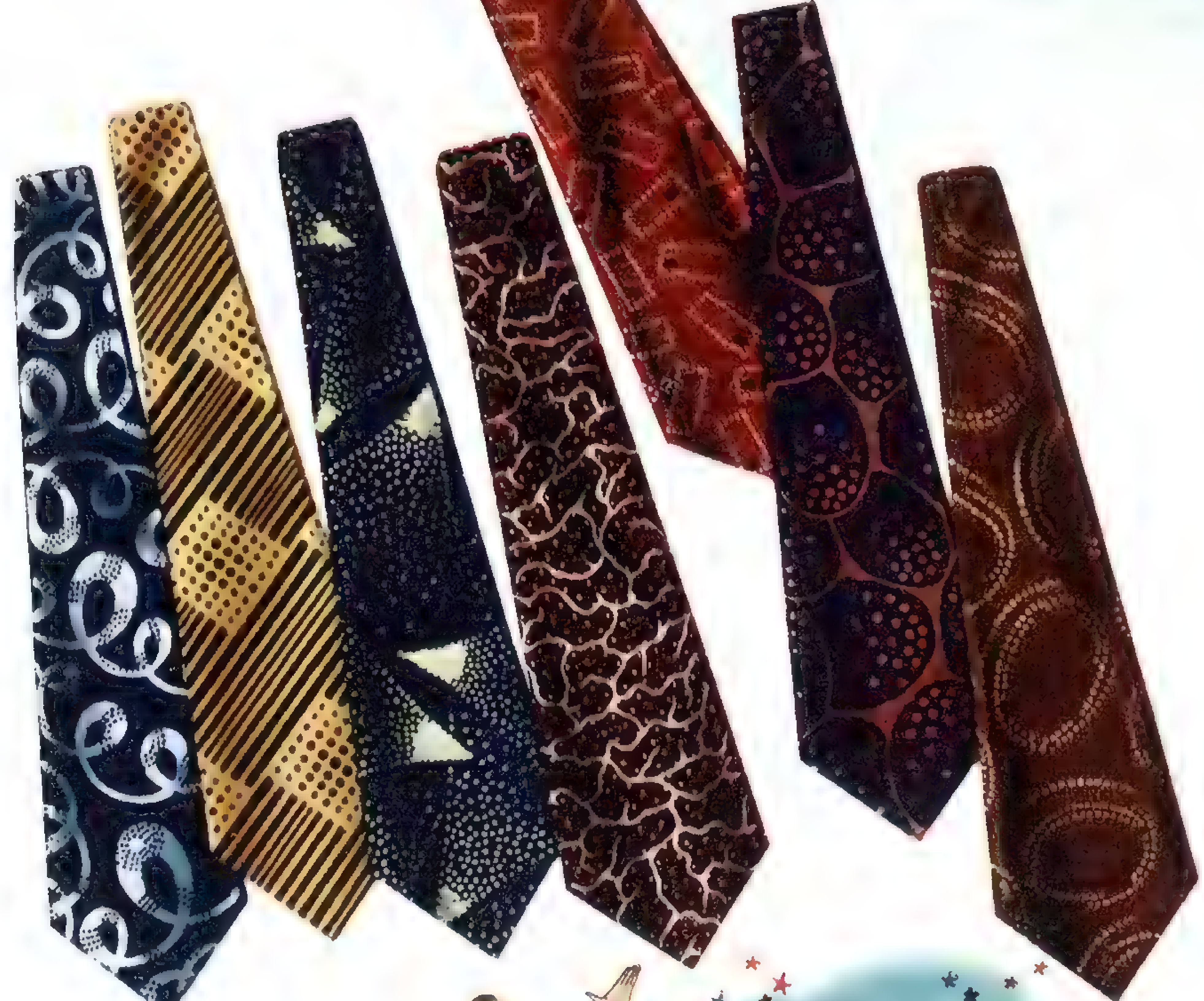
understatement in grey flannel

When you find yourself at an art exhibit never take a backward step—always turn around and run like hell. But this one is different. It's a showing of wartime posters at the Museum of Modern Art, and even the half portions that we're served demonstrate that dynamic art can help fight a war. Our man is playing it very safe, attired as he is in that staple garment in which no one can possibly go wrong—the double breasted grey flannel suit. Against his blue shirt reposes a printed foulard tie in geometric design. The psychiatrists might be able to tell you why there's been a trend from the conventional figures to angular patterns such as this. The hat in hand is a brown pork pie of lightweight felt with narrow band; it collaborates with the shoes in accenting the plain suit. As to whether the woman can go wrong in *her* grey flannel suit, that's somebody else's department.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

How to wear the heavens on your chest

ARROW
METEOR DOTS



THEY'VE JUST ARRIVED at your Arrow dealer's . . .

Not the heavens themselves, but a reasonably exact facsimile!

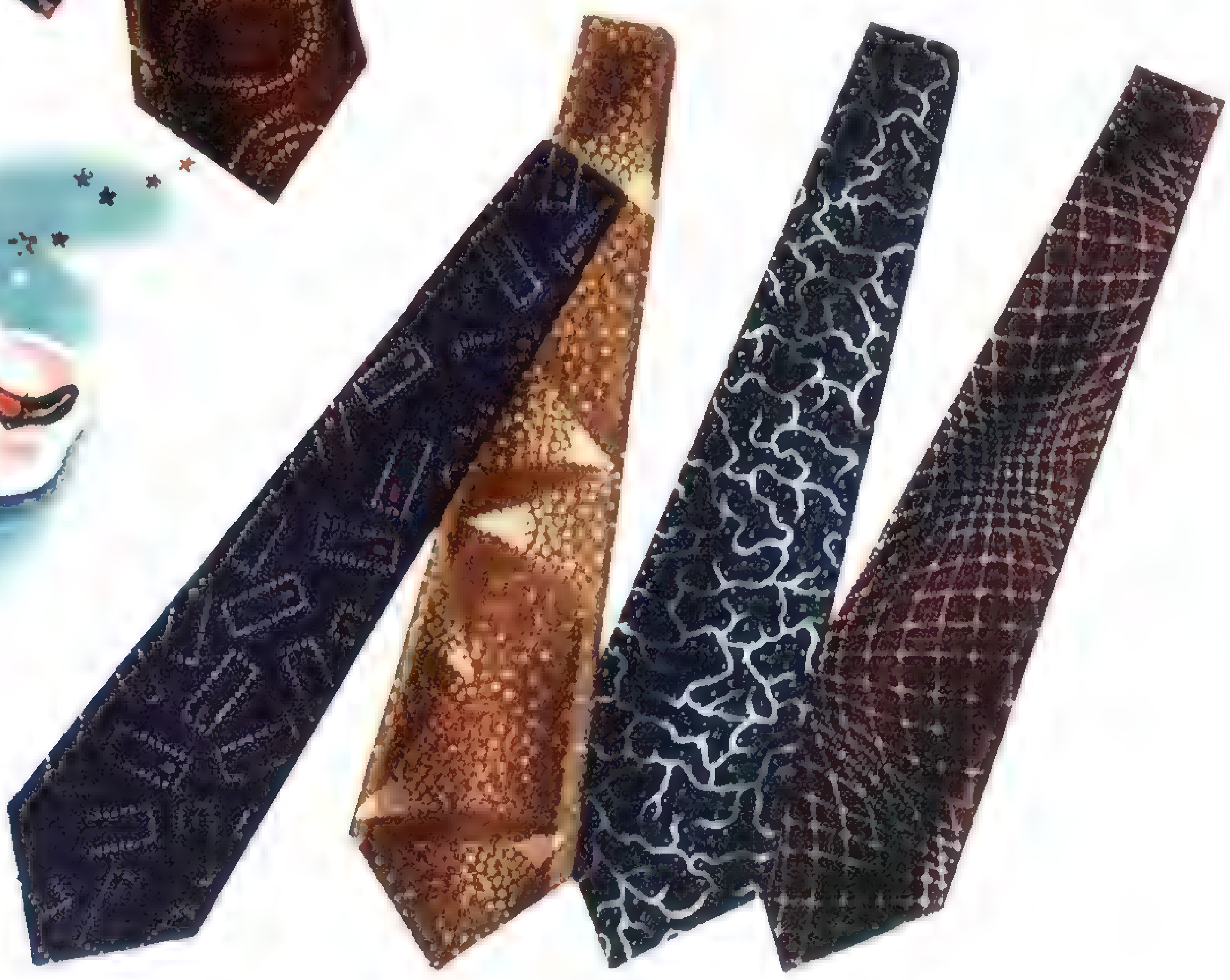
They're a family of Arrow Ties — fine foulards — called *Meteor Dots*.

Some of the patterns remind you of the Milky Way, others of shooting stars and meteors, still others give you a feeling of infinite space, nebulae, and worlds beyond. Well, *sort* of.

But to come down to earth, these Arrow *Meteor Dots* are fine jobs of tie-making. Like all Arrows, they are wrinkle-resistant, they tie into perfect knots (with just the right dimple under the knot), and their resilient lining helps them snap back into shape after every wearing.

They'll look swell on you. See and get some *Meteor Dots* today. $1. *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.*

★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★



ARROW

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OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market
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AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
100 PROOF
BROWN·FORMAN·KENTUCKY
There is nothing better in the market ~

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

Man the Kitchenette

If standard meat is scarce why not try roast elephant trunk, locust *sauterelle*, breast of leopard stewed or potted skunk?

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

The French have a proverb "*Il a mangé du lion*," meaning "He ate a lion," which is symbolic and is used for foolhardy persons. Perhaps to uphold this proverb but more likely to gain publicity, Josephine Baker, the Harlem-born colored *danseuse*, darling of Paris for years before the present war, organized a gang of important French self-styled gourmets, in quest of a lion flesh dinner.

Opportunity lent itself to the occasion. A lion had to be killed in Paris just then.

It was an old, shabby-coated, practically toothless lion. He had tried to jump the trench that separated him from the rest of the world in the Vincennes Zoo, fallen into it, mangled himself, and was promptly put out of his misery by a merciful shot. The director of the zoo informed Josephine that he had some lion meat ready to be cooked. She quickly gathered her group, and together with a couple of the best chefs, the brave people set out for Vincennes to make a feast of the feline.

According to another French proverb you can enjoy eating even your own grandfather if he is cooked properly and is further embellished by a savory sauce. So it is not surprising that the lion meat was declared magnificent! At least that is what the participants said, and the Paris newspapers mirrored their enthusiasm. Encouraged by the splendid publicity she was given, if not by the lion flesh, Miss Baker made an agreement with the zoo that she and her friends would eat every accidentally killed rare wild animal. Subsequently there were camel, ostrich, giraffe, and reptile banquets, until the public tired of the gourmandizing.

But there are millions of Africans, Australians, Asiatics, and even Americans who eat out of preference, or by necessity. At any rate, they eat "strange viands" without batting an eyelash, not even caring if their names never get into the papers for the ridiculously slight reason that they have consumed a duckbilled platypus.

One man's meat is another man's poison. Americans, especially city folk, have become used to well-established meats, and standard cuts, and it is difficult to dislodge their gastronomical ideals. However, a man ceases to be choosey in time of necessity—he soon learns to eat the unusual food. And there is nothing wrong in that if the unusual meat is prepared well. I have pointed out to you before that there is not enough of the customary meat at present to feed the world. Particularly your beloved beef steaks. But there are plenty of wild animals in the United States, thought to be inedible, which in an emergency would make a fair, and in some cases, a delicious meal. Skunk (yes, skunk!), muskrat, squirrel, hedgehog, most varieties of bear, chipmunk, beaver, alligator, rattlesnake, not to mention unusual game birds and water fowl—belong in the category coming under the heading "delicious." And some insects are not so bad, either.

Long before Pearl Harbor, the Japanese established huge and efficient laboratories where they made human food out of bugs that seemed most unlikely to be fit for human food. The object was to put the nation's food on a scientific basis and bring it into line with the supplies at their command. Professor Tadasu Saiki was the director of the government nutrition institute which staged a veritable revolution in the way of food and prepared for the exigencies of wartime, years before the war started. And not only bugs were turned into edibles, but they made food out of every useless animal in Japan that could be captured.

Although we don't have to stoop to insects as a staple diet, don't turn up your nose—you simply adore eating a dreadful looking, crawling, greenish-brown, muddy-smelling creature: the lobster. You love to chew the last speck of meat off the legs of a hideous reptile, whose eyes are bulging, and whose looks are capable of rendering women and children hysterical; and you say that *à la Provençale* or *pané* frog's legs are better than chicken. You—if you are a gourmet—swear by a boneless, disgusting-to-touch, moist, slimy mollusk, which drags its awful form from leaf to leaf—the snail.

What's the matter, then, with the destructive locust? There are more of them in the world than we could ever consume. St. John the Baptist ate the locust with relish, its nutritive value is almost equivalent to that of beef, and under the name of *sauterelle*, it was considered a great delicacy in France. In East Africa you can buy it on the market as we do popcorn. It tastes something like very delicate shrimp. To wind up the subject, the Romans loved locusts, grasshoppers and crickets, and even today some good cooks insist on putting a few crickets into *bouillabaise.*

Because in wartime we cannot allow any edible to remain neglected, and also because of the curiosity value of the thing, I unearthed a gentleman in New York who is the greatest expert on wild animal cookery. His name is Vernon Carroll Porter, and he is a many-sided individual—in the daytime he works as director of the Riverside Museum, while at night he is a tool designer for a bomber factory. But his hobby is sampling odd mammals, and he frankly admitted that he would rather eat skunk than pheasant.

It started when Mr. Porter, as a small boy in Vermont, went hunting with a companion of the same age. They trapped a skunk, and Vernon Porter was all for going after bigger game. But his pal headed home. "That's enough for today," he said, "the skunk is nice and fat; it'll make a swell meal." The boy's mother was an expert skunk cook; not knowing a thing about anatomy or where those terrible glands were precisely situated, she cut around them, just by instinct. Reluctantly Mr. Porter tasted the skunk dish. He had never eaten anything so good in his life!

From that day on Mr. Porter's hobby centered around out-of-the-way animals—preferably in the pot, and cooked according to one of the thousand recipes that he has collected for years from the remotest parts of the world. He promised me faithfully that he'd compile his extraordinary collection and make a book out of it. There is no wild animal cookery book in existence, and the Loyalists, during the siege of Barcelona, had to cook the zoos' giraffes and zebras without the benefit of one, just any which way. (Some of Mr. Porter's recipes are to be found at the end of this article.)

He told me oddities about wild animals that serve as staple food for some people in some parts of the world. For instance, most South African tribes eat lion flesh, but many tribes merely eat the breast and throw the rest away. In some South Indian bars the bar stew is white rat; but others serve a delicious snake as well. In certain Malay market places dried monkey is sold, and the bigger the better. Kangaroo is put up in cans in Australia; the tail being a particular delicacy. In French Morocco, Arabia, Abyssinia, camel is staple food. In Surinam the sloth bear and the tapir figure three times weekly on the menu of one of the best hotels. Lynx, or bob cat, is eaten in British Columbia. And a gentleman in Florida puts up rattlesnakes in cans, exporting them all over the world. There are proper seasons to eat these strange animals though, seasons known to the hunters. For example, bear "doesn't eat" at all in the spring, when it emerges from its hibernation; it is so hungry it feeds on anything and consequently has a dreadful odor.

To round out Mr. Porter's most

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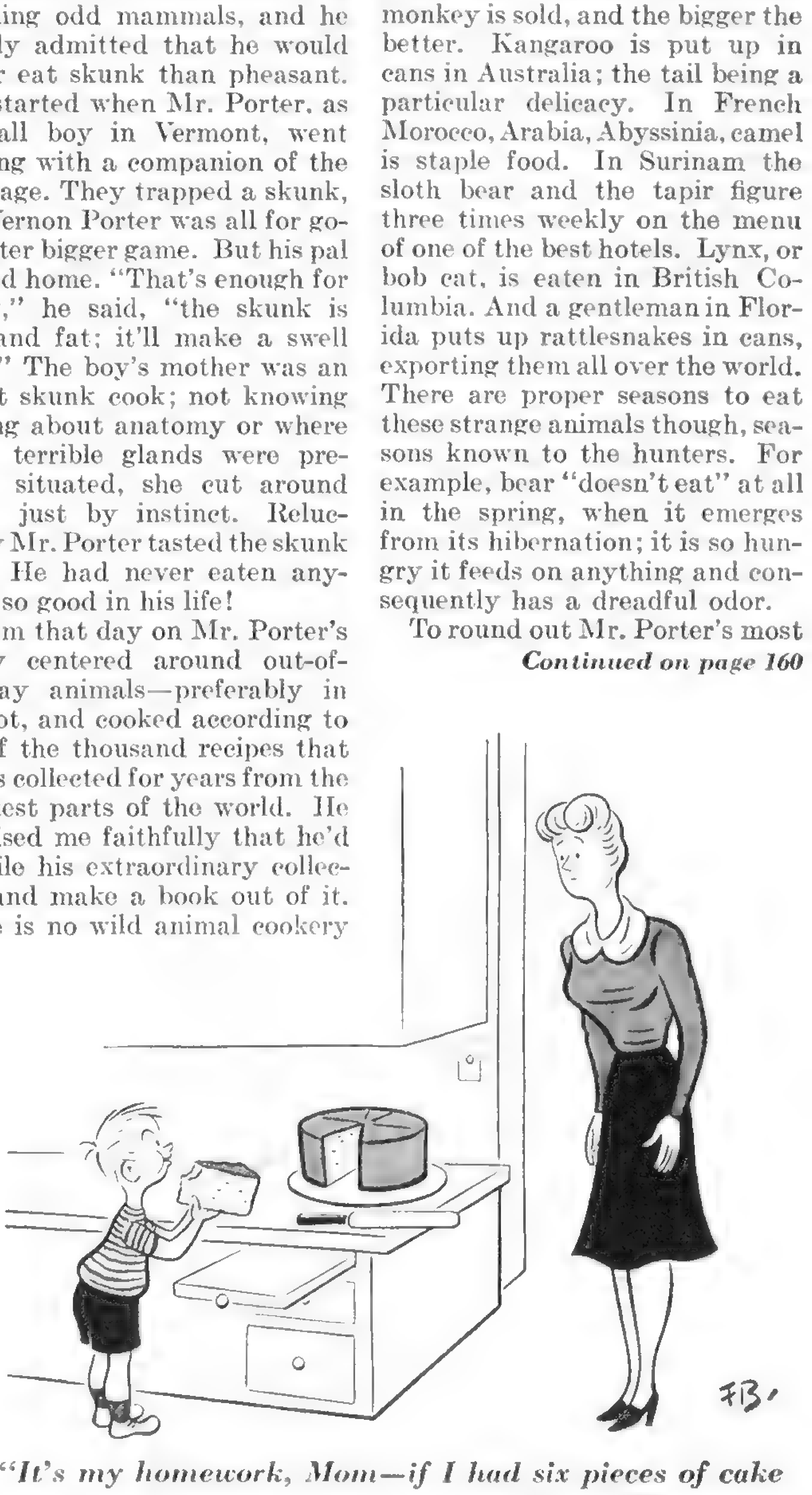

"It's my homework, Mom—if I had six pieces of cake and ate one, how many would be left?"

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This War on Clothes

Army habit of wearing only shirts and slacks in Summer may revise civilian business dress

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**

▪WEARABLES▪

History shows that out of each great conflict come many changes in civilian life, among which are alterations, sometimes drastic, of the styling of clothes worn by men. Fashions, always in a state of evolution, are pretty closely identified with eras marked by wars. This Global War will undoubtedly bring many revisions, so it might be well to consider what past wars did to our clothing habits and what the future holds in store for us today.

Lapels on jackets may be traced to the high-fastened tunic, which was turned back at the top for more comfort. Vents, now ruled out by WPB, came from the slits in the coats worn by early-day cavalrymen. The Blucher shoe dates back to the Battle of Waterloo—in which General Blucher aided Wellington in finishing off Napoleon. His boots served as a pattern for civilian shoes that have been known as Bluchers ever since. Men in the first AEF switched from separate starched collars to soft collar attached shirts as a result of wearing the latter type in military service. Round-toe shoes, likewise, supplanted sharply pointed models.

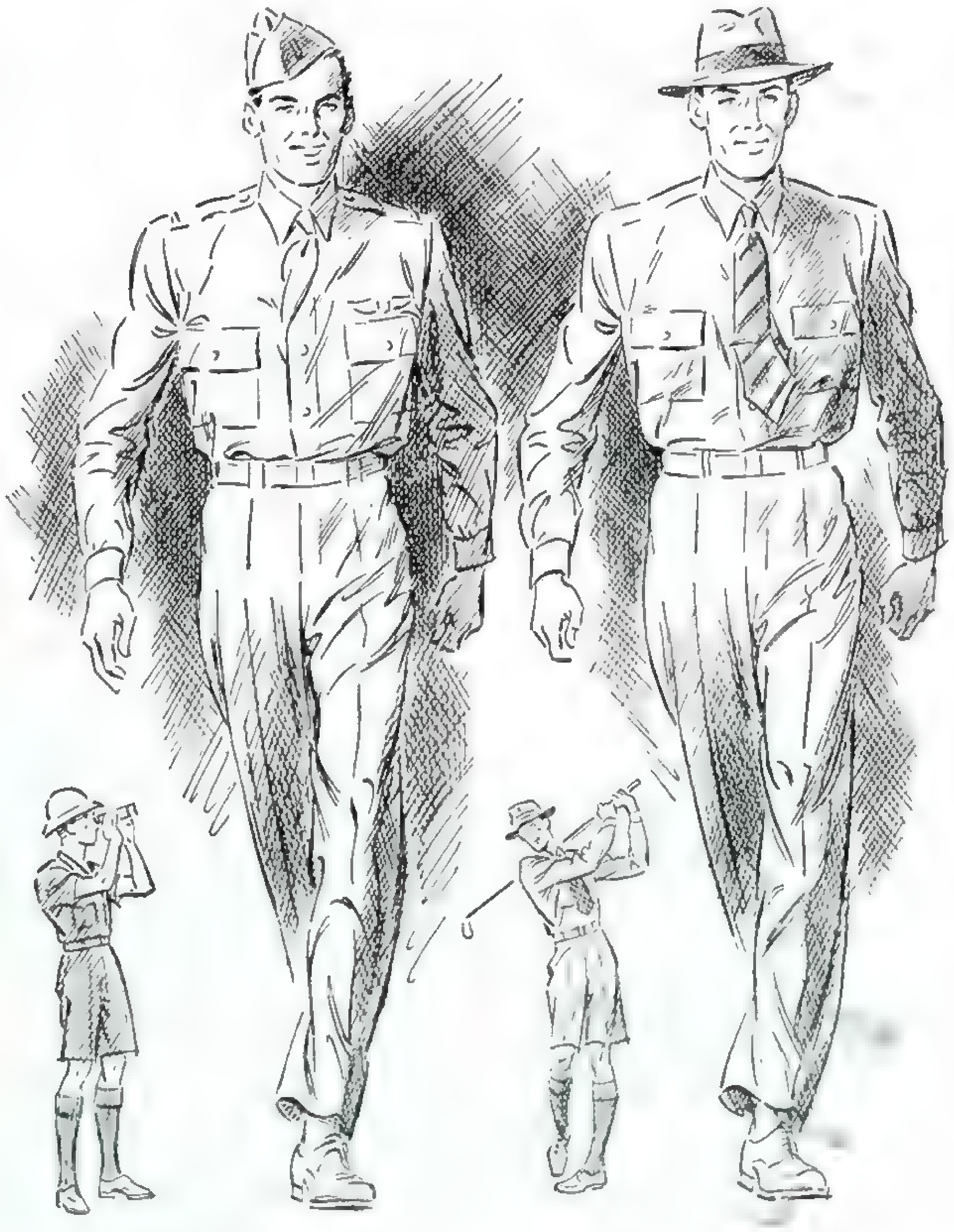
Officers and privates in the Army have become accustomed to wearing cotton twill shirts and slacks during the Summer. They may want to wear a similar outfit when they get back to civilian life. The shirts may have fairly large pockets to hold things ordinarily stuffed in the pockets of their jackets. With shirts tucked inside slacks—belts, being visible, would be subject to many fashion changes.

Another possibility is a combination of shirt and jacket. With very low-set collar, designed to be worn with a tie, this would appear as a shirt from the chest up and as a jacket from the chest down. It would be finished with two lower pockets and one chest pocket and worn over the trousers as a jacket is. Fabrics for either type would be lightweight.

Shorts may be regarded as contenders. Men in military service might want to wear them for comfort, as a result of training experience. Whether or not they invade the office remains to be seen.

Dress reform movements, advocated by individuals in the past, never got far because they savored of publicity stunts or gags. Habits formed as a result of military experience may be sound reasons for changes made in the after-war future.

Much progress has been made in the past decade in the production of cool and comfortable clothing for hot-weather wear. American manufacturers will undoubtedly have the right answers to possible changes, if and when they develop. ⧺



From this . . . . To this?

Don't Go Near the Water

Neither the missionary nor the Polynesian expected to find a monster on Poro's island

by DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

• FICTION •

HINANO means flower of the pandanus, or screw-pine, but there was no pandanus on Hinano, though Poro had planted plenty of papayas, breadfruit, mangos, avocados, hundreds of coconut palms. It was not much of an island, nothing really but an atoll, a flat circle of land surrounding a shallow lagoon. The spot was not one that would be of any use to the Japanese when, a few years later, the war brought them to infest these seas. But of such an event no one thought seriously now. The little cutter sailed to the island because Poro owned it. When the fruit trees bore he was going to move to Hinano with his wife and children and cousins, and build a fancy house, and plant vegetables, and be a chief.

Neither of the two white men, and certainly not Poro, had any expectation of finding a monster. They had gone only to look at the fruit trees. Johnsen and McHaig would have preferred not to waste the time, but they knew that if the huge, childlike Poro were cheated out of this visit, he would sulk.

Poro was taking them back to Raratonga, Johnsen from Aitutaki, where the American, a retired newspaperman and press agent, had been writing a book. McHaig had been picked up at Mitiaro. A New Zealander, dour, and seemingly bloodless, he didn't look like a missionary. He was only twenty-three or -four.

There was no real pass in the reef, though there were several low places. Poro picked the lowest. It took some doing, even in the small cutter, which drew only five feet. The reef, needle-sharp coral, was ready to rip the bottom out of their boat. McHaig and Johnsen, no strangers to the islands, held their breath. Poro never stopped talking. The big Polynesian, one hand on the wheel, with the other hand was trying to point out where he was going to build his copra dryer.

The writer and the missionary, when they went ashore with Poro, listened graciously to the ravings of the island's owner—they thought it was a commonplace little atoll. They didn't know about the monster, then.

The northwest blow kept up, lashing the Pacific to thundrous fury on the reef. They decided to anchor and sleep ashore. Even Poro thought it too dangerous to try to get out against such a wind.

Poro was glad of an excuse to sleep a night on his own beloved island. He capered about with cries of joy, collecting coconut fronds to construct a windbreak, fastening them together with sennit made of *purau* bark.

"First house!" he chortled. "First house on Hinano! Later I make big one!"

Yes, a big eyesore with a corrugated iron roof, thought Harry Johnsen. He grinned and opened a can of corned beef.

When they awoke at dawn the wind was gone and the monster had come.

The lagoon at Hinano, roughly oval, is about three-quarters of a mile long and half a mile wide. This was a mere pond for the monster.

McHaig saw it first. He didn't cry out or faint, but simply stood staring. Except that he did not hear them when they asked what was the matter, he might have been gazing at any merely extraordinary thing.

Johnsen saw it and turned very cold all over his head and the upper part of his body. His throat was tight, and he could feel sweat forming on his temples. He was dizzy and sat on a large piece of coral.

Poro, that veteran of a hundred scrapes, that bold sailor, threw himself down and howled.

The monster was a serpent, perhaps 300 feet long. Its very large scales were iridescent brownish gold. Its thickness at the middle was greater than that of a horse. At the back of its horse-shaped head was something they at first took for a mass of greenish-brown seaweed but which was a mane. The head was held five or six feet out of the water. The eyes were small, black, unblinking, without expression. The mouth was snakelike. They saw no tongue. The teeth were triangular, like those of a shark, though much larger and not so numerous. The thing did not spout. It undulated in great wavy coils and created a considerable wake.

McHaig and the American gazed for a long while, at least an hour, without a word. Johnsen got control of himself, and the sweat stopped rolling down his body.

"It's a sea serpent," he said after a while. "It really is."

"We see it," muttered McHaig.

The serpent kept circling the lagoon. Several times it tried to get out to the open Pacific over one of the low places in the reef. The monster was afraid of the sharp coral. Always it retreated. It was a prisoner.

In the night it must have been carried in by the huge storm waves. Perhaps it had been cut by the coral spikes.

Johnsen and McHaig walked completely around the lagoon. They walked slowly and silently, watching the sea serpent as it swam pauselessly back and forth. Its brownish gold scales glittered

Continued on page 104

Laughter
Germaine Monteil

laughter

The perfume for her lighter moods

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Eau de Cologne
that she likes and he remembers (and sometimes borrows!)
2 oz.... 1.75
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Eau de Toilette
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8 oz.... 8.00

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Don't Go Near the Water

Continued from page 103

under the surface of the lagoon. Most of the time the monster held its head high, occasionally turning it but never displaying any expression, even when it seemed to be looking at the men who walked the shore.

The missionary and the American did not get too close to the water. The beast never appeared aware of them; but there was no sense taking chances.

Now and then it would duck its head and look for something along the bottom. Most of the time it held its head high.

When they got back to Poro he was venturing to look. He was demoralized.

Harry Johnsen was first to be himself. The newspaper man sprang to life in him—then the press agent. He turned and nodded toward a cleared space among the coconut trees, a little to the right of where they stood.

"Just about over there, I think. For the hotel."

"For the *what?*" said McHaig.

"Long verandas. Pandanus and bamboo, of course, to keep up the atmosphere. Actually comfortable—but *looking* South Sea Islandy. You know, grass-hutty. And tennis courts over there—"

"Man, are you mad?" cried McHaig.

"I was too scared to realize at first. But God, what an attraction. It's worth a million."

Andrew McHaig turned his cold eyes on the American. "Good heavens, man! You don't mean to say you are thinking of *commercializing* this thing?"

"Why, naturally! Look at it! The cruise ships would have to put in here! They couldn't pass up a thing like this! Talk about the fire-walking act in Raiatea and the dancing at Pago-Pago! They won't have a look-in!" Johnsen waved his arms. "Think of the postcard and souvenir and the bar concession. And they'd *have* to come! We wouldn't need to split with the steamship people."

McHaig, raising his hands, for the first time in his life began to look like a missionary. Johnsen got around in front of him.

"Say, you don't suppose we're not going to take advantage of this, do you?" He pointed to the monster. "That thing out there's no snake! That thing's a gold mine!"

"That thing," McHaig corrected, "is a moral responsibility."

Johnsen blinked but when he was selling an idea there was no stopping him.

"The girls would be in grass skirts, naturally. I mean the waitresses. Lots of local color. The people will *come* here to see the main attraction, but there's no reason why we shouldn't give them a little something that'll make them want to stick around. There's prohibition in the Cook Islands, but nobody pays any attention to it. Wait until we show them how much money we're going to bring in."

McHaig said coldly: "First of all, I am going to arrange that groups of natives will be brought here that they may see what wonders God hath wrought. And transported *free!*"

Johnsen shrugged.

"O.K. at first. I believe in keeping on the right side of the church people. But not after things really get going, of course."

"And in the second place," McHaig went on, "when enough people have viewed the monster, it shall be turned over to Science."

"Science, hell!" cried Johnsen. "Science doesn't get a crack at this—except if they want to come and take pictures and so-forth. That will be great publicity."

"The thing must be preserved!"

"Sure! Preserved right here, alive! Naturally!"

"No, given to Science to dissect, to study, to mount. We have a duty—"

"Listen, sweetheart. Science has been getting away with murder lately. I happen to have a living to make, and if you think—"

"You are both wrong," interrupted Poro. He had not ceased to quake, and he could not wrench his gaze from the sea serpent; but he'd heard the talk. "This island is mine. So that great fish is mine, too."

"In one sense, yes. But in a larger sense—"

"If I do what you say, Mr. McHaig, then all the people run over my island, and I have to feed them. I, Poro Teave. They will be on my land, so I will have to feed them—pigs from Avarua, and chickens, and *fei* and bananas and *kumara*. Most of them would be my cousins anyway, or the cousins of my wife. I would have to feed them very well. It would ruin me!"

The rules that govern hospitality in Polynesia are very strong, and Poro was speaking nothing but the truth. Johnsen took it up.

"Absolutely! But under my plan you not only won't have to feed anybody but you'll *make* money. Why, that thing's priceless, that animal! There isn't another like it in the whole world!"

"No," said Poro. "I do not want a lot of money." He was speaking the literal truth. He could not imagine a lot of money. He wanted only to live here with his wife and children and grandchildren and nephews and nieces and cousins, like a chief, like a king. "The way you say, I don't like that either. No. It mus' be kill'."

"Kill that gold mine!" yelled Johnsen.

"Look at those teeth," said Poro. "Jus' like shark teeth, only big, much bigger. You talk of money. Sell those teeth in Avarua, eh? They like the biggest shark teeth anybody ever found. Oil in its liver too. Like shark oil. One and three, one and four a gallon." These sums he could envisage. He was not entirely without business sense. "We kill it. Lot of oil. Maybe a hundred gallon."

"You dumb Kanaka! You don't even know whether the thing's got a liver!"

"Maybe even two hundred gallon. And all them teeth. I make so much money I could buy a petrol engine and have *electricity* in my house. I kill him. I don't know how, but I kill him."

They argued for three days. It seemed to each that if he explained it often enough, the other two would understand.

Even when they refused to speak to one another, they did not separate—not at first. The sight of that monster, swimming back and forth, held them still in awe. They stuck close together; nor did any of them venture too near the water. The serpent paid no attention to them, but simply swam back and forth. It did not seem to tire, though it must have been getting hungry; if it caught fish, none of the men saw this happen. There were few fish in the lagoon.

The American and the New Zealander agreed upon one thing only, which was that the sooner they got to Raratonga and returned with assistance and with long steel rods to be driven into the reef at the pass, the better. The sea serpent might escape. Hunger might render it desperate. But Poro wouldn't go until he had thought of a way to kill the beast. And it was his boat.

On the afternoon of the third day they broke up in a huff.

Andrew McHaig strolled to the east end of the island. He was determined not to relax his demands. The beast should be viewed by many natives from which event he and his fellow workers would draw morals for many a year. After that it was to be given over to reputable scientists. He would defend this position with his life if need be. The two causes of religion and science must be served for each of them was infinitely greater than mere selfish interests. It would help the work in another way, too. People would remember that of the three who found this famous animal, he, the man of God, had stood out for its scientific study and preservation. It would prove that the work of scientists and that of churchmen were not incompatible. The world needed such a lesson.

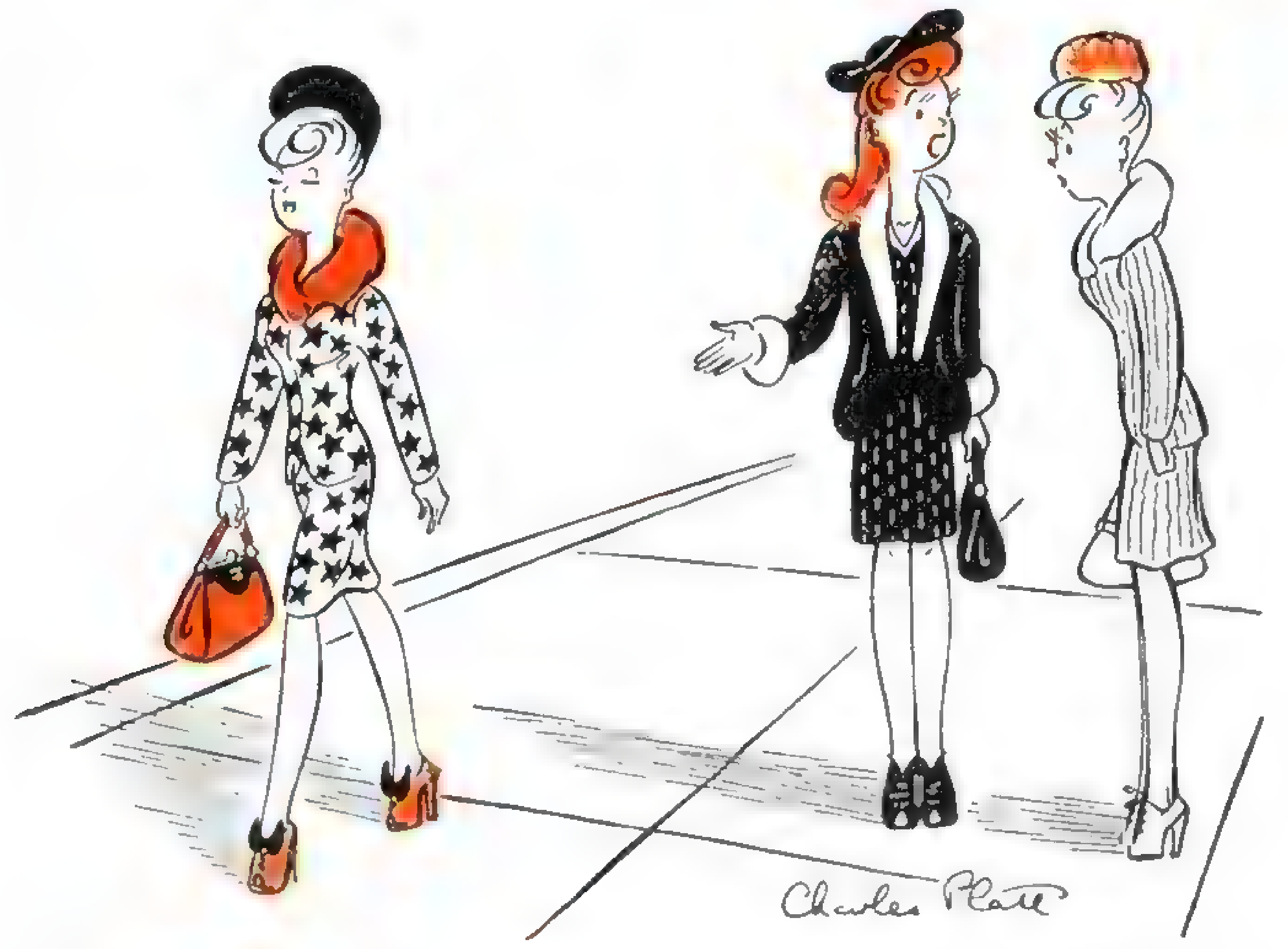
Harry Johnsen went to the northwest part of the island, near the pass, which he studied for a while, and then he studied the ground along the edge of the lagoon near it, where he planned to lay out a promenade, along which the sightseers could stroll on the way to and from the bar, peering over a close-clipped hedge of peach hibiscus at the most celebrated beast in all history. It would be downright criminal to let this opportunity go. It wasn't the money. Hell! he didn't care if he never made a cent out of it himself! It was the principle of the thing. You just simply couldn't let a chance like this go to waste! And he wasn't going to. If it took the last ounce of air in his lungs, the last drop of blood in his veins—

Poro Teave of Avarua went to the south end of the lagoon. With his islander's skill he was selecting the best point from which to get a harpoon into the sea serpent. He was examining a coral knob which might hold the rope against the monster's surge. He was so absorbed in his simple childlike way that he did not hear the sound behind him. He turned—and screamed.

He tried to run, but the thing was already upon him. It was arched far up out of the water and it struck as gracefully and accurately as a fer-de-lance. Poro, screaming, was lifted into the air.

As it had done separately with Johnsen and McHaig, whom it had caught a little earlier, giving them, however, no chance to scream, the serpent dived, carrying Poro down with it. Later it came up again.

It lived in the lagoon at Hinano for four or five days longer, and then hunger conquered its fears of the coral. It was badly bruised in getting over and then it swam off, glad to be in the open sea again. ##

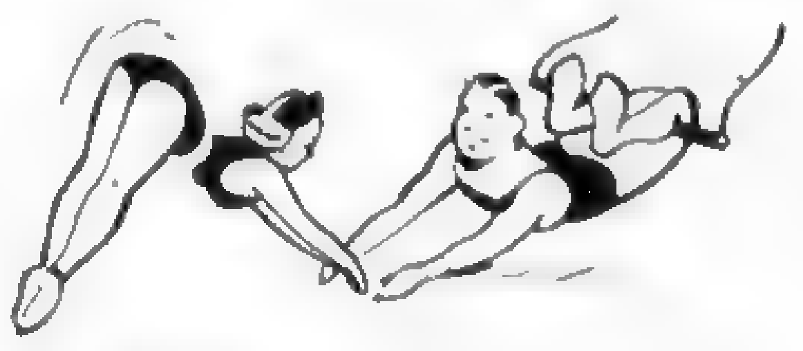


"She decided to display a star for each man she's given to the service!"

BUY WAR BONDS & STAMPS
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Order of the Day—
Jockey Underwear
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

It helps a service man's morale to have around him reminders of civilian life. That's why men in uniform are now buying a large per cent of the output of Jockey—the famous brand of support underwear—and their purchases are growing all the time. So, Jockey may not be as plentiful for civilians as in the past, but it's worth shopping for. Read the reasons for its popularity with fighting men.

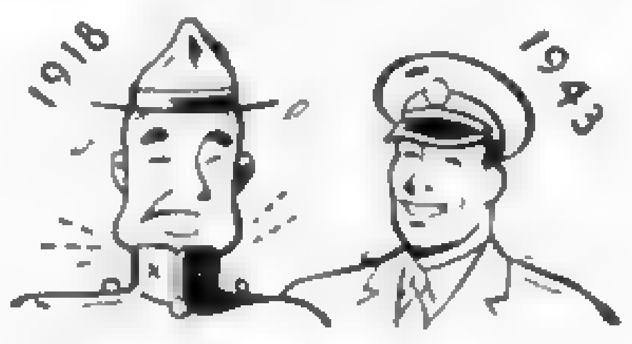


Mild Support!

Active men like Jockey's mild masculine support. The source of that support is the patented Y-front, no-gap construction; it is original and exclusive with Jockey by Coopers.

Cool!

Jockey is cool because its knit fabric absorbs perspiration, dries quickly, and lets the skin breathe. Various leg lengths in cotton and wool mixtures will keep you warm, too.



No Bind!

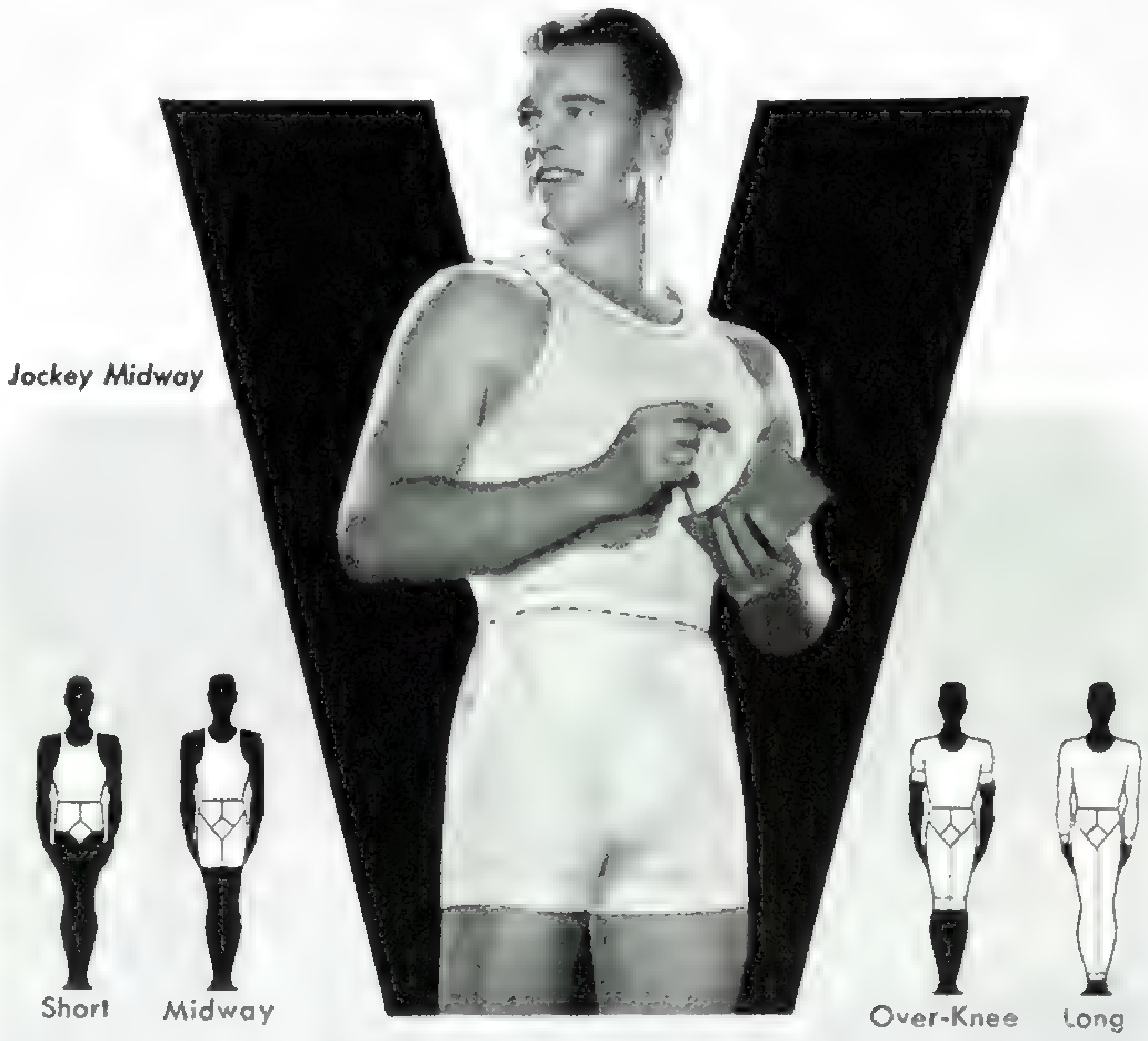
Jockey is famous as the underwear that ended squirming. No creep, crawl, bind, or chafe. And khaki shorts in the tropics will look better and *feel* better worn over Jockey.

Washes Easily!

Jockey's cotton knit fabric washes easily, dries overnight and because it is tailored to fit, returns to its natural shape without ironing. Look for *Jockey* and *Coopers* on the label.

Be sure that your dealer re-measures you accurately with a hip tape

Two-piece . . . contoured shirts to match



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Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1

Who says you can't get a good Martini?

ARE YOU finding the *makings* getting scarcer and scarcer?

A queer *changeling flavor* creeping into the Martinis served to you?

Calm down. *Take note:* your local liquor store can supply the finest Dry Martinis you ever tasted...already mixed to absolute perfection ...you just add ice and serve. *Order a bottle, or a case—today!*

HEUBLEIN'S
Club-**COCKTAILS**

Dry Martini, 71 proof • Old Fashioned, 80 proof
Martini, 60 proof • Daiquiri, 70 proof
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★*Made of Milshire Gin (the genuine pot-still gin) and the world's finest Vermouth.*

The Milshire Gin used is 90 proof, distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.

HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB
DRY MARTINI
COCKTAILS

Soldiers Want Sports News

O. W. I. office in New York keeps our men up on scores of games at home

by THOM YATES

• SPORTS •

THE next time you write to your soldier in Iceland, or North Africa, or Australia, or India, don't bother to tell him that Putten Tech defeated Poly Prep in basketball. The chances are that your Army buddy learned the news about the same time you did, or just a few days later.

Credit for getting sports data to our men all over the world while it is still "hot" goes to the Office of War Information. Housed in an unpretentious ten-story midtown Manhattan building that once was an automobile showroom and storage garage, the New York City office of O.W.I. is transporting the home front regularly and on time to the fighting front via cable, wireless, short-wave radio and air mail. Of all the "troop news" it cables all over the earth, the O.W.I. has been informed by the soldiers themselves that the kind of news they want most is sports. American soldiers, it has been found, want their "dope" much more complete than even the average sports page reader.

The chief media used to send the news are cable, wireless and shortwave. Air mail is used only to send "background material."

In addition to the daily sports quota on the table following, the troops overseas received from 500 to 3,000 extra words each week during the 1942 football season, with similar extras on tap for basketball and hockey. This is the regular daily quota:

Australia: 700 words, 150 of them sports.

India: 850 words, 300 of them sports.

Chungking: 400 words, all sports (general news and features supplied from the India outpost.)

Hawaii: 2,250 words, no sports. (Facilities of the major news-gathering agencies are available).

Iceland-Greenland: 500 words, 250 of them sports.

London: 1,800 words, 1,300 of them sports (plus 1,000-1,300 additional sports words on weekends for the eight-page Monday morning edition of *The Stars and Stripes*, U.S. soldier newspaper printed in London).

Cairo-Istanbul-Beirut-Asmara: 175 words each, 100 of them sports.

American soldiers in India seem to be the most sports-conscious of all. During the football season, the O.W.I. supplied the following additional sports features to its New Delhi outpost at the specific request of the soldiers there: An 850-word summary of each Saturday's college games, a 300-word roundup of Sunday's professional games and 100-word resumés of the five leading college games of each week. In addition, they had a standing order for a 1,000-word column and a 150-word interview with a sports notable every two weeks, and a 600-word weekly column written exclusively for them by such sports writers as John Kieran, Stanley Woodward, Allison Danzig, Jack Troy, Warren Brown, Braven Dyer and Ed Pollock.

In the O.W.I. radio division's daily "News from Home" show, which is broadcast sometimes as many as seventeen times a day, there is a roundup of national news, sports data, and other features, along with personal messages from parents and friends to soldiers. Nearly seventy local radio stations all over the country cooperate with the O.W.I. in supplying home town sports news to the soldiers. The leading sports announcer of each station makes a three or four minute recording at his home station and rushes it to the O.W.I. office in New York for immediate transmission. And the O.W.I. radio division is constantly branching out, now servicing the same kind of news to sailors and marines on the high seas in a six-times-a-week show called "Calling the Navy."

How does the O.W.I. know what the men in the forces want? At each outpost, the O.W.I. maintains a staff whose chief mission is to carry on "psychological warfare" through distribution of United Nations news in every part of the world—even via the underground to behind the enemy lines. It is the job of these men, too, to keep in close contact with our Army officers, who in turn are in touch with soldier newspaper editors all over the globe.

Except for military and naval censors, the Office of War Information in New York is a civilian enterprise, working the clock around, seven days a week, with an undermanned staff to keep expense to the taxpayer at a minimum. The O.W.I. began its cable wireless operations in April, 1942, as the result of a suggestion directly from General MacArthur that it would prove a valuable morale-builder if the American troops overseas could be kept supplied with the latest news from home.

The O.W.I. is not a propaganda machine, at least as far as the American soldier is concerned. Straight news is the menu. "The soldiers don't want sweetness," according to Editor Berwick, "and we are not feeding them sugar candy. We send them the same news the average American boy would be interested in if he were back home. By supplying this news, sports or otherwise, we are keeping down their loneliness and making them feel that they are still a part of the community they left behind to go to war." ##

The Test of the Informer

Continued from page 42

fire. His empty eye socket pumped blood and replaced it with hellish pain. His broken fingers groped drunkenly at the edge of the desk.

"Who were they?" von Bolk's voice maintained the same toneless pitch.

"Pierre and André LeClaire, Francois Marche, and Jean von Bellingen, the Belgian. You'll find them tonight at the Café Royale."

Henri slipped soddenly to the floor. Dimly there came to him the lieutenant's dubious,

"What do you think?"

And von Bolk's answer. "Get the four he named. My methods do work, Biedermann."

In the cold mists of the next morning, Henri tried to stand proudly against the stone wall. Beside him were the brothers LeClaire, Francois Marche, and Jean von Bellingen, the Belgian, four traitors who, to gain favor, had betrayed ten young Frenchmen on the eve of their flight to England. France would be better off when they died.

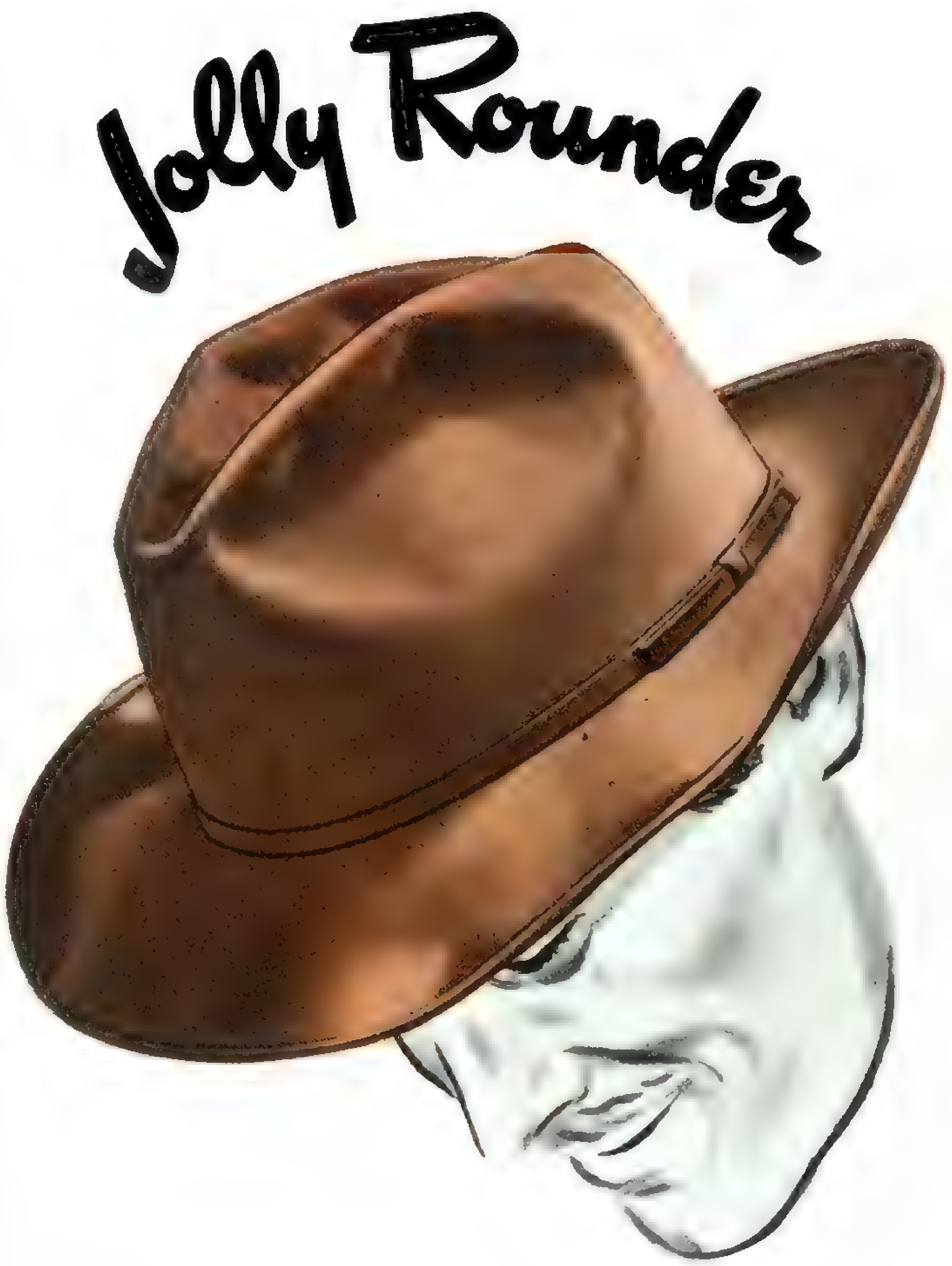
Henri breathed a silent farewell to the four who had been his companions on the bombing foray, and hoped that they would soon strike another blow for France. If they were caught, they might be afraid as he had been. And, because they could rise above the worst their enemies could bring upon them, they too would deceive some Nazi officer who could imagine nothing more powerful than his own brute strength.

Henri was still smiling when the firing squad's rifles spoke. ⁂

ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD

BEST SELLERS

Transient Readers who like to make with the turntables can use this chart to find what's turning in the record world as judged by manufacturers' and dealers' sales. The top transient tunes are arranged in the order of popularity according to our point system. Figures indicate the relative rank of the songs at each source. Providence's statistics came from The Music Shop, Inc.; and Austin's from J. R. Reed Music Co.	RCA MFG. CO. (NATIONAL)	DECCA RECORDS (NATIONAL)	PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND	AUSTIN, TEXAS
There Are Such Things (Victor 27974 with Tommy Dorsey)	2		1	1
Moonlight Becomes You (Decca 18513 with Bing Crosby) (Victor 20-1520 with Glenn Miller)		1	3	4
Marching Through Berlin (Victor 20-1521 with Ethel Merman)	1			
For Me and My Gal (Decca 18480 with Judy Garland and Gene Kelly)		2		
Mister Five by Five (Columbia 36650 with Harry James)				2
It Started All Over Again (Victor 20-1522 with Tommy Dorsey)			2	
Dearly Beloved (Victor 27970 with Dinah Shore)	3			
When the Lights Go on Again (Decca 18496 with Lucky Millinder)		3		
I Had the Craziest Dream (Columbia 36659 with Harry James)				3
Juke Box Saturday Night (Victor 20-1509 with Glenn Miller)	4			
Why Don't You Fall in Love with Me? (Decca 18483 with Connie Boswell)		4		
Can't Get Out of This Mood (Victor 20-1515 with Freddy Martin)			4	
Permanent Check-marks indicate where permanent albums are scoring beats with their popularity among the long-hair fans.				
Concerto in A Minor for Piano and Orchestra by Grieg, op. 16 (Victor DM-900 with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra with Artur Rubinstein)	√		√	√
Concerto No. 4 in G Major for Piano and Orchestra by Beethoven, op. 58 (Victor DM-930 with Frederick Stock and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra)	√		√	
Nutcracker Suite by Tschaikowsky (Victor M-265 with Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra)				√
Trio No. 1 in B Flat Major by Schubert (Victor DM-923 with Rubinstein and Heigetz Feuermann)			√	
Symphony No. 6 by Szostakowicz (Victor DM-867 with Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra)				√
Symphony No. 1 in C Minor by Brahms, op. 68 (Victor DM-875 with Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra)	√			
Musical Comedy Favorites (Columbia M-430 with Kostelanetz)				√



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HERE'S the personality-plus hat that makes you look as young as you feel. Turn it up. *Turn it down.* Cock it like a Marine on leave. Wear it straight, like the chairman of the board. Its flexibility follows your mood, flatters your features. Its rich, lustrous, suede-like surface testifies to its superb quality. No wonder men say: "Mellow, exclusive, serviceable...Jolly Rounder's got everything! It's the Dobbs!" In a selection of handsome colors.

$7.50

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New York's Leading Hatters • Retail Store: Park Avenue at 53rd Street

DOBBS

Fifth Avenue Hats

AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

Discretion Does It

Uncle Sam has the alcoholic beverage situation well in hand and we can do our bit by adopting these nine maxims

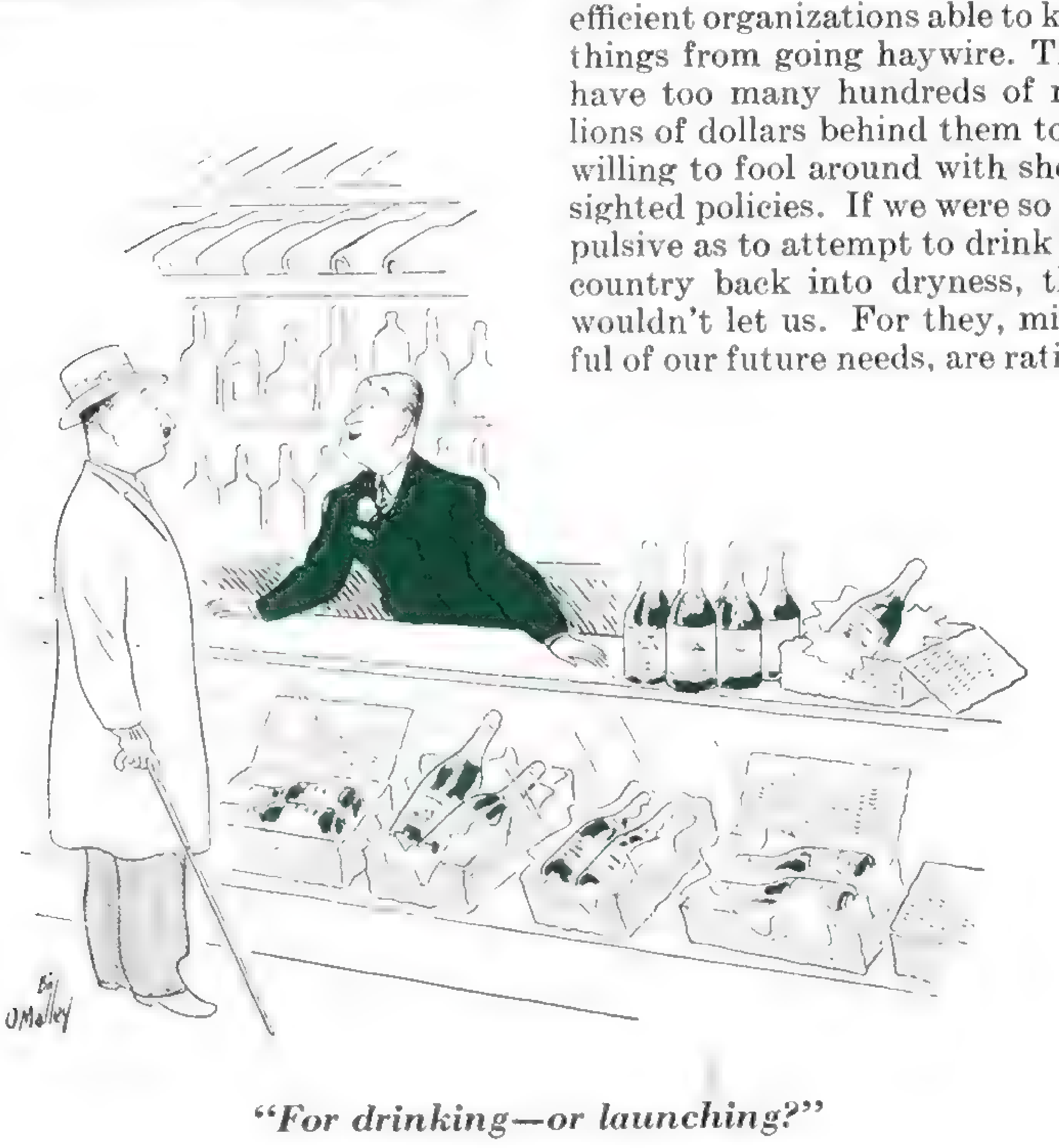
by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

Give a bright dog a week's supply of biscuits, explaining to him, "Marmaduke, these will have to last you till I get back," and he'll wolf only what he needs, burying the rest for the morrow and thereafter. We humans are of course even brighter. Or are we?

I raise this point because at the present moment we have a supply of spirituous imbibables which, if taken calmly, intelligently, is enough to last for several years—estimators differ as to just how many. The sort of critters we are will be demonstrated by the way we handle this situation, taking care of well-earned thirsts—yet keeping them from getting out of line with the war effort.

You can imagine the showing we'd make if the Era of Hypocrisy still had us in its slimy toils. Bootleggers and gangsters would be our teachers of responsibility. Greasing the palm here and there, *they'd* look out for the "welfare" of the boys in uniform—to the tune of flasks of entrail-destroyer gulped in the alley, blind tigers dispensing block-fall, and disease-reeking vice shanties offering alleged whiskey as the come-on. "Sinful" beer, now dispensed at post canteens and officers' clubs, wouldn't be allowed, nor "shameless" cocktails at officers' clubs. As for defense workers, fagged with the strain of long intensive hours and feeling lonesome in strange towns, boy, what easy pickings! And would anyone laughingly known as an enforcement agent get annoying so long as he got his? Uncle Sam himself, for whom men are now laying down their lives, would be out of the picture entirely. The prohibitionists kidnapped him, creeping up behind him and stuffing his mouth with tracts, and they replaced him with an old shyster who did business with the sort of criminals that the F. B. I. now drags, in dead or alive.



"For drinking—or launching?"

Unluckily for the Axis, the real Uncle Sam is with us again, and plenty on the job. *He* has charge of the alcoholic beverage situation. All distilleries are now working for *him* twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, making alcohol for smokeless powder and synthetic rubber. The storage and distribution of existing stocks of liquors are under his watchful care, and bear an unprecedentedly hefty tax load as their contribution toward Victory. Cordials, wines, and beer are likewise under his strict regulation, each category yielding as big a revenue as Congress and the U. S. Treasury have figured it capable of. Plus state and local taxes. (State treasuries, hard hit by the shrinkage in revenues from motorists, would fare badly indeed if it weren't for alcohol.)

Furthermore, the beverage industries are now made up of large, efficient organizations able to keep things from going haywire. They have too many hundreds of millions of dollars behind them to be willing to fool around with shortsighted policies. If we were so impulsive as to attempt to drink the country back into dryness, they wouldn't let us. For they, mindful of our future needs, are rationing us. So willy-nilly that plaintive organ the human whistle will have to listen to reason. Nobody has delegated me to do the talking, but if I were urged (What the hell happened to my public? I thought he was around just a moment ago, primed to cry "Hear, hear!"), I'd point out that:

1. If it was ever etiquette for a guest to play the hog with his host's liquor, it isn't any more. The better the bottle, the less sense in killing it.

2. Though it's dwindle, dwindle in the distillery warehouses, there's a silver lining in the fact that what's left gets older and older, with increased nobility of flavor. Which means that even a modest shot of it can speak volumes in your drink.

3. Don't by-pass your palate in your rush to down. You'd be defrauding it of a lot of fun and philosophy.

4. The costlier the liquor used in a highball—and considerably more than half the price you pay is taxes—the more it deserves a quality sparkling water.

5. As has often been stated by this department, the Martinis and Manhattans encountered at most places have been unnecessarily *strong*. In the days when eminent bartenders walked to work in Prince Albert coats, pin-striped trousers, and plug hats, it was *one-half* Vermouth ("Dry," "Dry and Sweet," or "Sweet" to balance the Martini's Gin; "Sweet" to mate with the Manhattan's Rye). And that basis lasted through World War I. But Prohibition made us kick-crazy, and Vermouth was less plentiful than that bathtub gin and rotgut "just off a train from Canada"; so the liquor end of these recipes was jacked up to *two*-thirds, and there it has prevailingly remained until now. Seems to me that, with America making such competent Vermouth, this is the psychological time to restore these two historic masterpieces to their original symmetries. If, sight unseen, you suspect that that much Vermouth might let you down, permit me to remind you of the Esky Cocktail fanfared in these pages a year ago. *That* has *three*, count 'em, parts of Dry Vermouth to *one* of Gin, stirred in cracked ice and poured into a stemmer over which the zest of a piece of lemon rind is wrung out.

And now Esky is handing out cigars as chesty parent of twins:

RYE AND DRY

1 part Rye
2 or 3 parts Dry Vermouth
2 dashes Orange Bitters
Stir with ice; strain into cocktail glass

HORSECAR

1 part Rye
1 part Sweet Vermouth
1 part Dry Vermouth
2 dashes Angostura
Stir with cracked ice; strain into cocktail glass which may contain maraschino cherry or kumquat.

6. In building an Old Fashioned, the splash of fizz for melting the sugar can be enlarged a bit without harm to the drink. If sugar is extra scarce, a tiny saccharine tablet (fat man's friend) will pinch hit for it undetectably. Thanks to the canned fruit shortage, there is less ambition nowadays to turn an Old Fashioned into an imitation of Carmen Miranda's headgear.

7. The smoky charm of Scotch can take over a bigger stack of bubbles than you've been giving it a chance at. So can the sly grape-song of good American Brandy. And so, too, telling a different story, the perfume of American Apple Brandy. Really, you've no idea of the cruising range that has been built into these soarers until you find it out personally.

8. Don't drink cocktails or highballs *during* meals. It's wrong scheduling. True trencherwork calls for wine or beer.

9. Sip gratefully, realizing how wonderful it is to be in a blessed land where such delights are available even in wartime.

Indeed, any drink that comes our way these days is entitled to be nursed. Whether its makings came from Scotland or the West Indies or somewhere within the Forty-eight United Commonwealths, it's part of our national store of good things of life. American energy and skill produced it, or American enterprise obtained it.

Then how, my public would like to know (he's back from his telephone call), do *I* have the gall to drink anything except ice water?

Well, frankly I *wouldn't* have the . . er . . effrontery to horn in on the stock pile of precious potables if Uncle Sam hadn't given me a special invitation in the form of taxation. He has broadmindedly made it clear that even a baldpated sideliner like me can participate by paying the prices which help pay for the ships and planes and shells. So, porcine as

Continued on page 132

Pour it with Pride...

BOTTLED IN BOND
I.W. HARPER
KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKEY
SINCE 1872
BERNHEIM DISTILLING COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Drink it... with Pleasure!

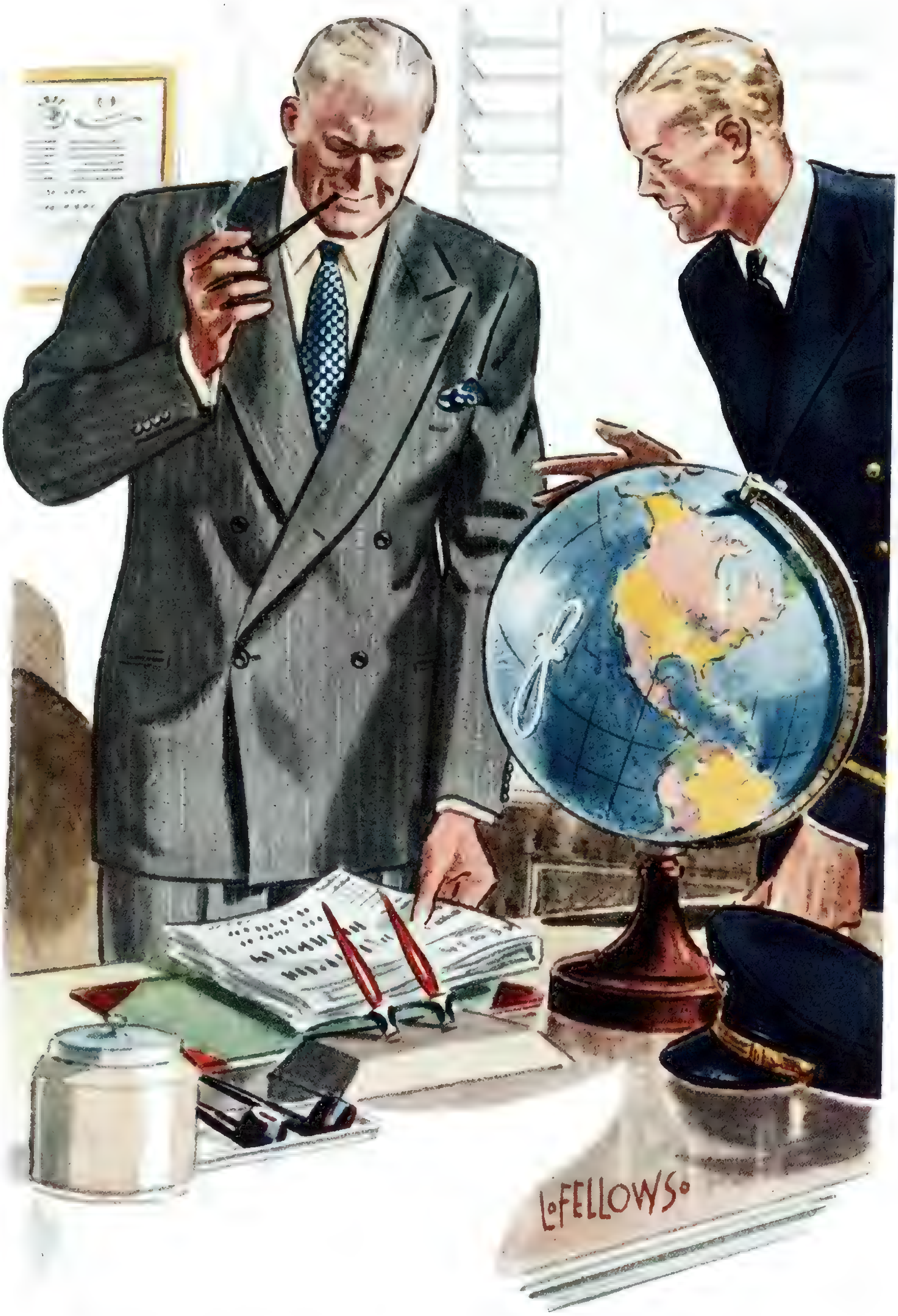
If in doubt about what to buy for your money, buy War Bonds. If in doubt about how to save your money, buy War Bonds. If you want to make sure you are helping speed Victory, buy War Bonds.

I. W. HARPER

The Gold Medal Whiskey

Tune in! Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival with Morton Gould's Orchestra. Refer to your local newspaper each week for time and station.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled in Bond 100 Proof, Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.



flash from a man of war

Here's a prophetic picture for you. The old boy is doing the listening—and liking it—and the chip off same is doing the telling. When a fellow becomes so handy with the tools of science that he can score a three-mile bull's-eye just by pressing a button, he's bound to develop a yen to have a go at some of our peacetime problems with the good old slide rule technique he learned in combat. So let's prepare to lend a postwar ear. Meanwhile, both the ensign and the industrious captain are keeping their eye on that multi-colored ball. The latter covers his home front with a striped grey worsted suit, tan oxford shirt, mufti knot tie, and pocket handkerchief to match. We thought that "mufti knot" would get you. It's a new idea in neckwear—a solid color knot with a patterned apron, in this case a shepherd check. Costs no more and adds a very spiffy touch to the Adam's apple.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

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For Men in the SERVICES
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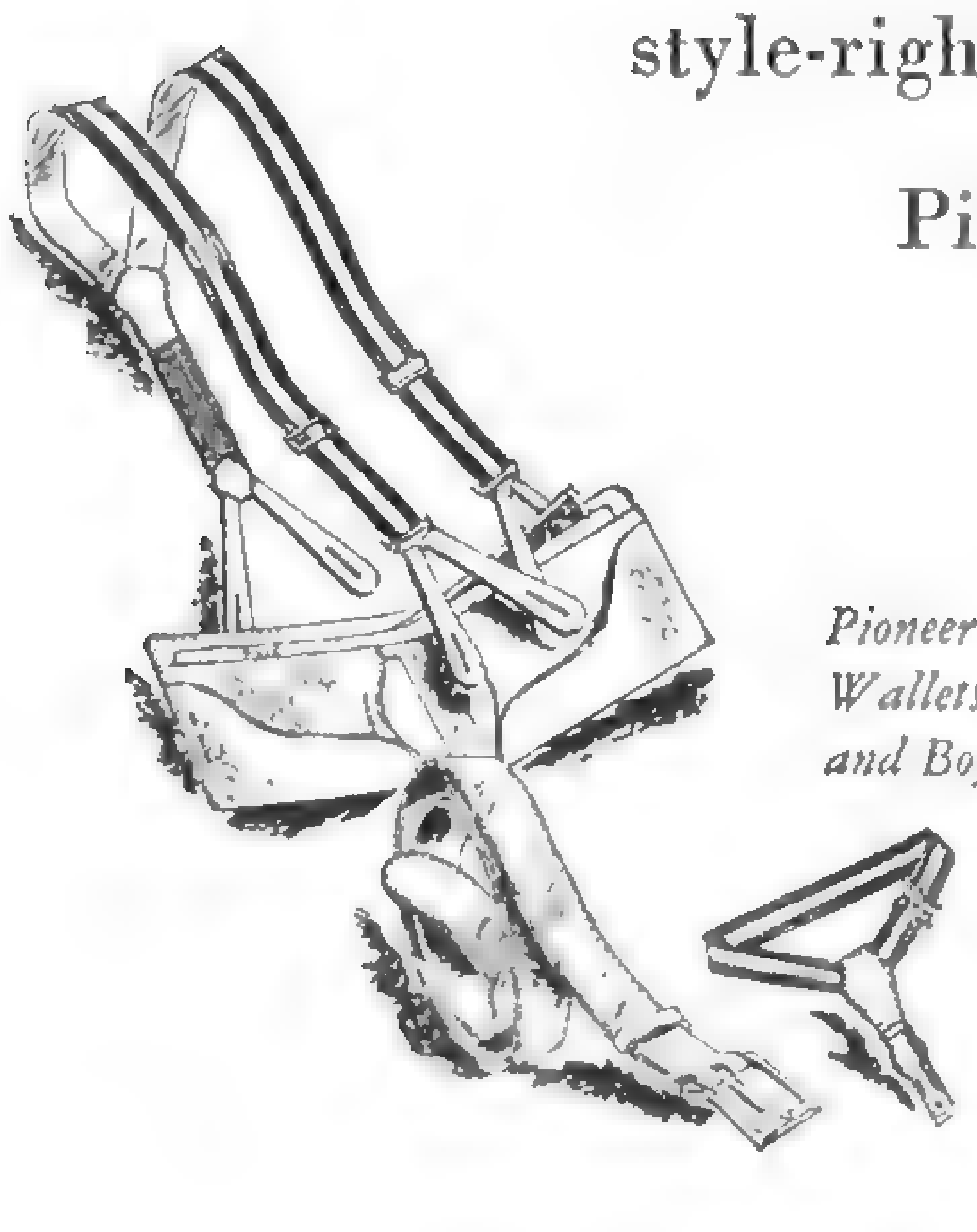

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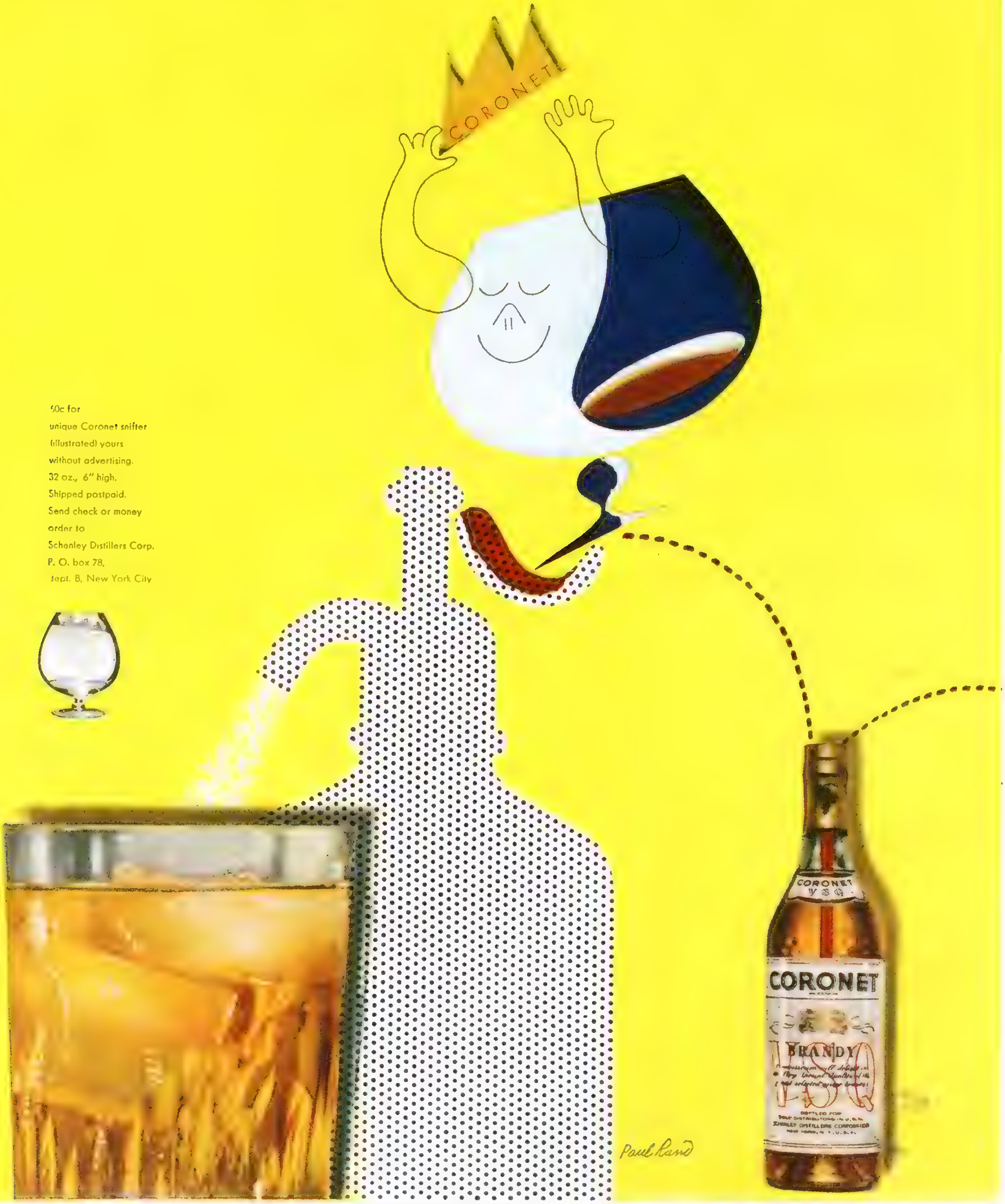

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The Rocket's Red Glare

Continued from page 34

fire before?" The General peered into the shadows. "If you're scared you better run home an'—where's the varmint gone now?"

"Can't see him. But the light's out and there's an automobile—"

In the other direction from that which the shot had come, the old men could see through to one of the park's driveways. A dimmed street lamp showed a car standing motionless.

"That's him!" Amos cried. "The light come from that auto!"

He started to run. As he moved, the car sprang into motion. Gears whining, it vanished in darkness.

"There he goes! And there goes our chance!" Amos whirled to the General. "If you hadn't made so much noise with your big feet that his lookout heard us and fired, we might 'a'—"

"I've seen that green car with the big dent in one fender before. But darned if I can remember who it belongs to—"

"Mebbe in a hundred years you can think of it. Main thing now is to get outa here." Amos cast uneasy glances about him.

"Sh! Somebody's comin'—"

In the darkness grass swished with wet tearing noises. A flashlight showed, went out, and a voice said: "It's me. It's Peter."

"Oh, hello, Peter," Amos answered relievedly. Peter Race was the grounds superintendent. He lived alone in a cottage at the edge of the beach. He was a small, dark, quiet man. He drew on his cigarette and the glow illumined his face, scored by lines of worry. "I heard a noise. What happened?"

"We couldn't sleep. We were out takin' a walk. There was a skunk in the bushes."

"A skunk with a .45? Keep it under your hat. And listen—you old fellows better not come out here at night any more. Leave it to me. I don't sleep any better than you do."

The General spent most of the next day prowling the grounds and nearby streets trying to get another glimpse of the green car. "I'd know it anywhere if I saw it again," he kept muttering. "Anyhow, we'll get him tonight. We'll go to the same place. We'll go earlier an' we'll be there hidin' when he starts up his spy-talk."

But that night the car did not come. The signals shot up from another spot far away and were gone before they could get near.

It was the same the next night. "That's why he uses an auto spotlight to send it," said Amos. "So's he don't have to go twice to the same place and can get away fast if anyone comes. We could hunt for a month and never catch him."

Discouraged and weary, the old men sat down to rest on the settee by the beach. The bridge was a Jacob's ladder built into the stars and the city made a long ink blotch behind the slick of the river.

The General's head nodded. His eyelids drooped—and at his side came the thud of a blow and Amos' gasped outcry. He saw Amos pitch forward. Hands darted over his own shoulders and long strangling fingers gripped his throat so tightly that he could not look around.

He shouted once and then the fingers were closing. Everything was going black when running feet sounded. The fingers flew apart and when the General had got his breath the attacker was gone and Peter Race stood there panting.

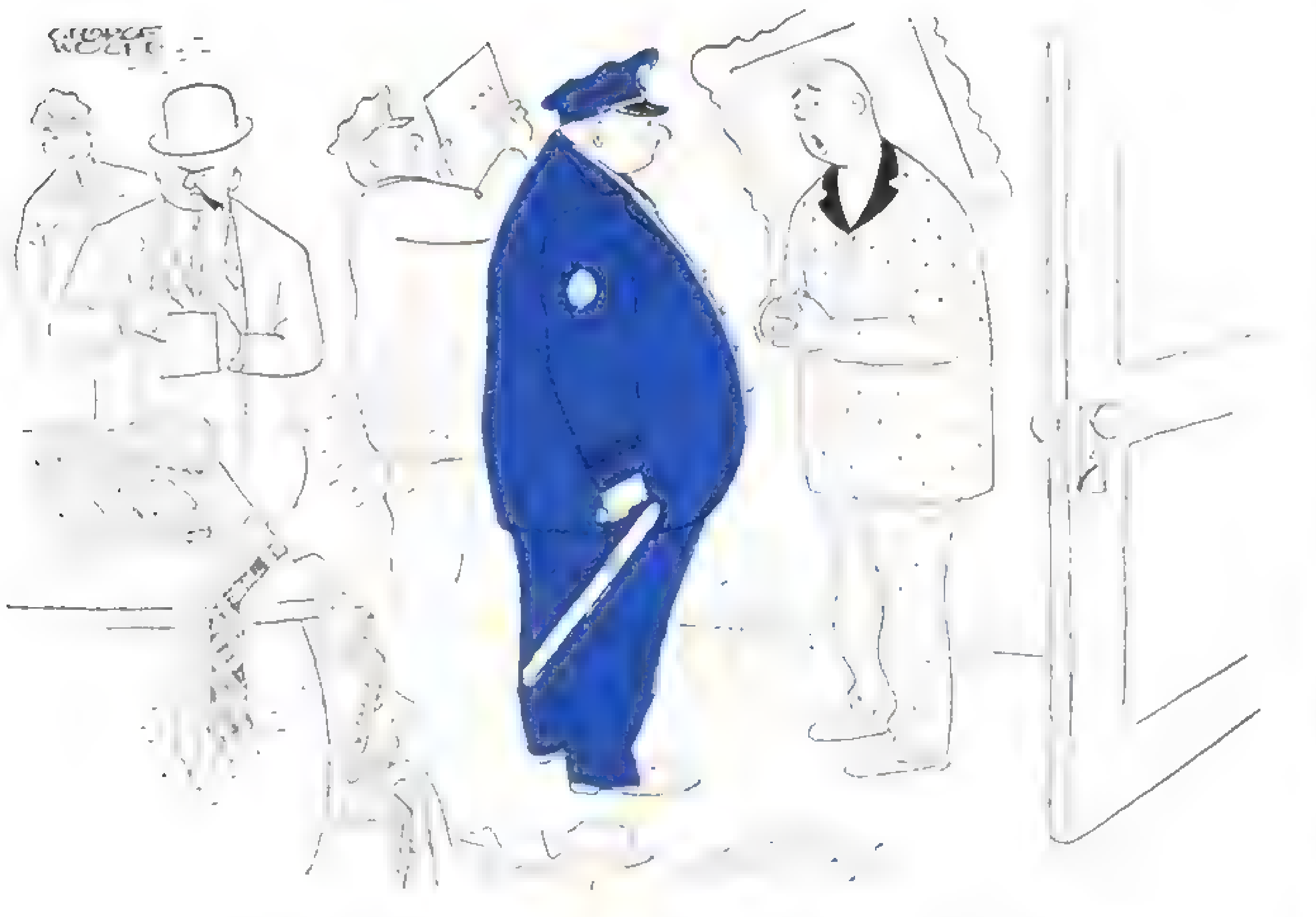
After Peter had revived Amos with water brought in his hat, he took the old men back to the Home. "You any idea who it was?"

"Idea? No. All I'm sure of, 't'was the same cussed varmint that's been sendin' those light signals. If I'd only woke up a minute sooner—"

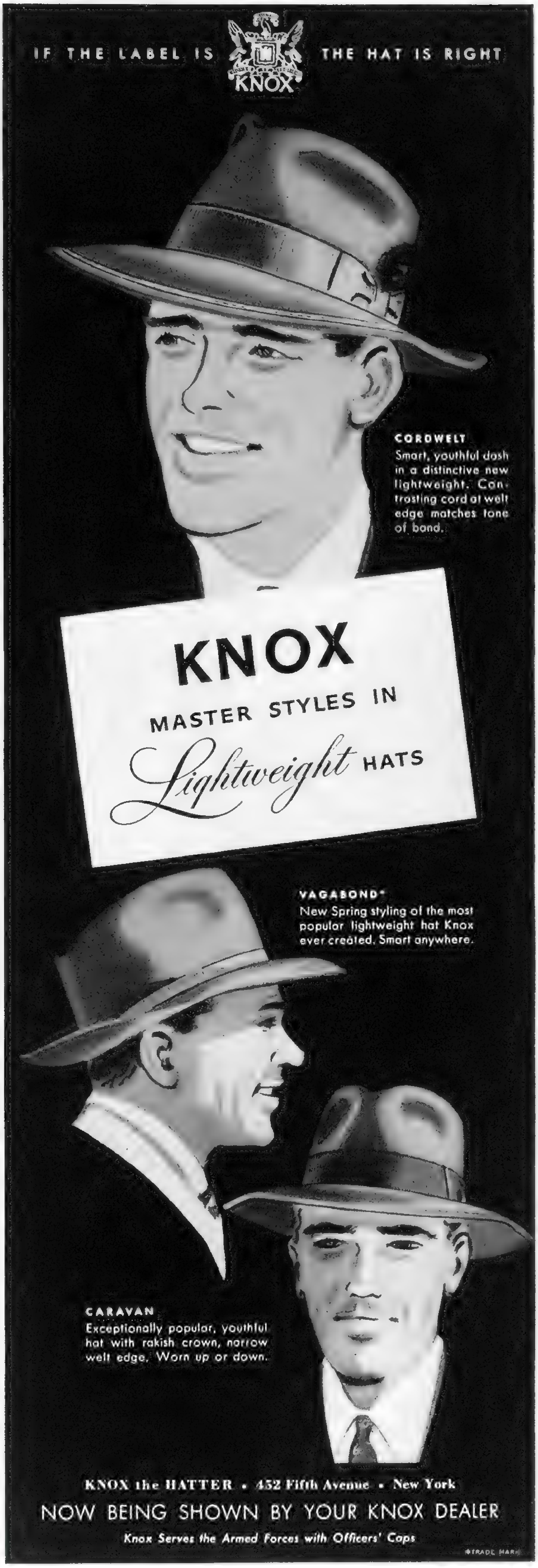
"Get some sense now and keep out of this, will you?" begged Peter Race. "Just luck that crack of Amos' didn't finish him. And to stop you from worrying, I'll tell you a secret. I reported those lights to the Commandant a long while ago. The F.B.I. has men covering this area every night."

The next morning the General

Continued on page 114



". . . and they took my empty shaving tube!"



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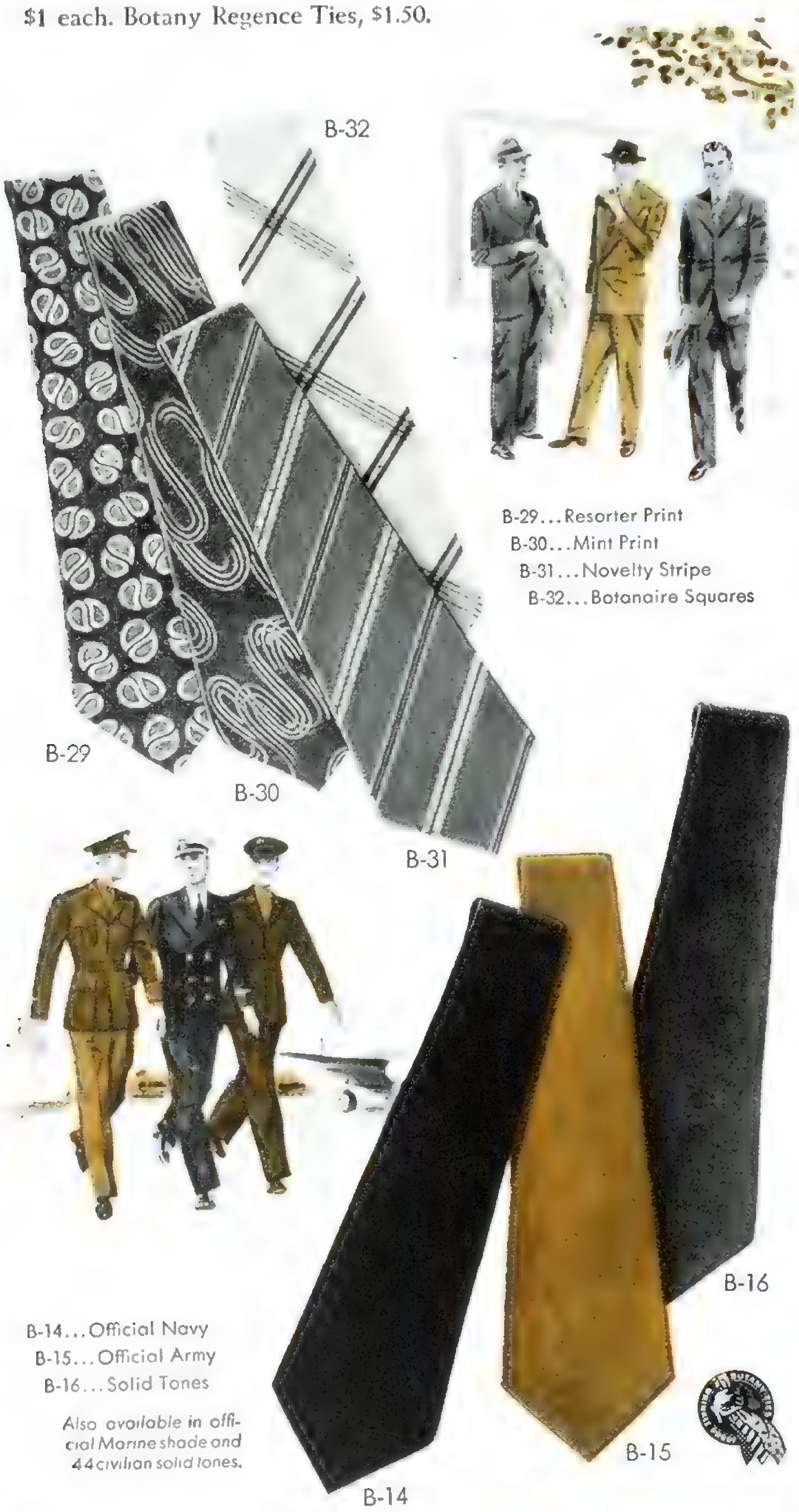

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The Rocket's Red Glare

Continued from pages 34-113

and Amos spent recuperating in a pair of rocking chairs on the Home's wide piazza.

"We're getting nowhere a mile a minute," Amos muttered. "As long as the government has got fellows at work, we better quit and let them take care of it."

"So they can take chances instead of us gettin' shot for our country?" The General's blue eyes shot sparks. "Ever since this war started we all been achin' to do somethin'. Now we got a chance an' because we didn't make out the first two or three times—"

"I'm no more afraid of dying for my country than you are," Amos said tartly. "But the fact is, we aren't catching him no matter how hard we try. The government men are smart young fellers that are trained for just such work. So we might as well—"

"Young fellers! The young ones do everything, while we—" The General thumped his fist on the arm of his chair. "But all the same I bet they don't know about the green car with the dent in the fender. If I could only remember who I saw drivin' that auto—"

Several days passed. Each midnight the General and Amos crawled from their beds to steal to the window and peer into the heavens. But the light was never again to be seen.

"So we did do something!" Amos exulted at last. "Even if we didn't catch him, we scared him and made him quit."

"No, we only drove him away from here an' now he's sendin' his signals from somewhere else. Every night I lay awake thinkin' how, as soon as he gets good an' ready, he'll—"

"What you need is something to take your mind off your worries." Amos patted his shoulder. "Remember that Decoration Day comes next week? There's going to be a parade and fireworks. You'll have a great time—"

The morning of the Thirtieth was vivid with sunshine. The autos came from the veterans' posts and the old men clambered in and the procession of cars started up the avenue toward the head of the line, ready to advance.

There were beautiful cannons mounted on trucks; steel forts that could go faster than any horse ever galloped; and just abreast of the General a snub-nosed little brown car with cocky young soldiers perching all over it.

A young officer with yellow hair and freckles down his nose grinned and flipped a salute off his eyebrows.

The General saluted back and yelled over: "If we'd 'a' had a few o' those at Bull Run, the runnin' would 'a' been the other way."

"You tell 'em, General! How'd you like to ride in our buggy?"

"Where you stayin'? I'll be over an' see you."

"Up at the Army Base just for tonight. We're from Fort Sherman. It's a date."

The parade was long and the General grew tired. But the fireworks in the park were wonderful. They emblazoned the heavens with bursts of gold, orange, blue and green.

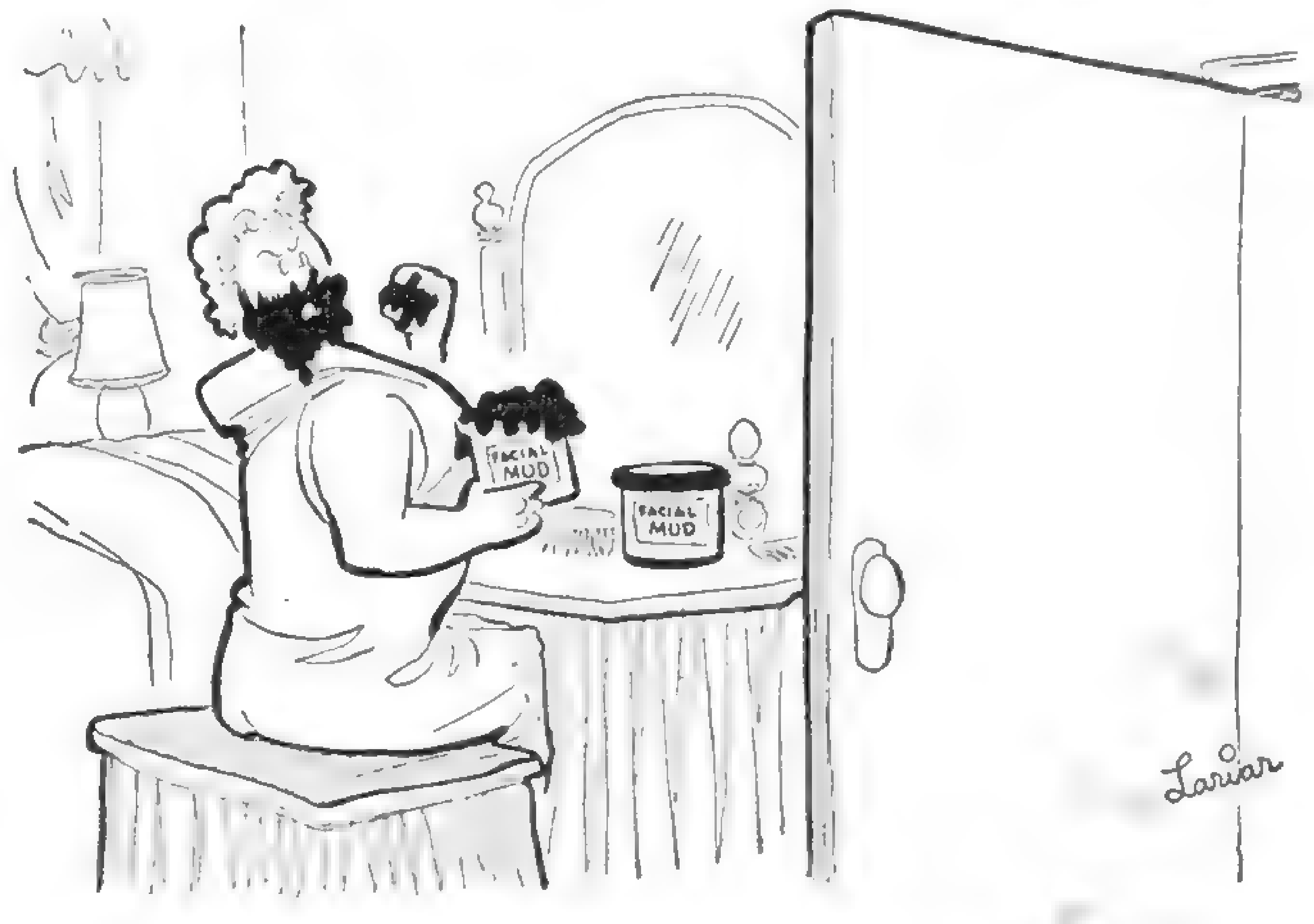
And besides all the rest there were rockets that shot spangles of crimson and scarlet against the sky. Red rockets that came in rhythmic pattern different from that of the other pieces; that came in clusters of varying numbers.

Then it was all over and the old men were flocking inside and up to bed. But the General could not sleep.

Presently he crawled out of bed and crouched to open the ancient calf-skin trunk under his table. From it he took the lieutenant's sword with the tarnished gold on its handle. He pulled on his trousers and shoes and stole out of the building. He flourished the sword over his head and it seemed to him that he marched at the head of an army of blue-clad men—young, virile and tireless. "The red rockets!" he muttered. "Tonight I saw the red rockets at last. Tonight the vict'ry is comin'!"

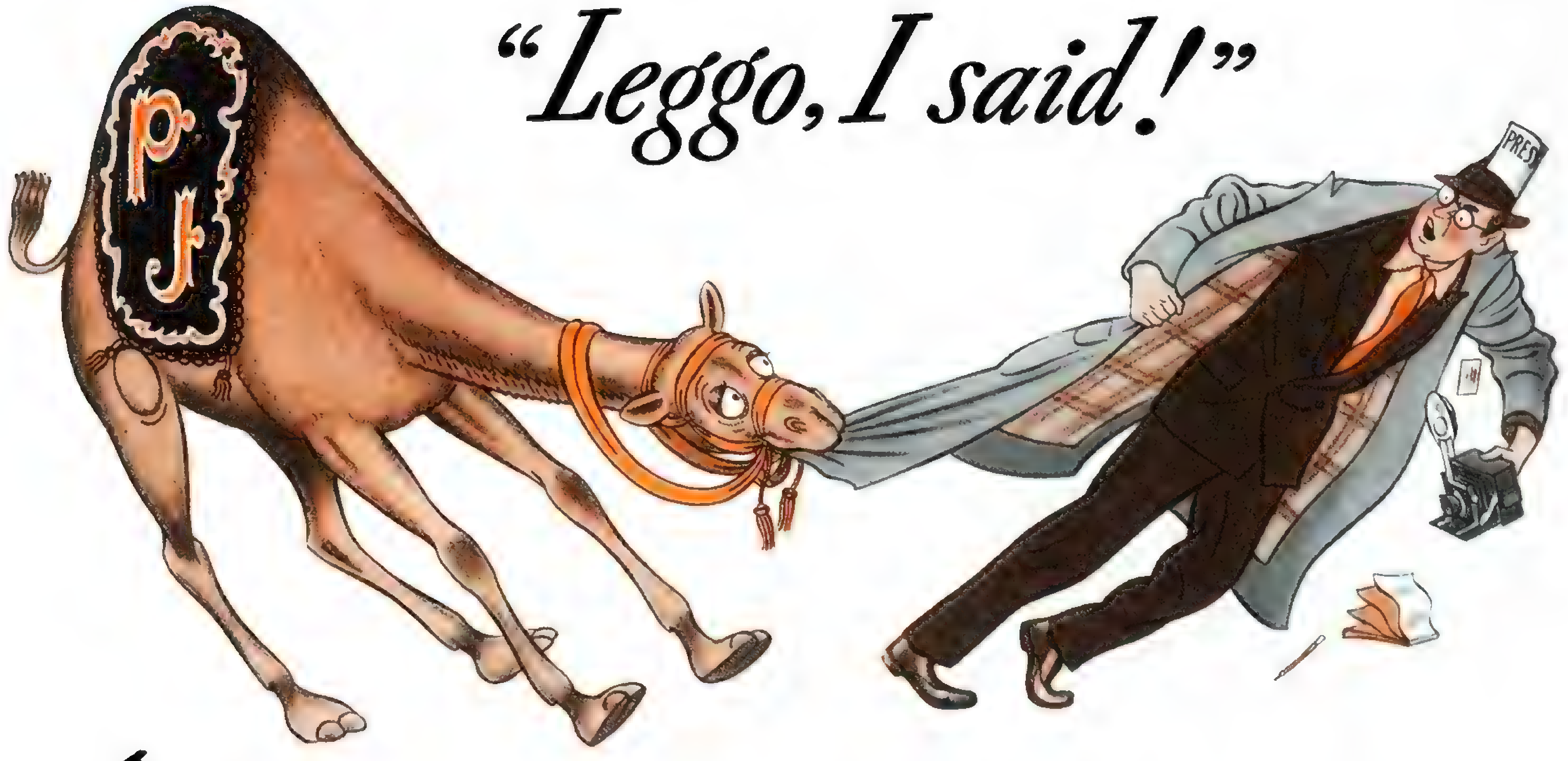
He came to the shore where he could see the sand running down ghostly white and the water beyond smooth as black oil. Where all at once he caught sight of a long dark shape that rode like a giant shark half submerged a short

Continued on page 116



"George! are you putting water on your hair?"

"Leggo, I said!"



1.

REPORTER: Awright, okay, I'm a reporter. But please, Pal, I'm busy—City Hall's on fire, the bank's been robbed, somebody just blew up the postmaster, an' the mayor's running around biting dogs. So leggo the coat, Bub . . . *Leggo!*

CAMEL: But, Pride of the Press, *I've* got news for you, too! I'm the Paul Jones Camel! The living symbol of the *dryness* in dry Paul Jones whiskey and—

2.

REPORTER: *Jeepers!* Listen, you Bedouin Barnacle: Leggo my coat and tomorrow I'll plaster you all over Page One! But leggo me *now!*

CAMEL: Will you say that this dryness, this lack of sweetness in the superb Paul Jones brings out *all* its flavor? And that for all Paul Jones' magnificence, for all its superlative *dryness*, it is most moderately priced?

3.

REPORTER: Chum, I'll tell 'em it's a *pearl* among whiskies! Listen! Did you say moderately priced, Camel? A *dry* whiskey *and* moderately priced?

CAMEL: Go to *any* liquor store, O Soon-to-be-Grateful! You'll find that dry Paul Jones is *most* moderately priced!

REPORTER: Well, for the luvva Mike! Listen, you outsize paperweight, I'm not only gonna put this on Page One. I'm gonna put it in Society, Sports, and Letters to the Editor! So long, Pal! See you in the papers!

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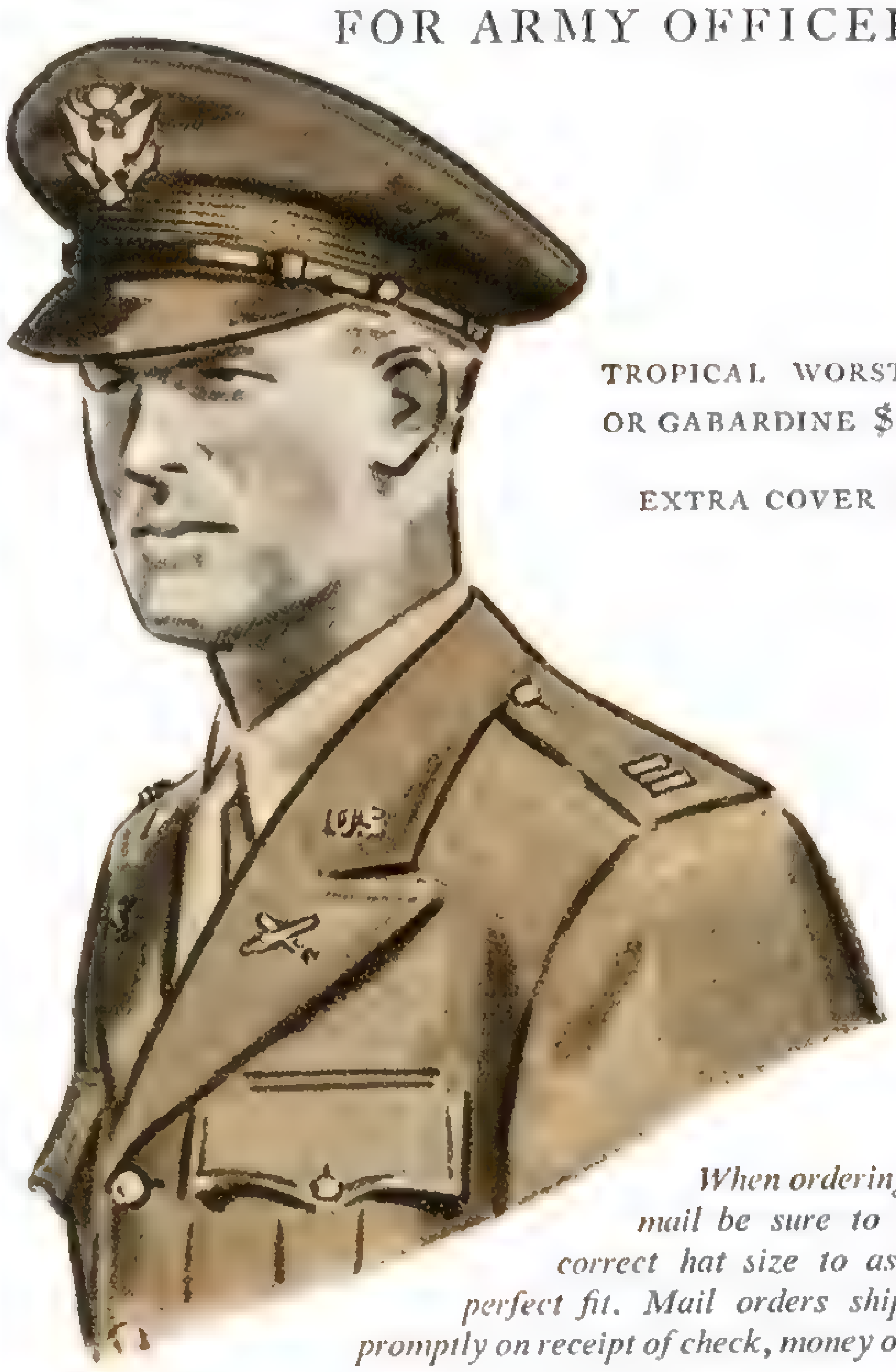

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The Rocket's Red Glare

Continued from pages 34-113-114

distance off shore. Not a sound came from it. But against the stars, black humped-over outlines decanted up through an opening onto the deck.

Then suddenly there came soft crunching and he side-stepped into shadows. A car without lights rolled up and came to a standstill a few yards away. It was the green car with the dent in its fender!

For a moment the General stood without moving. A door latch clicked and a figure moved in the darkness; stood back to him gazing down toward the beach.

There was no time to challenge the man, for at sound of the General's steps he whipped around. Just enough light came from the sky to show the face of the man who muttered, snarling: "So if you've got to have it—" Metal glinted and a clubbed pistol arced through the air.

"Peter! Peter Race—" The General gasped; quailed a step backward; lunged then with all his scant strength behind the thrust of the sword.

The down-lash of the gun only grazed him. But Peter Race fell to the ground and lay motionless. The General looked once more at the sub, where now the figures were clambering from the deck into a boat; whirled and started running back toward the Home.

He roused only Amos, shaking him awake; bending over him to whisper fiercely. "You do like I tell you and don't ask questions," he finished. "An' hurry, while I—"

When the General arrived back at the beach the submarine had disappeared. But the men were on shore. He counted them. Eight. Eight—and on the sand beside them stood bulky black outlines.

In a huddle, the strangers stood conferring in whispers. After a few moments they started to separate.

The General cast a desperate glance into the darkness behind him. *It's too soon for Amos to come, an' they're gettin' ready to scatter. They'll go every way an' nobody'll ever know who they are while they're killin' an' settin' fires an' blowin' up fact'ries. I'm all alone. What can I do against eight of them? But I got to try. I got to try to do somethin'—"*

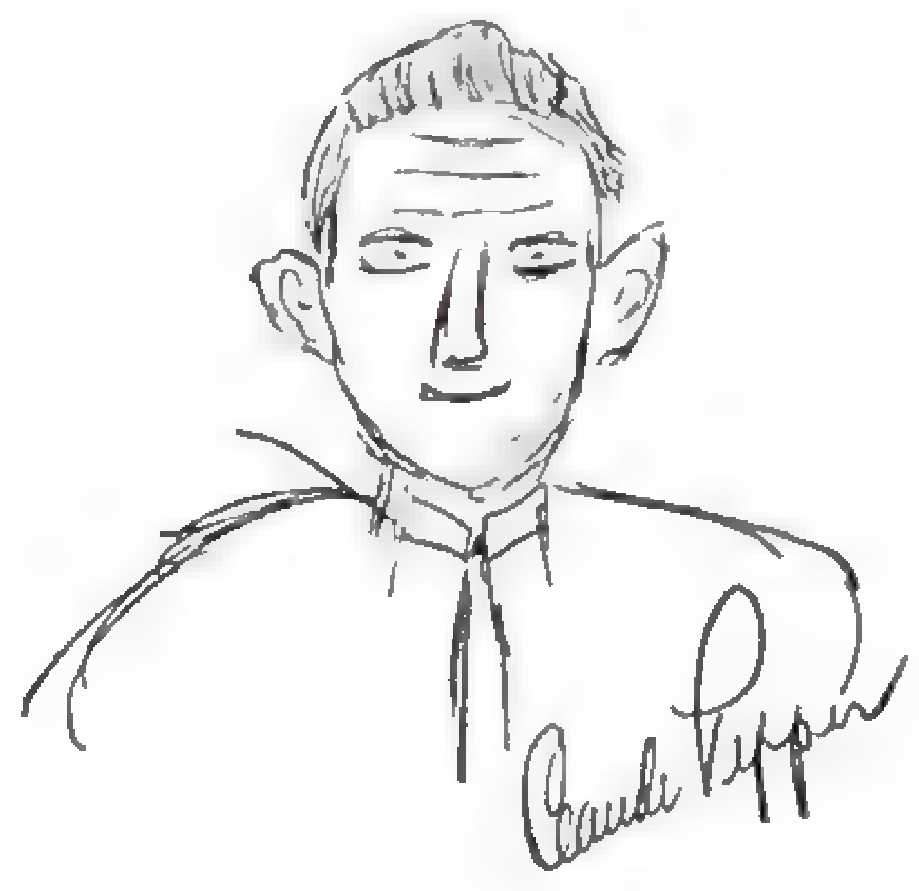
The top of his head had that queer feeling as he made his way to the edge of the beach—showing himself, walking steadily toward the group of black shapes that now stood frozen and tense.

A pin-sized light traveled over him from head to feet. He halted and star-glow revealed their faces dimly about him; hard, rodent, pitiless. A voice growled: "Who are you?"

At its sound, a start of surprise passed through the General; as though denizens of another world, arriving upon earth in a spaceship, had addressed him in his

Continued on page 118

Senator Pepper, as sketched by himself



A Portrait of Senator Pepper

by Senator Claude D. Pepper

Well-Earned Compliment: The complete and undying enmity of the Chicago Tribune.

Indoor Sport: Following the suggestion of my wife and keeping a diary.

Live To Be a Hundred: Take the advice of the Darky who, when asked how he lived so long, said: "When I sets, Boss, I jest sets loose."

New Trick for an Old Dog: Learning to play the piano at 42.

My Skunk File: The special place I put letters from people calling me a skunk (or worse).

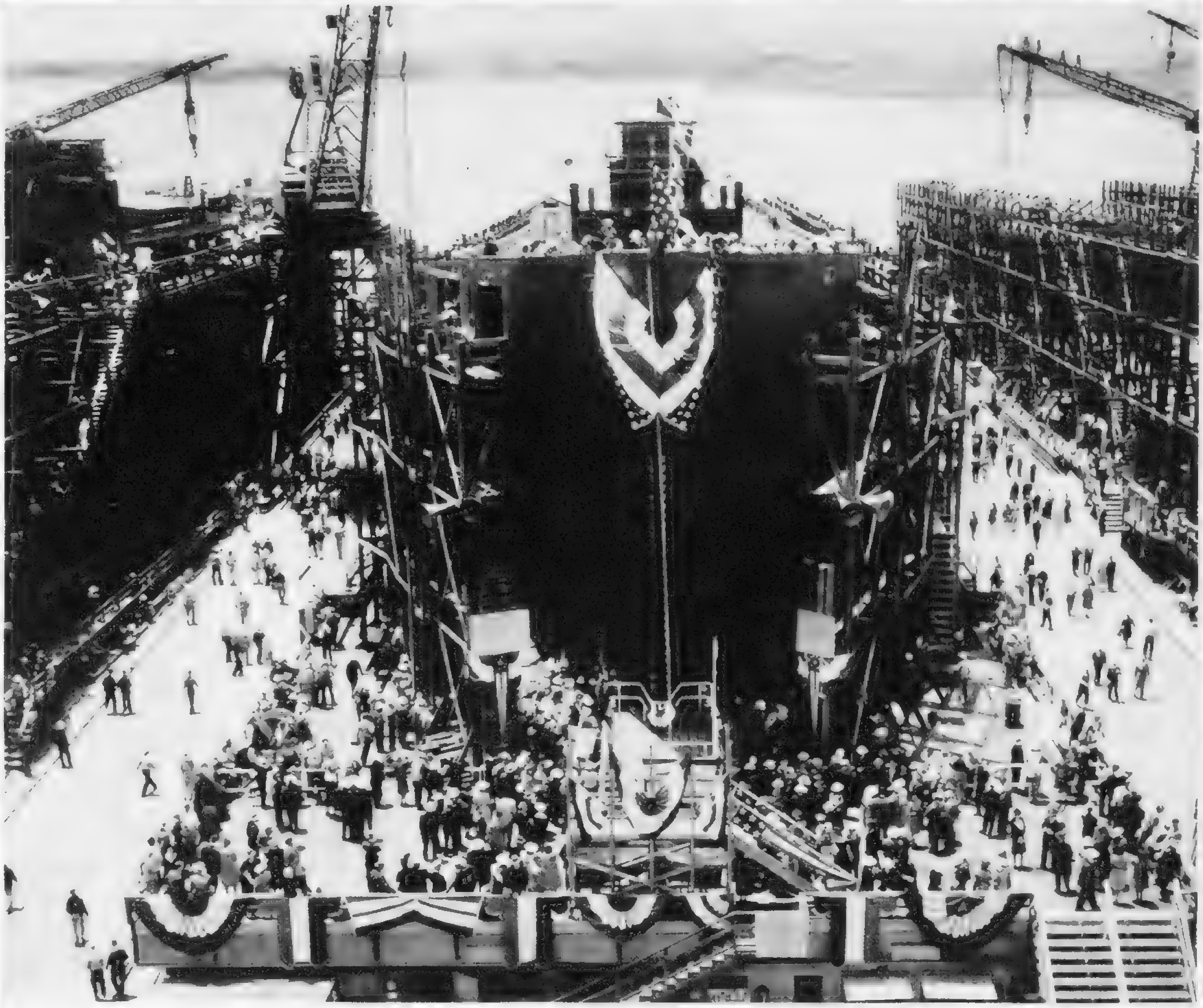
Practical Education: The lesson I learned, as a cross-country runner at the University of Alabama, of how to keep my legs going after my mind decided they couldn't take another step.

Suggested Theme Song: Praise the Lord and organize production.

Army vs. WPB: I say make the generals concentrate on the battle line and let production men handle the production line.

This Country Needs: A completely supreme, utterly unfettered, absolutely unquestioned, one-man authority to smash every last bottleneck—in other words, Donald Nelson multiplied by ten.

My Ambition: To nominate Franklin Delano Roosevelt for the Presidency of the United States of the World!



PRIDE OF WORKMANSHIP

A ship launching is an occasion for pardonable pride on the part of every person, man or woman, who drove a rivet, sawed a board, or had anything else to do with completing the job. When some lucky lady smashes that bottle against the hull, even old "Poker Face," the timekeeper, can't help but feel a slight surge of emotion. And rightly so. Any man worth his salt has pride in good workmanship. That's certainly true of railroaders. We're quite sure that every Union Pacific employee—in shops, offices, stations, or on the rails—realizes the need for top-notch efficiency and takes pride in the fact that his railroad, with his help, is doing a bang-up job of transporting vital war materials and trainloads of troops.

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The Rocket's Red Glare

Continued from pages 34-113-114-116

own language. He whispered: "I'm helpin' the other one—you know who I mean. He was held up. Can't git here for a little while. He sent me to tell you it was all right."

The man who had spoken moved closer. He was tall and bare-headed, with yellow hair; his face was iron, nemesis-like, and across it ran a jagged great scar. That much the General could see in the starlight; and he heard the man's words, clipped and penetrating.

"The other one said nothing of anyone helping him." Suspicion leaped in the grating reply. "He said there would be a house where we should put the explosive. There would be clothes, food, plans of the bridge, all directions—"

Like a toy engine on a small track, thoughts clattered dizzyingly around and around in his brain. "*So that's what's in all those boxes. Dynamite to blow up the bridge. Dynamite enough to wreck all the fact'ries—*

"He is a spy," a voice muttered. "Put him out of the way before he makes an alarm. But not with a gun. That is too noisy. With a knife—"

The General wet his parched lips. "The explosive—sure. The house—the house is right over there. There's a place for the dynamite in the cellar—"

The first voice ordered: "Show us the house."

The men trooped on both sides of the General as he started toward Peter Race's cottage. All of them had guns in their hands.

He breathed a prayer of thankfulness when he found the door unlocked. He stood back. "Go right on in."

But the men would not enter till their flashlights had explored through the doorway. And even then came skulking in sidewise, gliding along the walls; the leader staying behind with the General while the others went tense as cats to examine the rest.

Two by two they returned and reported. "No one is here."

"You satisfied now that I have not lied to you?" asked the General.

"I am satisfied with nothing." The leader had made no move to switch on a light. "You say that the other one was delayed. But in a matter of this importance that is not possible. And even if something had taken place at the last moment—the idea that the best assistant he could send us is a man a hundred years old—"

"It is a trap. We must kill him and get out of here," said the man who had spoken the other time.

"There'll be plenty o' time to talk about me after you've brought the explosive in," said the General. *I can't let 'em go yet. Even if they kill me I've got to keep 'em here. Why don't Amos come? What has happened to Amos?* "Layin' out there like that, somebody's apt to spot it."

"He is right." The leader turned to his men. "Go and bring in the boxes. Be fast and be quiet." To the General he said: "Show me the cellar."

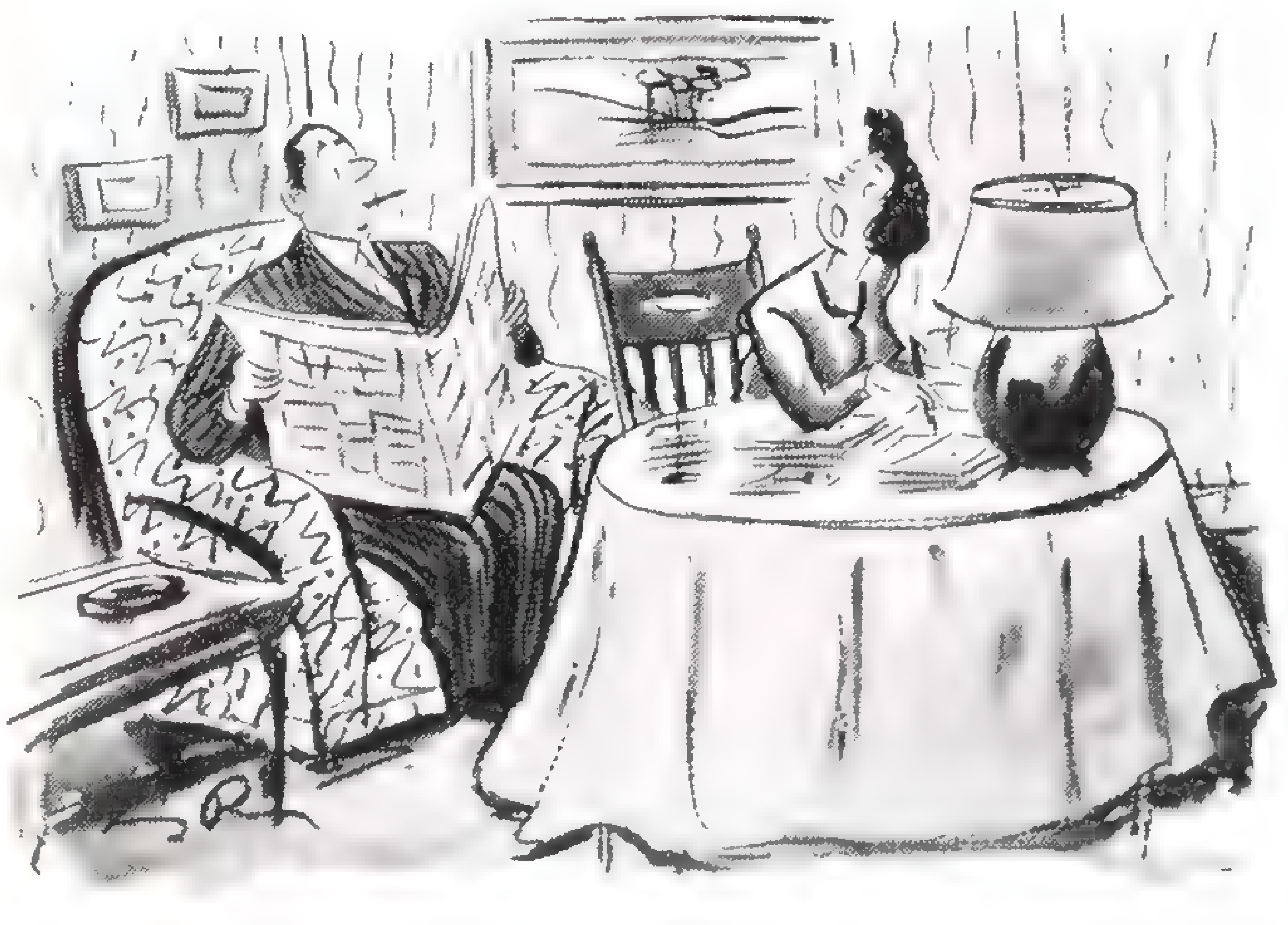
The old man led him to the door at the head of the stairs. It was lucky for him, he thought, that he had dropped in here to chat with Peter Race; had learned his way around the house.

The men came plodding across the short stretch of sand, bent under the weight of the boxes. All but one of them made two round trips. The General wondered if the leader could see the beads of sweat trickling over his forehead. *I've used up fifteen minutes—maybe twenty. If Amos had run like I told him—*

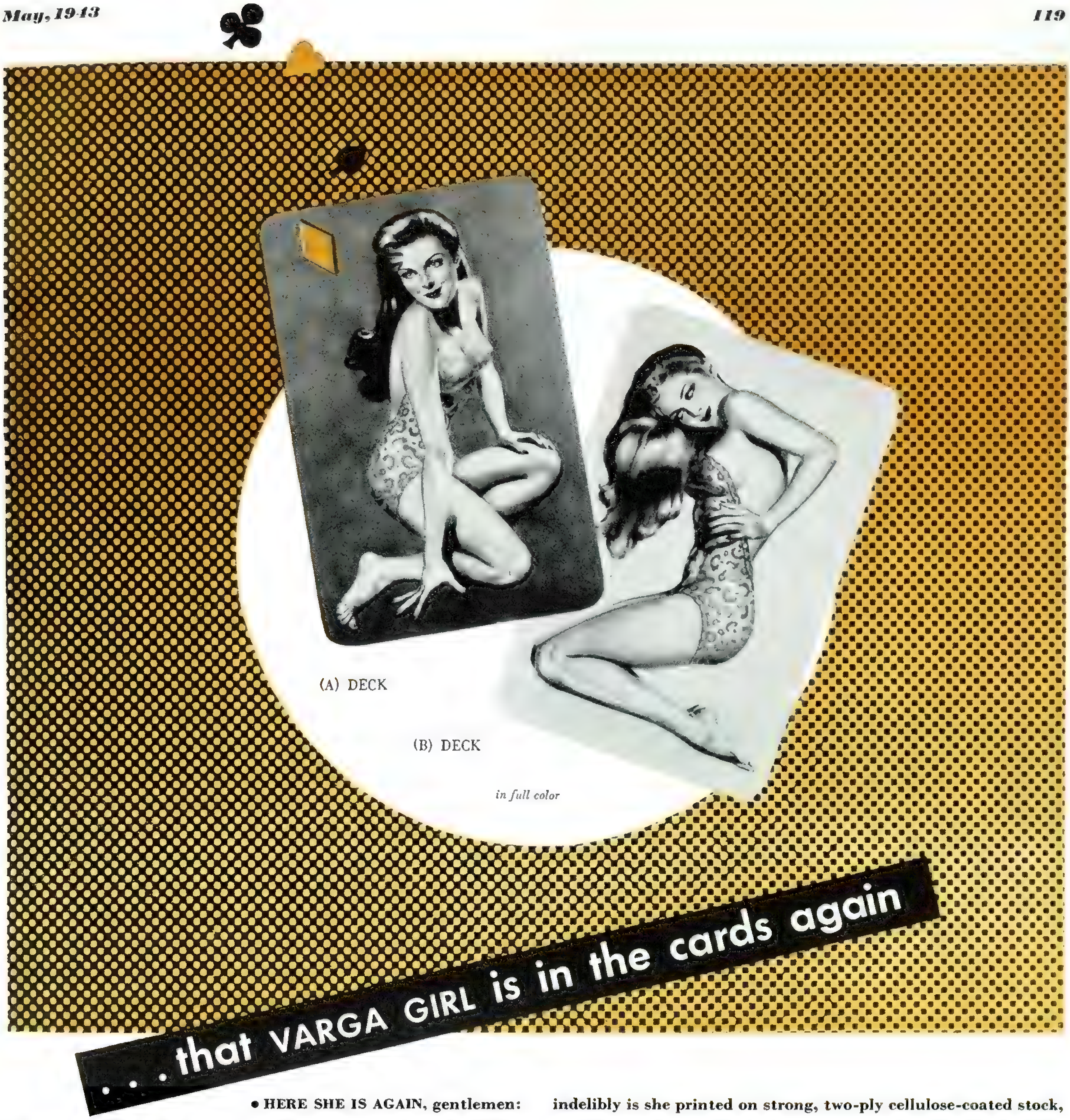
The last man to enter the house, hurried to the side of the leader. The General heard his guttural whispering without understanding the tongue in which he spoke. He heard the leader mutter: "Ah, so? You have done well."

The leader came and stood over the General. "We have proof that you were lying, old man. Our friend is not going to come. He is dead. Here is what he was killed with—"The tall man flung down

Continued on page 120



"If they don't put a ceiling on prices, we won't have a roof over our heads"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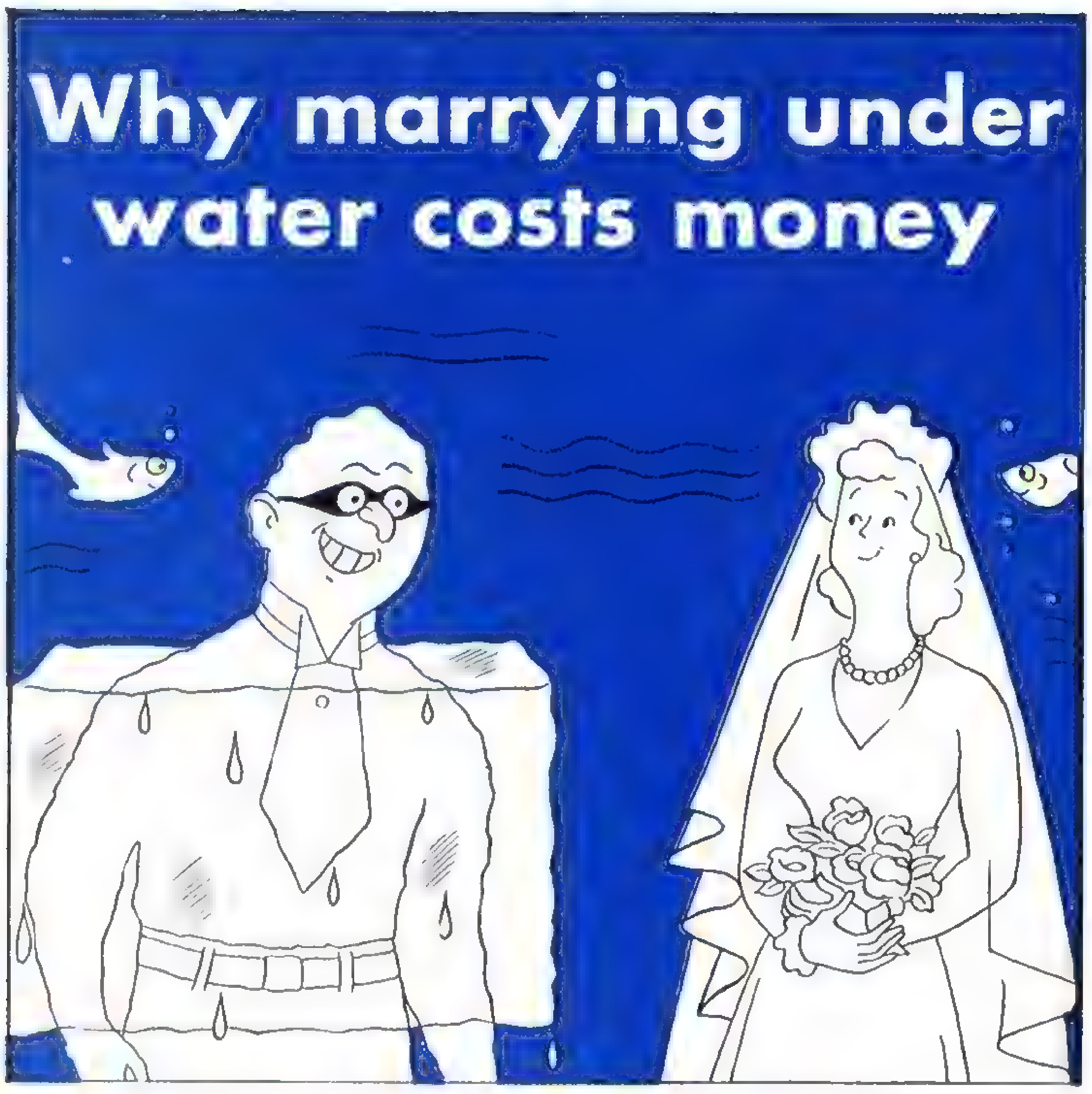
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MIX WITH FRUIT JUICES—IT'S DELICIOUS!

The Rocket's Red Glare

Continued from pages 34-113-114-116-118

on the table something that clanged in the darkness.

Everything inside the General went cold. *I've got to think fast. Suppose they wouldn't listen to Amos at the Army Base? Suppose nobody comes at all—*

The voice rasped on, saw-edged, biting into his brain. "Listen, old man. There are two things now that can happen to you. One is to help us and have your life spared. The other is to suffer until you tell us the truth. Why did you watch for our friend and kill him? How many others besides you know about us?"

The General's hands clenched. "I lived too long now. You think I'm afraid of anything you can do to me?" *But if they keep me in here, Amos'll never know. Even if they come from the Base they won't know where to look. They'll go to the beach and not find 'em and then go away. I got to take the chance that they're comin'. Before I'm tied up I got to show 'em—*

The table stood between him and the raiders; now they were coming around it to get to him. He reached quickly; felt the sword under his fingers; snatched it and sprang away. Sprang desperately for the switch for the room lights; groped, found the lever and pulled.

For an instant the whole scene stood before him—the windows ablaze with light, the forms of the raiders, faces carved in rat-likeness, guns rising.

The nearest one cursed and leaped for the switch. He met the General's sword point; screamed and lurched backward. A gun roared and then they were swarming upon the General, slugging, beating him down.

Darkness rushed through the room again as a hand pulled the switch. Darkness too in the General's brain; a timeless river sweeping him into a land of dreams.

Dreams in which he fancied that other lights suddenly pierced the room, this time from outside. Headlights of brown cars which had come into the grounds and down to the beach to halt there uncertain till they had seen the windows of Peter Race's house burst into light.

The General smiled as he dreamed. For in his vision young men shouted in triumph as they held the cottage under their searchlights; they swarmed from their jeep to surround it, their tommy guns making rattatatoo over the deeper growls of the automatics. Then the guns were all silent.

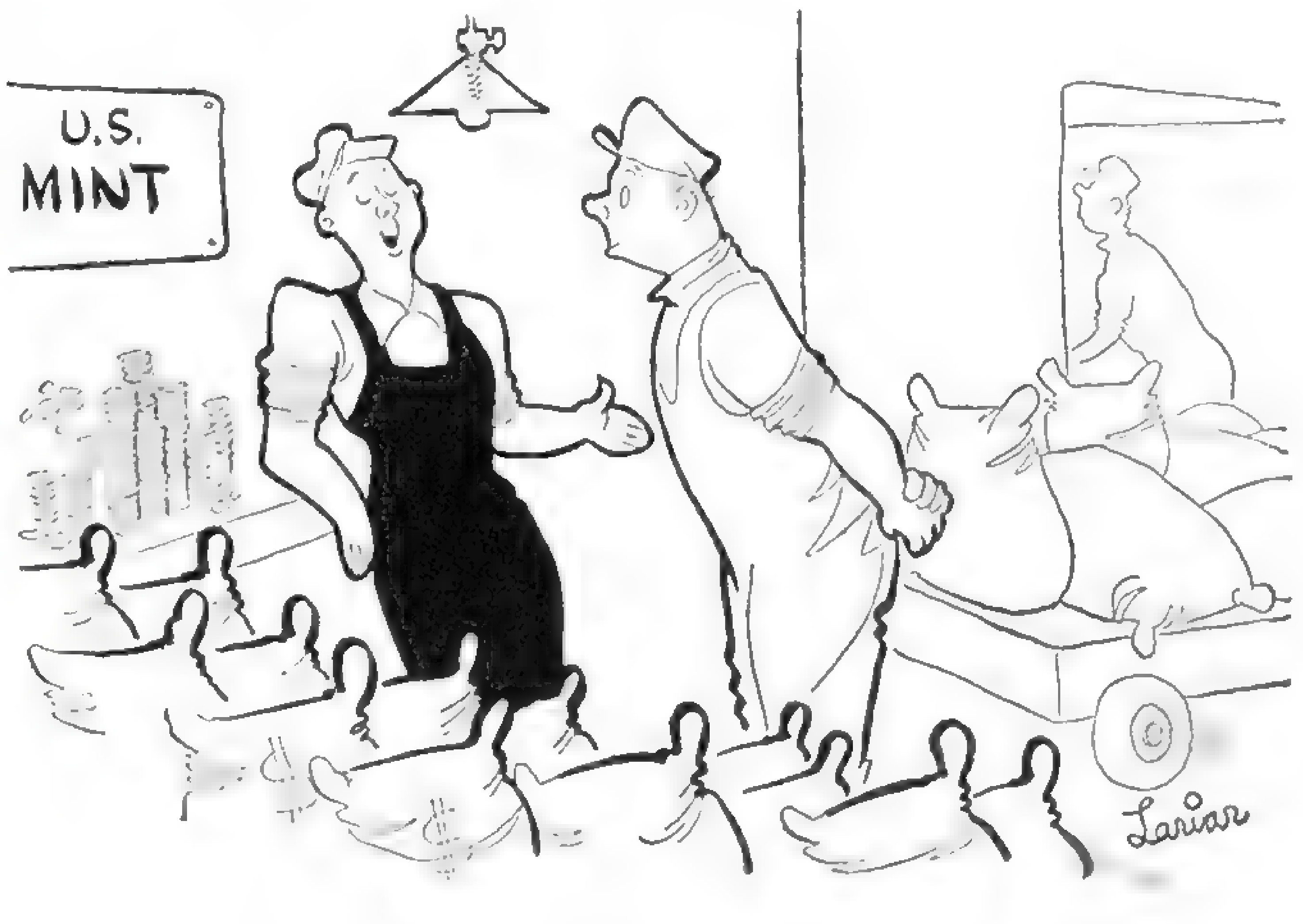
In the excitement of the next hour, with sirens hooting and police cars tearing into the grounds, no one thought of the General. "Those raiders brought ashore enough TNT to blow up the bridge and half a dozen factories besides," Amos heard a man in civilian clothes saying. "We found plans for the whole business in Race's desk."

"That car Race used belonged to one of the doctors." The Commandant came bustling in. "We found a key to the doctor's garage besides one for the car in his pocket. Some of his gardeners were probably in it with him. He was a slick customer, all right—reported to me the very signals he was sending himself! The last week he stopped sending so that you F.B.I. men would figure it was all over and withdraw your patrols. That would give him a clear field here for tonight. He sent up the rockets while the fireworks were going on."

"If those fellows had ever got on the loose—" a Colonel from the Army Base lit a cigarette with fingers not quite steady. "If that old man hadn't been an insomniac, no telling what might have happened. What became of him? He ought to have a medal."

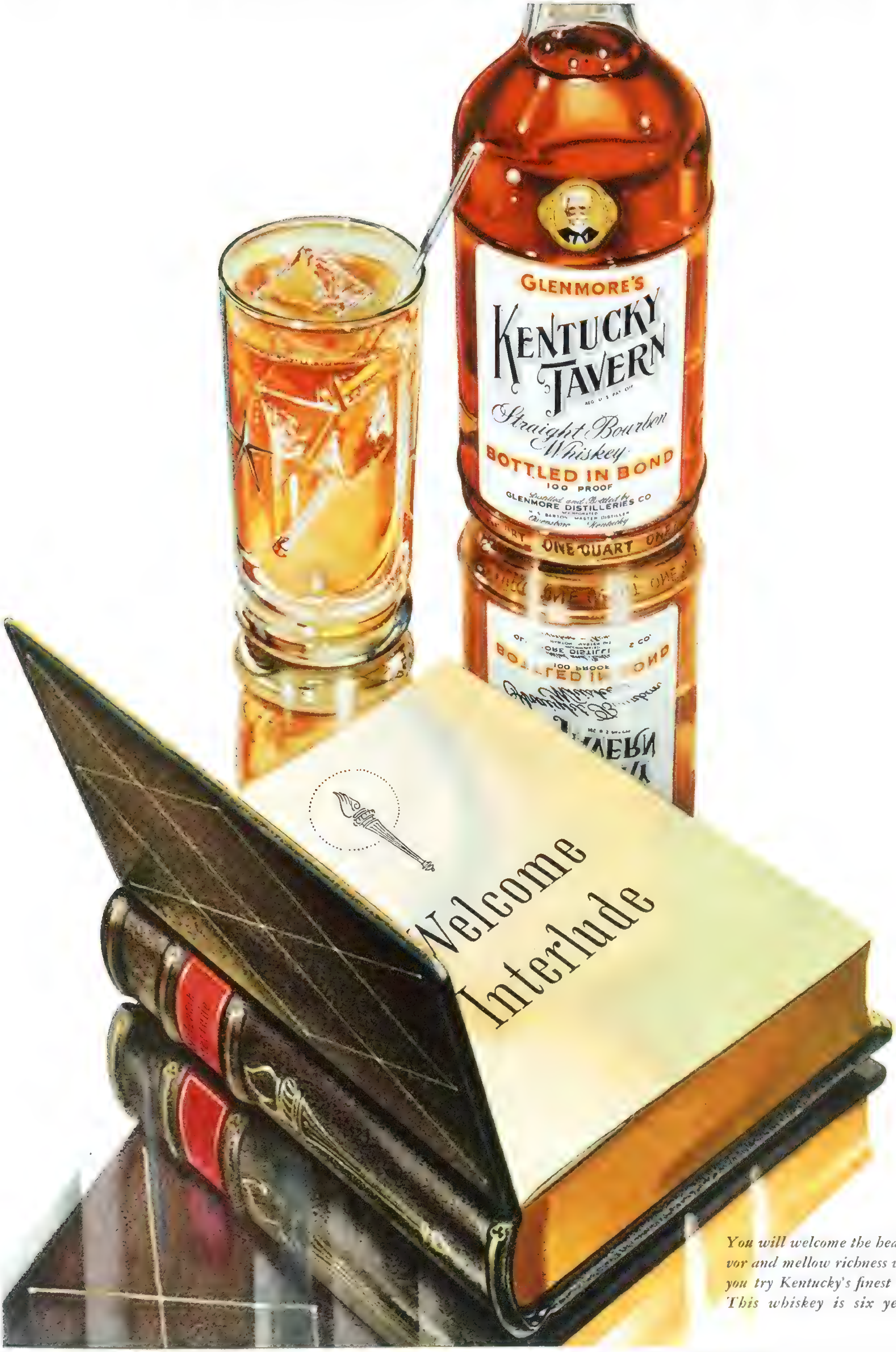
It was just coming dawn when they at last found the General. For in the confusion he had arisen from his corner to wander unseen out of the cottage. He lay under a tree, his face toward the sunrise, and he was smiling.

The doctor said: "That wound in his shoulder wasn't enough to do it. He died of excitement and over-exertion." And Amos smiled too and answered: "Yes, it was a glorious victory." #



"I made $87,632,057.81 last week!"

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS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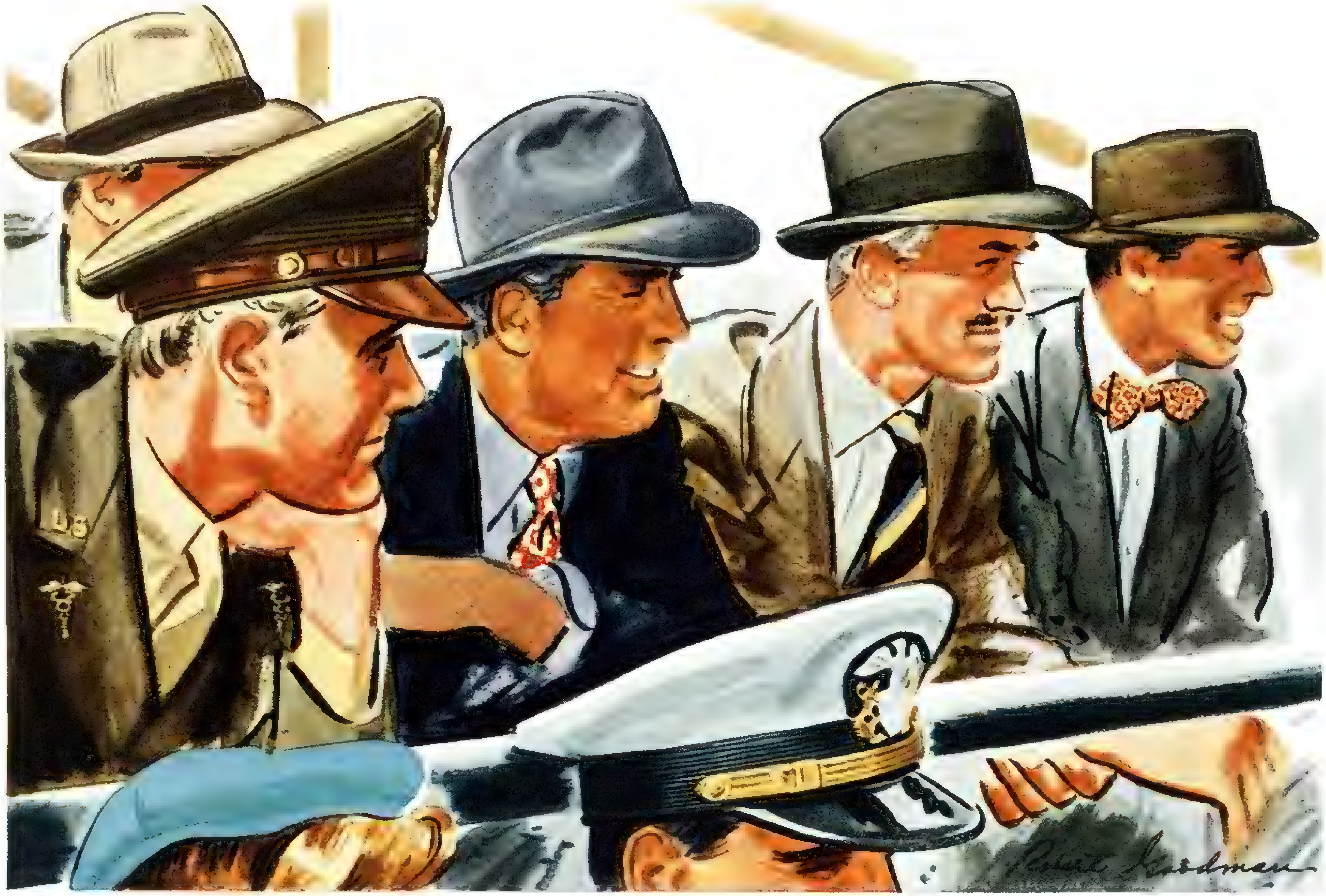

the line-up for spring

The only virtue in the fellow who takes a cold shower every morning is the fact that he doesn't. The same is true of the zealot who advocates going all out 16 hours a day and all in for 8. We're for letting off steam at handy intervals like these wise heads at the ball game. With a tip of our own hat to the two officers and the lady in blonde, we'll run through the headwear signals. In the back row, a cotton hat with dark brown puggree, a new model coming along fast. Next up, a suede finish hat of lightweight felt with narrow felt band; dented to your whim, it's the season's standout. Next to bat is a more formal grey-brown model with center crease only. Last is our old friend, still popular—the pork pie hat.

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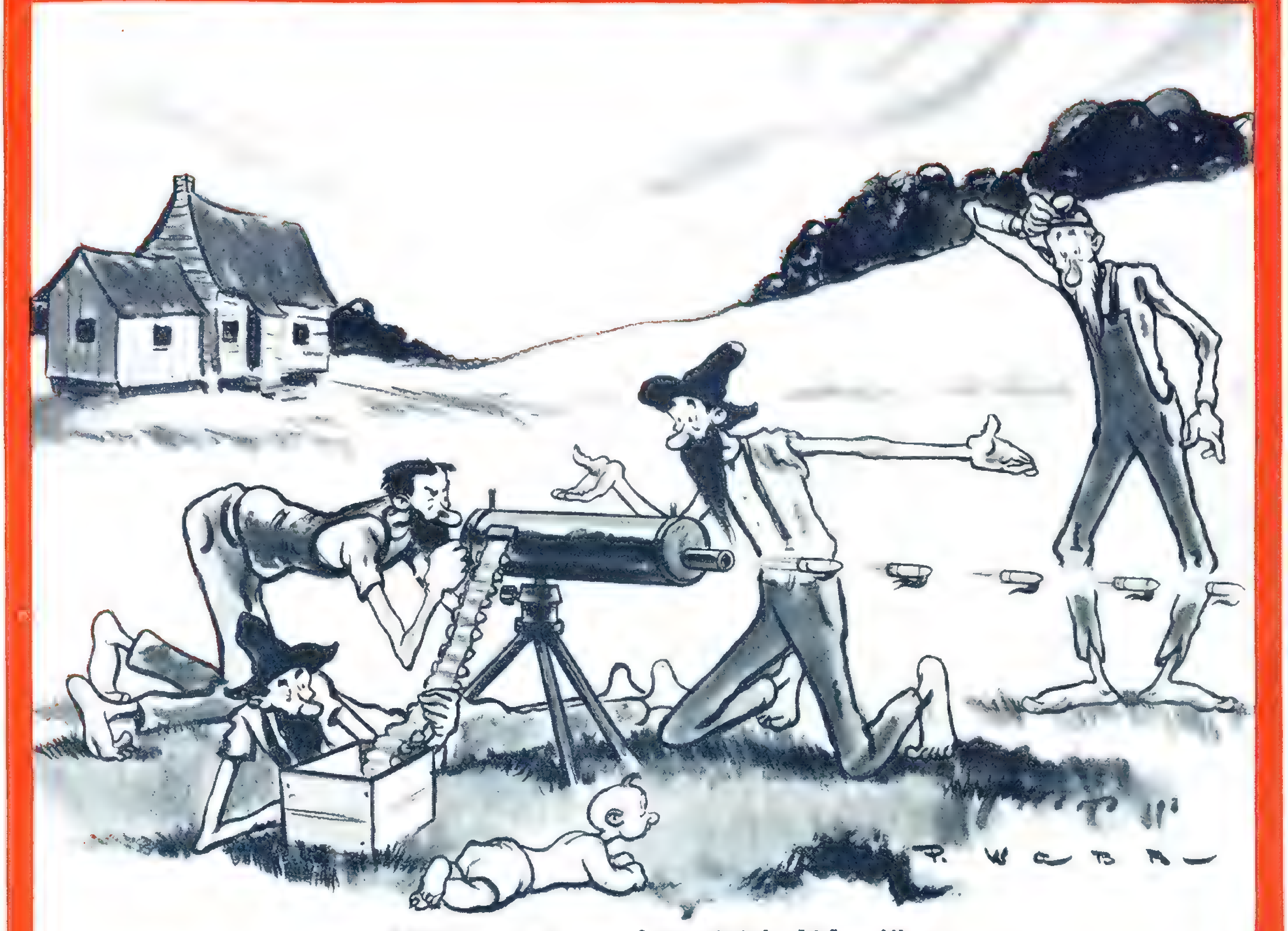

"Hold 'er, Luke . . . she's spittin' whiskers!"

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Faulty spark plugs can waste gasoline at machine-gun speed . . even with 35 mile-an-hour Victory driving.

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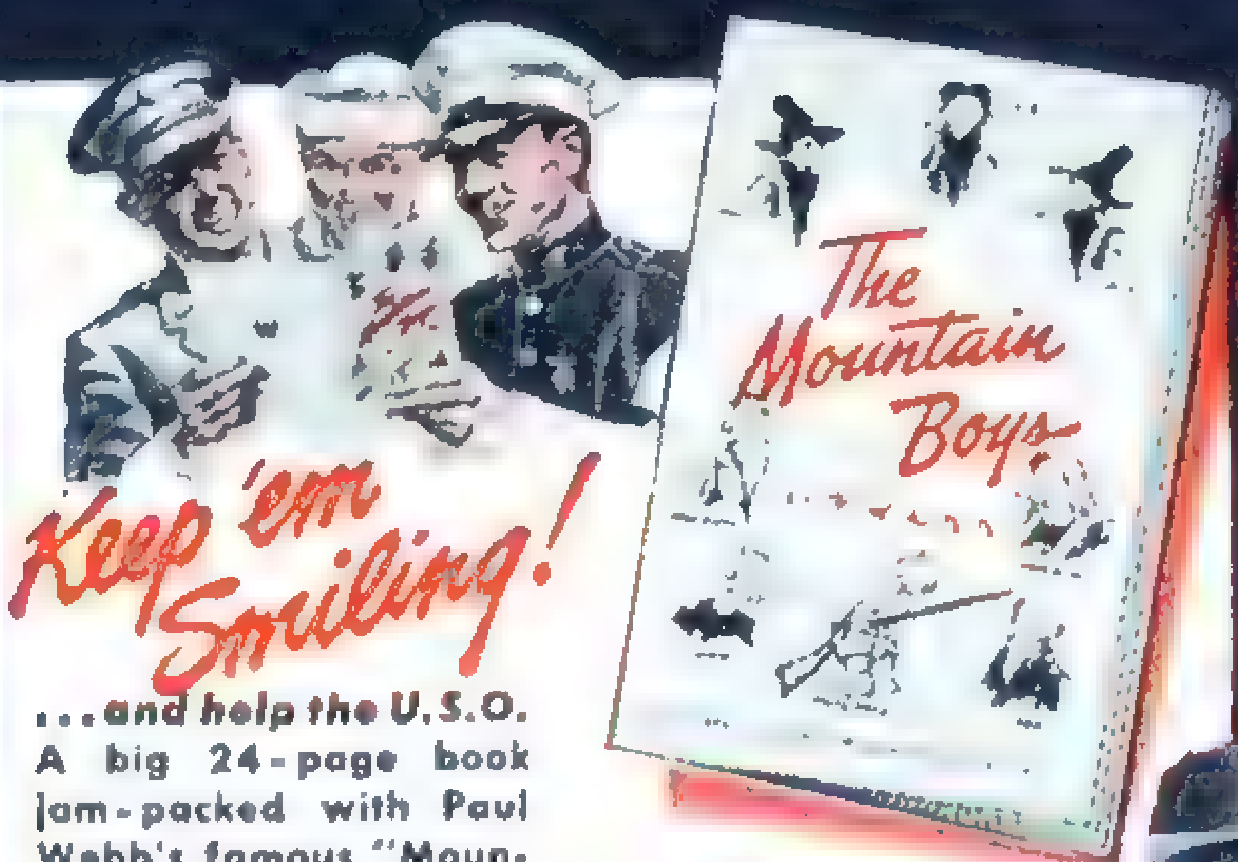

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through four wars

2 Spanish-American War—Corby's was a name frequently heard when men gathered to toast the victory of 1898. This grand old Canadian name had survived a second war—more widely respected than ever before.

1 The War Between the States—When the soldiers came home from Appomattox in 1865, the name Corby's was favorably known in connection with fine whiskey—for the name Corby's in Canada started on its way to fame seven years before, in 1858.

3 World War — Many a Yank off to training camp in 1917 was familiar with the name Corby's, for this whiskey name was entering its third war—honored among the truly great whiskey names of this Continent.

4 Global War—A new kind of war, with new weapons—total, all-out. But Corby's—the grand old Canadian name—promises to go through its fourth war as an enduring symbol of an extraordinarily fine whiskey.

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The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 79

are made handy to wear down the animal spirits until the barracks springs are sagged by a young fellow who sleeps without a prairie fire burning him where he just can't locate it.

"Sport should be encouraged in the armed services for its good effect on morale as well as on physical well being," wrote **Emile Gauvreau.** "If the truth were known, our mass interest in baseball alone has kept us on an even keel through more than one economic crisis."

"Organized sport does help prevent disease in Army camps," contended **Jada Davis,** Odessa, Texas, *American.* "One battery of Field Artillery that I know about personally, gained the record of lowest percentage of venereal disease **only after** a sports campaign was instituted. In one regiment, a colonel—with high moral standards, but human despite the fact that he was a colonel—ran long miles daily and swore it was the only way he could rid himself of desire for social contact with members of the opposite sex."

"Living near the induction center of Fort Snelling," related **Dell Franklin,**KSTP, St. Paul, Minnesota, "I have seen some of the attendant problems which face the Army on this problem. I believe the Army should be complimented on the job it's doing. Writing only from the information at hand from this one Army center, I can definitely say that sports are always urged, not only at the center but also in USO's Canteens and other places of congregation. Although this is an induction center and there's a terrific turn-over, there are, nevertheless, a certain number stationed here and these boys appreciate all that is done to promote sports."

Ed Wray, St. Louis *Post Dispatch,* said: "Sports supply mental and physical occupation as well as a focal point of keen interest for soldiers. They give the boys something to think about besides sex matters. Sports also help the ideals and moral standards of those who conscientiously train and practice. There's no bunk about that."

Coxswain Vincent S. Velie, U. S. Coast Guard, Nashville, Tennessee, reported:

> I am officer in charge of a small U. S. Coast Guard Reserve Boat. The crew of three men and I, after lengthy discussion, are unanimously agreed that this has been a much over-looked subject, both by the heads of the armed forces and the public.
>
> Certainly if authorities of such a subject can not determine if athletics tend to suppress sexual desires, *we* are not qualified to make such a decision. But here is what we *think.*
>
> For the younger enlisted man in adolescence—yes, being active in organized athletics helps to reduce temptation, simply because participation in athletics affords less time for idle thoughts and because it brings physical exhaustion.
>
> For grown, mature men—NO!
>
> It must be remembered that simply because a man dons a uniform and joins the service, he doesn't lose his instincts. On the contrary, most men because of regular hours, meals, exercise, etc. become more healthy specimens than they ever were in civilian life.
>
> Since the organization of our large armed forces, we have had an opportunity to observe conditions and their treatment from coast to coast. Baltimore, New Orleans, San Francisco, Chicago, St. Paul, and now Nashville. The conditions are the same wherever you go. Let the "Busy Bodies" who close up everything try living a vigorous military life in confinement for two or three weeks. Let's see if a movie (standing room only) or a USO hall takes care of their demands.
>
> Let's all acknowledge the truth and make proper accommodation for this great social problem.

Chaplain W. Jack Lewis, Jacksonville, Florida, contributed the constructive thoughts:

> Where great bodies of men are necessarily located in one place, a careful and studied program of athletics is necessary to occupy the leisure time of the men, since no city can adequately provide wholesome social and recreational activities for any such group. The old college intramural setup would be perfect in our camps, bases and stations throughout the country.
>
> I feel that social-recreational activities each week for and by the men themselves is also necessary. I am in charge as a Naval Chaplain of many hundred "Boots" who have a planned athletic "commando" type of activity. We hold a "Smokeless Smoker" once a week for them in which a dance orchestra plays for 30 minutes, and we spend the remainder of the evening on amateur stuff interspersed with featured female singers and dancers and screen songs. This seems to keep the morale of the men at a high pitch.
>
> As a counterpart of this "Smoker" I conduct a "Boot Vespers" on Sunday evenings. This is a purely voluntary service and around 400 men have been attending. Sixty-five have made a profession of faith and received baptism in the past 30 days.
>
> I am relating all this to demonstrate what I believe to be the answer to this question. Athletics alone won't make a marked impact on social disease; but athletics coupled with a constructive social, mental and spiritual program will complete the sphere of a decent environment, making better Americans and laying the foundation for a greater America.

"In military drill," suggested **Private G. G. Ross,** Spearfish, South Dakota, "I think it is more important to go on a long hike over different types of terrain than to drill for several hours over the same plot of ground. We must feel that we've done something, been somewhere, seen something. If we drill all afternoon on the same lot, we have the urge that night to get out and go someplace, even though we may be worn down by lots of exercise. Similarly, I think that recreation facilities should be expanded. Personally I do not go for swimming, basketball, volley ball or running around the track, which is all we have in camp. But hockey, yes; or to go hunting and climb mountains, I can do it all day and enjoy it."

E. L. Allen, KGIW, Alamosa, Colorado, also favored more variety for the boys, saying:

Continued on page 126

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The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 79-125

> In my opinion, athletics provide one method only of keeping the boys interested and out of mischief. Pool, billiards, bowling, chess, checkers, cards or any other good method of keeping them interested and occupied will achieve results. Men in service get sufficient exercise so that from that angle I do not believe sports are superior to, say a good game of chess. I played football at the University of Kansas and also with an Army team in 1918 and was very much interested in sports of all kinds, yet of an evening a challenge to a good chess game was as interesting to me as a trip to town.

In Question III, the word "sublimation" appears to have thrown many of the voters for a loss although they got the general idea. The dictionary gives: "—4. In psychopathology, a purposive process of development whereby a source of mental energy, after the removal of a neurotic repression, becomes available for use in a new direction and upon a higher mental or moral plane."

The expert testimony from men who know the answers in unkinking instincts and solve the puzzles of that mysterious genus, man, gave powerful approval to the armed services sports programs.

The thoughts of **Dr. Arbor D. Munger,** Lincoln, Nebraska, were expressed as follows:

> There is naturally a distinct relationship between the sublimation of the sex desire and good hard physical exertion—whether it be organized sports, in peace or war time, or any other sustained physical endeavor. The sublimation, however, is not so sufficiently manifested that it can surmount the sexual urge among the majority numbers of either men or women unnaturally segregated. I can see no relation between organized sports and the spread or curtailment of the venereal diseases.
>
> In any given cross section of society, there are a fairly constant given number of people, both men and women, who will indulge in vagrant promiscuity. Under unnatural segregation, this number increases definitely, and while the attempt, to establish in the individual a conscious ethical and moral code through the teachings of sportsmanship, will be effective among a definite normally moral group, yet it will have no effect upon a large number inherently promiscuous. They have no moral code and no desire upon which to develop it.
>
> Lastly I believe time and experience have proven that venereal disease can only be minimized and eradicated through a widespread educational program and compulsory prophylaxis. Segregation has but little effect. It cannot be rigidly enough supervised, especially under our present methods of approach.

"In my opinion," said **Chaplain W. N. Thomas,** Annapolis, "sports are extremely valuable in building moral character, in developing the body and in teaching the value of cooperation. They put to good use energies which are likely to be spent in indulgences that are harmful." **Major Kermit I. Melugin,** Chaplain, Moore Field, Mission, Texas, said: "That a strenuous sports program sublimates the sex instinct, in my opinion, is a fact that none can doubt who has seen it tried. It is being demonstrated here at this post now. Before athletics was introduced here, we, a small post, had one of the largest percentages of venereal diseases. Now this percentage has dropped almost to the bottom."

The percentages of Questions III, IV and V, you might think, should add up 100, but some voters believed that conscious and subconscious factors definitely made organized sports a deterrent to behavior offenses.

Several comments noted that both questions were not applicable because some who had sifted through the armed services tests hadn't a very clear idea of what behavior was required of them, other than attention to military duties . . . or else.

But what was especially interesting in comments on Question IV from men in the armed services was that they felt they should extend the code of sportsmanship to give a 50-50 break to the girl who was waiting for them and who was confidently expected to chill the wolves, saving her own steam until Her Hero got back.

In Question V, the reactions of the urologists are most significant. There's no fooling the doctors—for long, anyway. It has been fortunate for sports in the armed services that the judgment and recommendations of the doctors have been the weightiest factor in determining top ranking military authorities' decision to make sports an important part of the training and recreation program for the fighting men.

"I rather regret," wrote **Surgeon General Thomas Parran,** "that in Question V you linked prophylaxis and segregation. All authorities agree that segregation of prostitutes simply does not work as a method of preventing infection. On the other hand, all authorities do agree that without energetic prosecution of a personal prophylaxis program, venereal disease rates in the Army and Navy would be tragically higher."

"There is of course something to be said in favor of segregation and prophylaxis," wrote **Dr. H. W. Plaggemeyer,** "as we proved definitely in France in the last war. We have figures to substantiate this. But, by and large, in handling great bodies of men, the 'urge' is certainly lessened by systematic exercise to the point of normal fatigue. This has been observed and the proof is con-

---

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vincing." **Dr. N. L. Burrell**, Springfield, Ohio, urged: "Make prophylaxis compulsory. Teach the dangers of indiscriminate exposures."

"I think sports are good morale builders and do keep men fit," said **Dr. Elmer Hess**, Erie, Pennsylvania. "There should be no letup in the sport program for either soldier or civilian. I do not believe that human nature changes, but I do believe that education with prophylaxis will bring beneficial results. I do not think the athletic program should be slighted, either. It is an essential part of the training for good citizenship. The man who prides himself on his athletic ability, as a rule will want to keep his body in top shape."

"From personal experience in the United States Army that included almost constant exposure to the 'good time' temptation," wrote **Earle D. Wilson**, WNBH, New Bedford, Massachusetts, "it is my opinion that servicemen frequent low resorts for two reasons: 1—curiosity and an outlet for pent-up energy; and 2—because he is with the crowd and there is little other excitement in view. Take up his mind with any other form of entertainment or recreation and the biggest step is taken toward solving the problem. In my opinion, prophylaxis facilities tend only to encourage his 'taking a chance' and make easy for him what he might otherwise avoid through fear of infection."

Dr. Allen M. Margold, New York City, commented:

> Sports are a great safety valve. Hard work, another. There is no one answer to this problem. Sports help tremendously but there will be a certain percentage for whom prophylaxis must be provided. Sex and sin are not synonymous terms and education alone cannot overcome a powerful urge. I greatly favor all sports, and education, but I strongly favor the widespread use of prophylaxis.

Dr. Lewis T. Mann, New York City, wrote:

> Of course if the men's time is consumed by athletics, they will not have time for binges. Physical or mental activity to such an extent that it will so tire men that they are all in, will lessen sexual activity because they are too tired to indulge. But the sexual desire is still there, being entirely instinctive, although in some cases repressed.
>
> The amount of sexual desire is variable, there being no standard; it is an individual thing. There can be no generalization. Repression is the result of moral sense, inhibition through bashfulness, fear of disease, religious belief and the like.
>
> All animals have sexual intercourse when sexually mature. Therefore, prophylaxis is the thing. Segregation is so much poppycock because of slipshod methods, slip-ups and corruption. Prophylactic devices and prophylactic stations should be made available to all and at all times.
>
> Let us be practical and face the situation. Men are higher animals but animals just the same and will always find their appetites outside their conscious and voluntary control. Let there be sufficient and proper prophylaxis.

"Recreation has a definite place in the sex hygiene program," said **Dr. Edward C. Smith**, Boston. "Sports play an important role."

Among those voting Yes on the wide-open controversial fifth question were: **Dr. Leo G. Goldberg**, New York City; **Dr. Hugh T. Beacham**, New Orleans; **Dr. Tom R. Barry**, Knoxville; **Dr. H. D. Wolff, Jr.**, Alexandria, Virginia; **Dr. George B. Arnold**, Kansas City; **Dr. Norvell Belt**, Washington D.C.; **Dr. David H. Ruben**, Washington, Pennsylvania; **Dr. J. C. Negley**, Glendale, California; **Dr. Champ Holmes**, Atlanta, Georgia; and **Chaplain Roy E. LeMoine**, Charleston, South Carolina, Navy Yard.

Voting No were: **Archibald Victor Gailbraith**, Headmaster Williston Academy, Easthampton, Massachusetts and former Harvard baseball coach; **Dr. William S. Sadler**, psychiatrist, Chicago; **Reverend Daniel Johnson Fleming**, clergyman, New York City; **Chaplain Aubrey C. Halsell**, Lubbock, Texas; **Chaplain W. J. Dorman**, Naval Air Station, Richmond, Florida; **Chaplain C. F. Gerbart**, New York City; **Dr. Victor C. Laughlin**, Cleveland; **Dr. Max Huhner**, New York City; **Dr. John M. Lipscomb**, Denver; **Dr. Arthur H. Ruggles**, Providence; **Captain Albert E. Stone**, Chaplain U.S.N., Portsmouth, Virginia; **Chaplain Guy A. Moews**, Barksdale Field, Louisiana; **Dr. George G. Hoch**, New York City; **Dr. D. G. Corbett**, Spokane; **Dr. James Pedersen**, New York City; **Dr. J. A. Campbell Colston**, Baltimore; **Dr. A. G. Rytina**, Baltimore; **Chaplain Carl B. Curtis**, Camp Polk, Louisiana; and **Chaplain Earl A. Mack**, Duncan Field, Texas.

The "break-down" on the five questions asked the various groups was as follows:

I.

	Yes	No
The public	83.05%	
Sportscasters	78.18%	
Sports editors	82.20%	
Doctors	85.45%	
Army chaplains	89.77%	
Shaw Field	81.92%	

II.

	Yes	No
The public	90.11%	
Sportscasters	85.19%	
Sports editors	89.82%	
Doctors	88.77%	
Army chaplains	89.21%	
Shaw Field	83.60%	

III.

	Yes	No
The public	54.78%	
Sportscasters	64.45%	
Sports editors	57.56%	
Doctors	61.22%	
Army chaplains	55.98%	
Shaw Field		63.82%

IV.

	Yes	No
The public	60.78%	
Sportscasters	56.59%	
Sports editors	58.82%	
Doctors	51.09%	
Army chaplains	63.60%	
Shaw Field	67.51%	

V.

	Yes	No
The public		72.71%
Sportscasters		60.34%
Sports editors		76.40%
Doctors		59.32%
Army chaplains		77.39%
Shaw Field		81.48%

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Kangorra Couldn't Read

The Govmun didn't want him to hunt heads, but how else was he to woo this hill woman?

by WALTER CLARE MARTIN

▪ FICTION ▪

In his hiding place in the black palm sprouts close to the Doriri village Kangorra spanked his hips in delight. Never had he seen a woman that pleased him like this one.

Not even at Division Headquarters, where he worked out his two year prison term for killing and eating a Maseena chief. This woman had never seen cloth. She was naked as a young kangaroo. The hair on her head was a great mountain of frizz. She had *mabua* shells on her arms. Around her sleek, muscular abdomen hung a girdle of wild-hog teeth. When she chased a lizard or frisked about, it was funny to see those dog teeth dance on her bouncing, rubbery flanks.

He lay close to the ground and longed for the girl. He, Kangorra, was a man. He was a warrior in the jungle and a man on the river. He had faced in his canoe the terrible bore, when the huge sea tides of the fat moon rush against the river current in a wall of water that no boat can live through. A brave man could tremble at sight of the bore. Nobody knew how many hundred had been careless and had been caught by the bore and were food for alligators. But he, Kangorra, had come to shore alive.

He, Kangorra, could talk with a Britisher, a Kaili or a Yank—like that Yank at the Resident Magistrate's station who had given Kangorra a long steel knife, the most valuable thing in the world. A man with a long steel knife, if he be alert, need fear nothing in the jungles of Papua.

After Kangorra's year in prison and a year on parole, the Man, the Resident Magistrate, had put a cloud on his face and said:

"Pay attention to me, Kangorra. When the Tamanti made war on the Maseena and took away many heads, we let you off lightly because you were young. Give heed. If I hear of any skulls decorating your house I will hang you from a coconut tree."

But if the Man and the Yank were now with him, watching the girl, he would say to them:

"There is the woman. But these hill-devil Doriri will not give you a woman unless you bring heads. And not of women, or old men."

Kangorra peered from his ambush. All the doors of the nipa-thatched huts were studded with heads. The sorcerer's entire front wall was agrin with them. Each head, after shrinkage, had been dipped in hot gums. The eyes were round shells. For eyebrows the artist had used strips of fur.

A flaming lory flew up with an angry squawk, a short bowshot behind him. Kangorra turned to black stone. He weaseled his knife from its sheath. A jumble of oily black hair, bespotted with mud and mangrove moss and tangled with spider webs heaved cautiously above the rank fern bush. Kangorra hissed like a snake to freeze the man in his tracks. Then he sang very softly,

"Tamanti. I also am Tamanti."

After a threatening silence the other man spoke.

"What name Tamanti?"

"I am Kangorra, the man-with-the-knife."

"Kangorra." The other man stepped forward. He was in full fighting gear, bow, arrows, stone hatchet, bamboo knife and a stringer for carrying heads.

"You are Gida," said Kangorra. "The boat stealer. When the down-river people come up to fish, you steal their canoes at night. Everyone says you are a great rascal."

"That is right." Gida gazed hungrily at Kangorra's knife. "I am a famous boat stealer."

"Why do you come to this place?" asked Kangorra. "These people have no canoes."

"I was hunting wild pigs in the ti-tree woods when I saw the Govmun walking with guns."

"The Govmun does not send soldiers because of a few canoes."

"These men were walking toward the Tamanti village and I did not like it."

"A trick comes to my mind," said Kangorra after meditation. "I want a certain Doriri woman. The Govmun is my friend. We will go to our village and I will talk to the soldiers. Then I will lead them here and show the captain all these skulls the Doriri have. The captain will take the leaders away. So the woman will see I have powerful friends and a knife and I will not have to pay any heads for her."

"That is a beautiful trick, Kangorra." The boat stealer wriggled in delight. "We will go now to our village and I will hide while you talk to the Govmun."

II

Kangorra stood in the middle of the village, his own home, dazed and swaying.

All around him they lay, children, women, old men and slim youths. Huddled and coiled, the bodies smelled from the yam patch to the creek. A number, including Kangorra's father, had been tied upright against trees. Their bodies were gouged with bayonet wounds. Those who had fallen in the weedy outskirts had been cut down by bullets. All others had been stabbed to death.

As Kangorra stared, a fury exploded in him. He howled and struck out right and left. "Dam Govmun! Dam Govmun!" he shrieked.

A snarling dog stood in the

path of Kangorra. He split it like a coconut. Spear in hand, he raced through the long house and around the blood-stained huts.

There was nothing to fight but foul air. He threw himself flat at his father's feet. His senses began to flow clear.

"This place makes me pale in my stomach," said Gida. "Let us go to my house."

At Gida's hut, far up a mangrove creek, where his stolen canoes were cached, they found his wife pounding twigs for fish poison. Her young breasts were bedangled with bubble shells and her ears were loaded with pearls. From her, Kangorra got the tale.

An old Tamanti, who had escaped, had opened and shut his hand three times to show her that there had been fifteen soldiers. They were short and dirty, he said. Most of them wore no outer shirts. Their skin was a muddy brown color, not like the skins of the other Govmun men they knew. One man was not like the others. He was big and had no hair on his head. He looked like a teacher the old Tamanti had seen at a German mission on the north coast.

The trouble began when the soldiers demanded boats.

A new thought came to Kangorra's mind. These people could not be his Govmun. The Big Land—New Guinea—had many divisions and each had a different Man. Kangorra's Govmun knew the Tamanti were not a boat people.

Kangorra cried suddenly, "These men want boats! They shall have boats. They shall go on the river in boats. I swear it by the head of my father."

"Have you thought of another trick?" asked Gida.

"I have thought of a trick," said Kangorra. "Get boats. Hide them under the heron roosts where the big river swallows the little. I will lead the Govmun to the boats and I will guide them on the river. The moon is fat. I will guide them at the hour when she comes near to look on the water."

III

As he led the short soldiers through the jungle, Kangorra laughed in his stomach. He had told them that he, Kangorra, knew where boats stayed. He would lead them there for the price of one bundle of matches.

The soldiers gave him the matches and grinned at the stupid native. Now they followed. These men were small and filthy but they were well armed. Kangorra's eyes shone at the bayonets at their sides, the knives that had stabbed his people. They had guns, long guns and short guns with wheels that talk fast. They carried bags and boxes of which they were very careful. Heavy boxes. Kangorra laughed inwardly as he thought of how they would load the canoes. These men were from beyond the sky-mountains. They did not know the river. They were eager to get to it and drove him fast so that Kangorra was obliged to lead them by a long trail so as not to get there too soon. The bald man had a piece of paper. He looked at it often. It must have been a charm because he did not let go of it even when Kangorra led him to step up to his neck in a pool of sago scum.

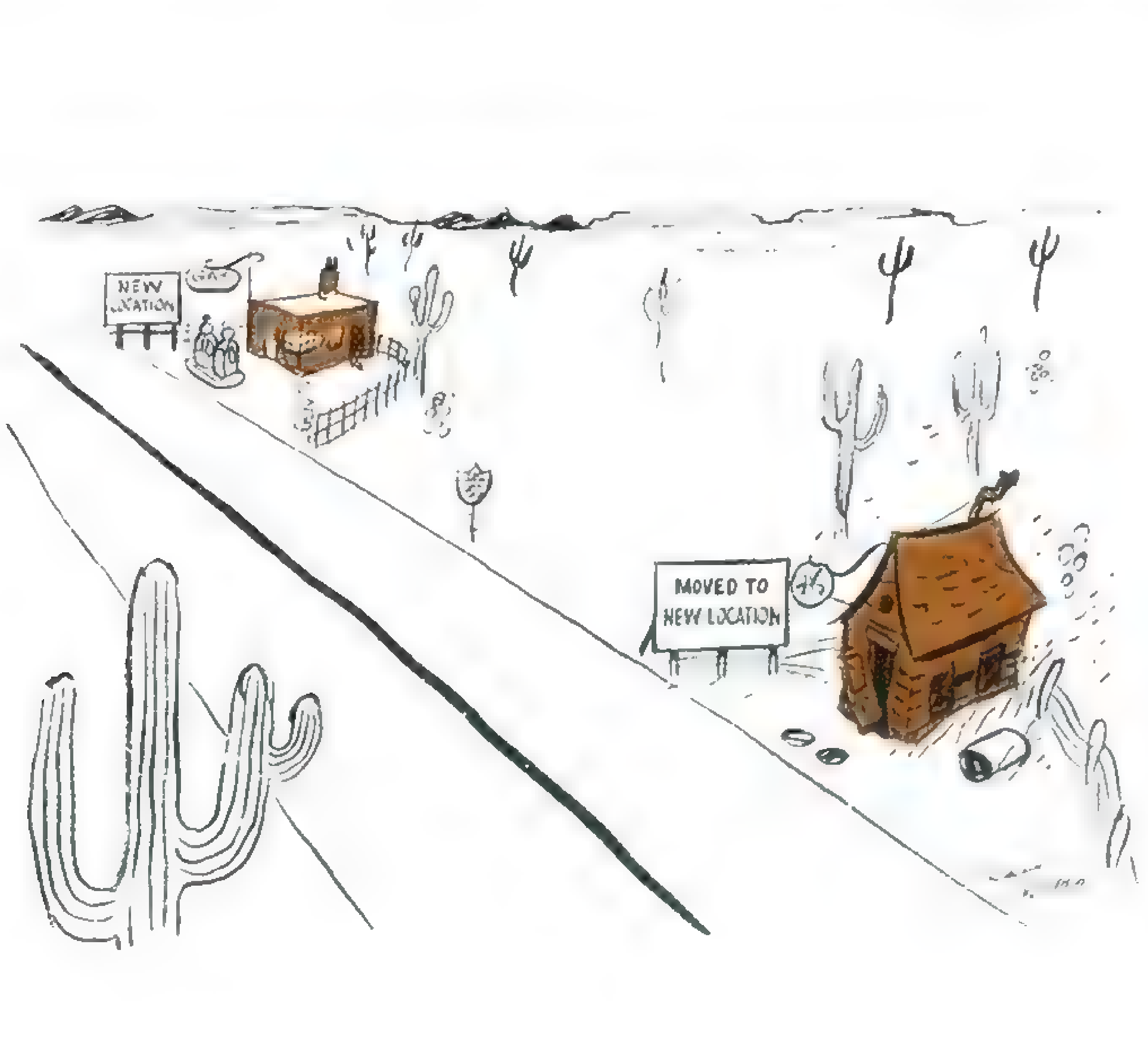
The soldiers cackled when Kangorra brought them under the heron roosts where the canoes were. The load was so heavy only one man could get in each canoe. Even then they were deep in the water but the men looked out under the hanging moss and saw that the stream was flat. Even the great river that widened out beyond the mouth of the creek was like oil. The light of the great moon lay across it, wide, white, and glittering.

Out of the blackness under the trees, Kangorra led the fleet into the channel. When they left the creek mouth the river spread wide. They paddled in the blinding reflection of the moon. Outside the light streak, the water was still and blacker than polished black jade. "Few men but me, knowing what I know, would be out here now," Kangorra thought proudly. "The moon has come near to seize the ocean's tail and pull him into the river."

"Why are we so far out?" The bald man asked Kangorra.

"Get plenty current. Move fast.

Continued on page 130



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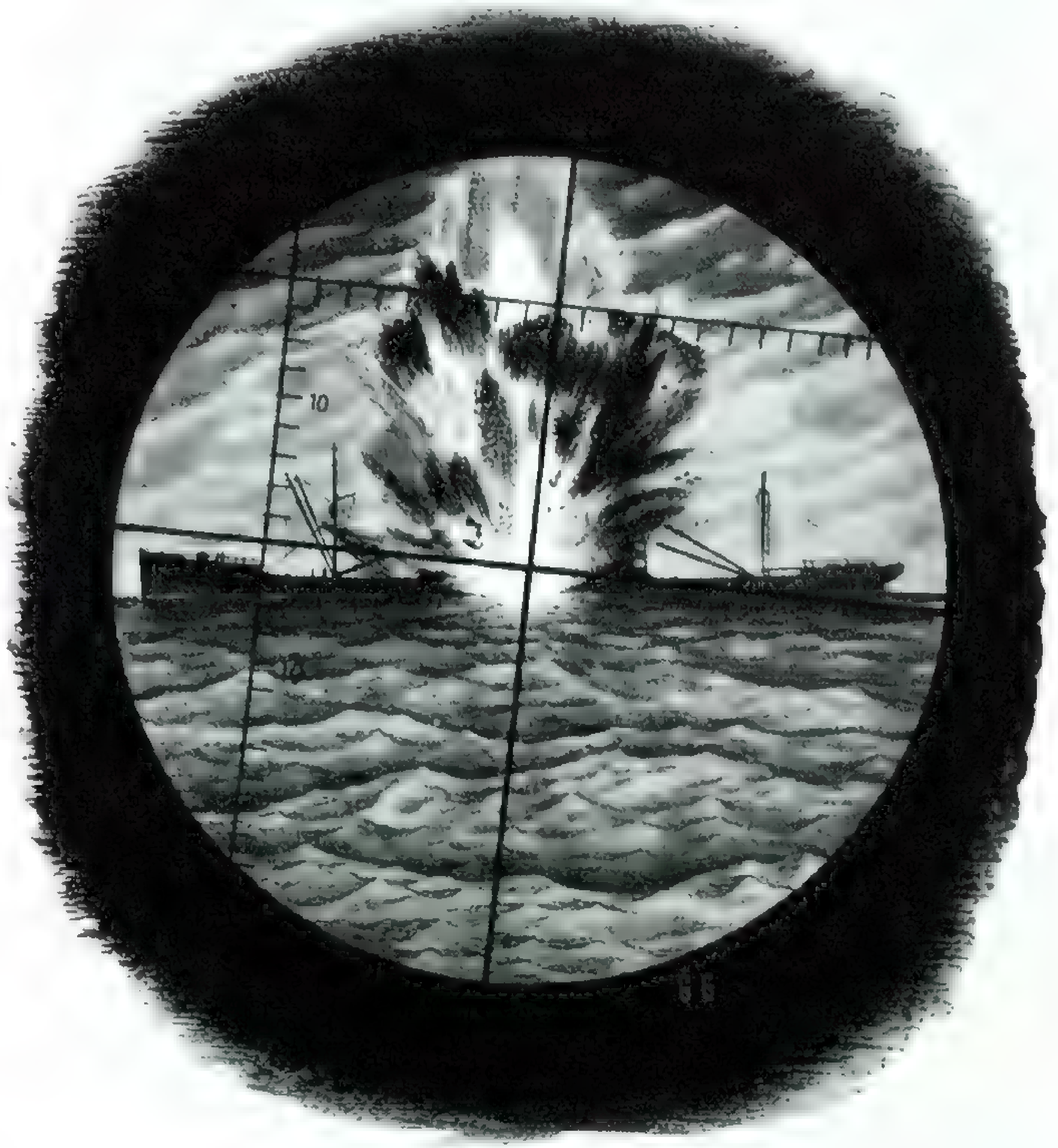

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IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red).

Kangorra Couldn't Read

Continued from page 129

You see pretty soon." Kangorra showed his teeth.

The little men in the small, pointed canoes bowed over their paddles. From far off Kangorra heard the sound, at that moment like the faint hum of a bowstring. The river seemed to move uneasily under them. Kangorra looked back at the fleet. His spear was lashed to the canoe. He felt to make sure that the Yank knife was tied fast in its rattan sheath.

"What was that?" cried the bald man, hearing a booming crash ahead. "Ah, it is the surf. We are near our objective. You—Native!" he called to Kangorra, "The water is getting rough. Here are waves. Are we near the sea?"

"The sea is very near," answered Kangorra.

Bows of the canoes began to swerve and yaw about. Waves suddenly were breaking all around them. The soldiers paddled desperately. The roar ahead grew louder and now it was continuous. At an order from their leader the canoes had turned toward shore, but too late. They saw it. From bank to bank, terrible, onrushing, pushing ahead of it a turmoil of leaping foam, roaring like a thousand cataracts, on came the black wall of water, higher than a boat's mast and crowned with blazing silver along its crest.

Kangorra waited until he was in the foam and then he stood up and dived deep. He swam hard below the water. When he came up at last to gulp air his mouth was salt. The river was writhing, tormented and twisting. Great swirling eddies from the shores made whirlpools. Waves left by the bore surged high and threw diamond foam at the savage moon. Kangorra saw a swimmer splashing toward a canoe bottom side up. Most of the Govmum, he guessed, would be drowned. He hoped not all. Some must be good swimmers.

When he climbed out on the bank, Kangorra felt in his hair for his matches. They were dry in the bamboo joint. Hurriedly he heaped up a blaze of sticks. He had not long to wait. At a mud-sucking foot sound Kangorra disappeared. Up from the water the man was coming to the fire. The man was scouting his way, watchful, ready. These short soldiers were fighters. The man had hung to his rifle through the bore. The bayonet was stuck on the barrel. An enemy with his spinal cord cut makes no fuss, Kangorra thought. The Yank knife was in Kangorra's hand.

Other survivors, crawling out, one by one, heard no sound.

IV

Kangorra pretended not to see the motorboat full of Australian scouts, in charge of the Man and the Yank. Six heads nicely strung and tucked in the bow of Kangorra's canoe were embarrassing. No use to heave the heads overboard, besides they were precious. They were the price of a wife.

A big voice sang out, "Halt!"

Wash of the launch rocked the canoe, plainly revealing its cargo. The Man yelled at him, "You young devil, you've been head-hunting again."

"Yes, sir." Kangorra tried to smile. "And now you will have to hang me."

"I gave you warning."

"But I did not eat anybody," Kangorra pleaded.

"There's no use talking. We've all heard you confess and we've seen the evidence." The Man swallowed in disgust. "Chuck those things into the river."

"Hey! Hold it!" the Yank erupted. "Let me look."

Kangorra held up the hoop. At least here was one person who appreciated a first class bag. He nosed into the launch so that all could enjoy the spectacle.

"Look, R.M.," shouted the Yank. "These were Japs."

"What!" The Man jumped off his seat cushion. "Only three days after the Pearl Harbor attack and they are in here already!"

"They were in here ahead of it, snaking through the jungle, ready to strike."

The launch threw spray from its bow as it rushed downriver after Kangorra told them where the bodies were. Standing over them the Man's face was dark.

"What price your airdrome, R.M., if this bunch had gotten through?" asked the Yank.

Kangorra was almost weeping. His canoe had been towed behind the launch. "Then I have done well," he said. "But you will take my heads and what can I give for my woman?"

"Come to think of it," mused the Yank, "I didn't notice that Kangorra had any—ah—trophies. Did you, sir?"

"Trophies. Trophies?" said the Man. "I don't know what you mean. Let's push off downstream. Time's precious."

Paddling up the river Kangorra was singing. Something white caught his quick eye. It was a sheet of soaked paper hanging to a floating weed. He spread it out on his knee. Many lines like snake tracks. It was the charm that he had seen the bald man looking at to give him strength. An educated eye would have seen that it was a careful map of this part of New Guinea, lettered in German and Japanese, with recent up-to-the-minute additions. In the area marked "Tamantiland" was pencilled this helpful note.

These people are backward, with neither powder, nor guns nor military organization. They need not be reckoned with.

Kangorra wadded the paper into a hard pellet and dropped it overside to sink and drown the charm. Of course, Kangorra could not read. #

The Sporting Scene

Mergers come to fore in golf picture; Links boom forecast after the conflict

by **HERB GRAFFIS**
•SPORTS•

Those shrewd old gents who were responsible for many gigantic commercial mergers in the roaring twenties now are exercising their native talent by negotiating the merger of golf clubs.

The closer-in club, especially if located on convenient public transportation lines, is the nucleus of the deal.

First one of the mergers of major clubs brought members of the rigidly exclusive Shoreacres Golf Club, south of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, into the old and also very ultra Onwentsia Club where H. M. Harriman won the national amateur championship in 1899 and Alex Smith won the national open in 1906.

Although the Shoreacres course will not be played until after the War, it will be maintained on a minimum basis. Less than ten miles from Shoreacres is a tall, uncut and weedy area showing how quickly and completely a golf course can return to pasture primeval when maintenance is abandoned. The lost course formerly was the finest private golf course in the world and by expert consensus one of the country's best tests of golf. It was on the multi-million dollar estate Albert D. Lasker gave to the University of Chicago. The University of Chicago couldn't operate the course profitably, so let it return to prairie and forest.

* * *

Golf is expecting a post-War boom similar to that baseball experienced after the Civil War. One reason is the large number of soldiers and sailors who have been introduced to the game at courses at, or near, their training posts or stations.

Military training establishments now are at locations formerly operated as the finest golf plants in the nation. Among these ex-clubs are Boca Raton and Belleair, Florida, and Del Monte, California.

At one time Boca Raton was considered the nation's top golf plant, with the initiation fee being $5,000 and its clubhouse and two courses being of super de luxe 5-star ultra character. The late C. H. Geist who owned Boca Raton, once spat a stream of his chaw on the superb turf of the place and told this writer, "this club is so classy they wouldn't let me on the grounds if I didn't happen to own it."

Under a spreading umbrella at Boca Raton the village's Tommy Armour sat, giving golf lessons at a rate hitting as high as $100 an hour.

Now lads get memberships at Boca Raton and $50 a month or more by joining the Army.

* * *

Objections of armed service doctors to boxing as a sport for uniformed men promise to be met by a new protective device worked out by Navy and Army doctors and a leading maker of sporting goods.

Esquire Sports Polls have revealed considerable criticism of boxing as a sport for service men who incur serious risk of being disabled. In the Esquire Sports Poll for May the question was included: "With boxing a leading sport in the military camps, do you favor use of a protective headgear for the upper half of the head in all camp bouts?" The answer was 73.72% Yes.

* * *

Joe Risily, physical trainer at an Army flying field, agrees with Navy Pre-Flight Schools on the value of soccer. The British, according to Risily, are much more adept in use of their feet and retain their balance better than Americans who haven't played soccer.

Standout performers in mastering hand-to-hand combat instruction are men who have been former members of college wrestling teams.

* * *

That jawing match begun, when Commander Gene Tunney slugged competitive athletics and drew forth vigorous rebuttal from others with competitive athletic reputations, refuses to succumb to its own gas.

The conversational tempest rages with the "physical education" fellows boosting for calisthenics at the expense of competitive sports and the competitive sports coaches boosting for their technique, declaring that competitive sports develop the necessary combative spirit along with the muscle. By the arguing and conniving that's going on, it does appear that the physical educators are not altogether devoid of combative spirit, although, as becomes officers and gentlemen, there has been no public fisticuffs.

If there ever was a silly controversy that shows athletic characters in a juvenile status of intellect, this debate is it. Calisthenics and competitive sports are plainly companion elements of the same thing, with the calisthenics generally being somewhat dreary, but necessary, and the competition, usually more fun, but also necessary.

It's time that those in the calisthenics vs. competition wrangle be tipped off that the place for them to do their scrapping is overseas. They don't look any too good conducting their sham battle in the newspapers or behind political curtains. ⌗

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Discretion Does It

Continued from page 108

I may seem, I'm chipping in with my sipping. And never did the stuff taste better.

But what about *essential* people—workers in war plants? What's all the talk about alcohol being the cause of absenteeism?

To the chagrin of the Drys who started *that* one going the rounds, there have been strictly factual surveys of absenteeism, notably by the War Manpower Commission, *Iron Age* magazine, *Factory Management and Maintenance*, and *Barron's Weekly*. Causes discovered are many. High wages, which enable workmen to afford the luxury of an occasional holiday if so selfish-minded. Long hours and resultant fatigue. Monotony of work. Transportation difficulties. Unsatisfactory living conditions in overcrowded production centers. Personal reasons, such as desire to do some necessary shopping, visit relatives, go hunting or fishing. And so on. But *none* of these surveys so much as *mentions* overindulgence in alcoholic beverages as a factor in the picture. The searchers must have forgotten to look in the Camel's Dream Book.

These findings would be very different, however, if, with the country running at high speed and everybody's nerves keyed up, the moistenments of relaxation weren't in strong, competent hands capable of cooperating effectively with civil, military and naval authorities in keeping the lid on. As it is, the bigger they are, the keener their sense of social responsibility, the tirelesser their zeal for inculcating moderation. Typically, one of these large-scale educators has sponsored a jingle which I've seen posted in bars. Entitled *Sign of the Times*, it runs:

> He who drinks and drinks
>   with grace
> Is ever welcome at this place,
> But he who drinks more
>   than his share
> Is never welcome anywhere.

Without wishing to be unduly personal, I cite this to you as a hint to have a heart and not make way with *my* share. Or, worse still, the share of some guy overseas.

For certainly the boys in uniform aren't looking forward to returning victorious to a pseudo-Sahara. ⌗

My Idea of a Good Time

Gladys Swarthout Gives Her Formula for Fun

Everyone's idea of a good time is to do what he hadn't ought to. Since I'm not allowed to go dancing for fear of catching cold, my secret desire is to wait in ambush for a red letter day, kick the lid off and go dancing all night. The psychological release would be equivalent to at least a case of champagne cocktails. Dancing has been my passion ever since high school when it was considered a personal disgrace to sit out a number. (And if I do say it myself, I was so seldom in disgrace my mother had to wait up for me on big nights and rub my feet when I got home.) Another lark I'd get a huge kick out of if I had the nerve would be to sing with a popular band, preferably Artie Shaw's. But to get back to dancing, just wait till we win the War. I'll not only dance the clock around but sing *Glory Hallelujah* and turn a couple of cartwheels while doing it.

Stars in the Service

Major Dyess, Texan, wouldn't leave Bataan; Two Knox aviators win D. F. C. in combat

Major Edwin Dyess, who was a member of the basketball and track teams at John Tarleton Agricultural College, Stephenville, Texas, in 1934 and '35, was a Squadron Commander on Bataan. When many fliers were evacuated via air before the fall of Bataan, Major Dyess refused to go, forcing one of his junior officers to leave in the seat reserved for him. He was last seen headed for the hills with a party of sailors, soldiers and civilians. He is reported a prisoner.

Captain Robert "Bullett" Gray, who played on the "Plowboys" elevens in '38 and '39, was with General Doolittle over Tokyo, for which he received the D.F.C. On October 18, 1942, six months to the day after the Tokyo raid, he was killed in combat over Asia.

First Lieutenant Charley "Chee Wee" Lockhart and First Sergeant Mills A. Stricklen, Tarleton grid stars in '39 and '40, have been in action in Africa. Stricklen was a member of the first landing party in the North African invasion, and "Chee Wee" was one of the bombers who demoralized Rommel's forces in October.

* * *

Two of the original group of eighteen Knox College men who learned to fly at the Galesburg, Illinois airport three years ago, have won the D. F. C. Captain Robert N. Ritchie, who played basketball and golf in school, won the following citation from General Doolittle:

> For extraordinary achievement while serving as pilot of a photographic reconnaissance plane on a photographic mission over Bizerte and Tunis on December 7, 1942. Upon arrival over the target he found a solid overcast, topped at 20,000 feet. Knowing that photographs of the harbor were urgently desired by higher headquarters, he descended through this overcast to about 8 to 10 thousand feet and although he was aware that the area was heavily defended by anti-aircraft, accomplished his mission. Upon the return journey he was attacked by an enemy ME-109 but, by effective employment of evasive tactics, he was able to elude the enemy aircraft; although his plane received three hits which disabled the starboard engine. The courage, coolness and skill displayed by Captain Ritchie reflect the highest credit upon himself and the military service of the United States.

Major Edward A. Jurkens, cocaptain and hurdler of the Knox track team in 1940, won the D. F. C. for heroism while leading one of the bomber squadrons on the widely-hailed Christmas Eve attack on Wake Island. Another Knox hurdler, Lieutenant Clifford Heller, captain of last year's track team, was killed as an Army Ranger in the landing operations at Casablanca on November 8.

* * *

Lieutenant Commander Alden W. Thompson, Lawrence College three sport star back in 1916, has been named director of physical fitness at Great Lakes. He was dean of physical education at West Virginia, and last year was on leave to serve as field representative of the Federal Security Agency in defense areas in the Carolinas. Before going to West Virginia, he was state high school athletic commissioner of Michigan.

* * *

Lieutenant (j.g.) Robert Horsley, who played under Bob Zuppke at Illinois, is in the Navy physical training program and at an air base near Quincy, Massachusetts.

* * *

Jim and Duane Purvis, former Purdue All-Americans, are both lieutenants in the Army physical training branch. Jim is at Maxwell Field, Alabama, and Duane at Kelly Field, Texas. Duane discovered at Christmas time that he had fractured a vertebra in his neck during a strenuous training session six months before and has his neck in a brace.

* * *

Among the Marines who fought at Tulagi and Guadalcanal in the Solomons was Lieutenant Duane Fultz, former Illinois gridder. Fultz was promoted to first lieutenant while in the Solomons.

* * *

Two Butler University teammates of a couple of years ago, George Blare and Charley Metzelaars, now are lieutenants and pilots; Blare on an Army bomber in Egypt and Metzelaars in the Marines at San Diego. Their teammate in high school at Mattoon, Illinois, Paul Monson, who starred at Wentworth Military Academy, was killed in a plane crash at Norfolk, Virginia, several months ago after he had earned his wings and a commission as an ensign.

* * *

Colonel Kent C. ("Skeets") Lambert is a member of the American general staff in North Africa. He is a brother of Ward Lambert, the Purdue basketball coach. In his under-graduate days at Wabash, "Skeets" was the star quarterback on the football team.

* * *

Second in command to Major General George S. Patton, Jr. in North Africa is Brigadier General Hobart R. Gay, who received the Silver Star for gallantry in action on November 8 when he passed through bombing and infantry fire to reach French officials in Casablanca in an attempt to halt the hostilities. General Gay was in school at Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois, when the first World War came, and every member of his class but one enlisted before graduation. While stationed at Fort Bliss as a member of the Seventh Cavalry, under General Pershing, General Gay won the reputation of being the "best polo player in the West." His son received his appointment at West Point last July. ##

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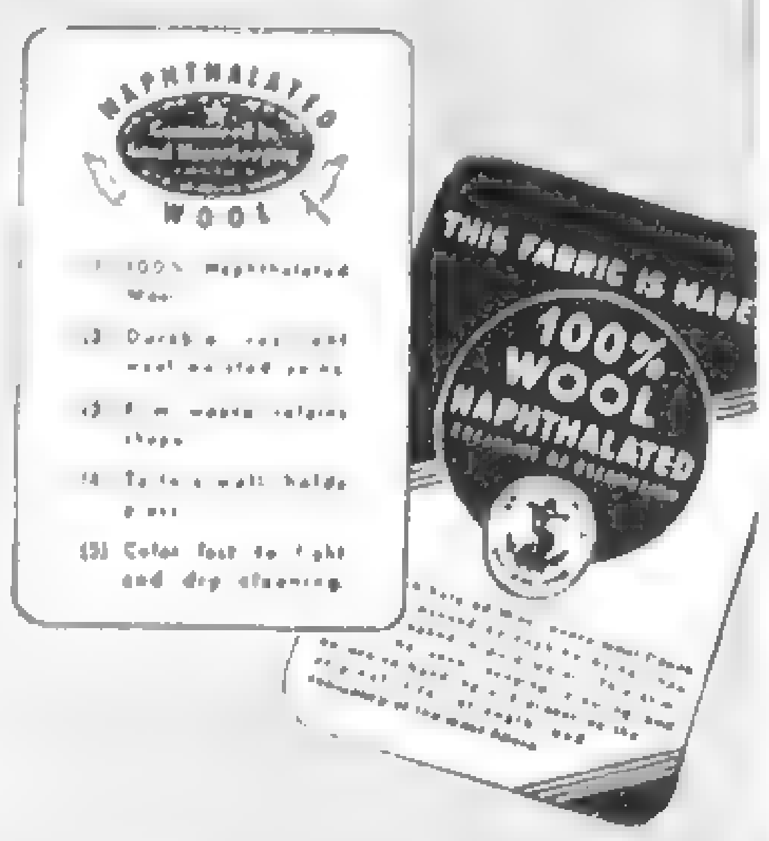

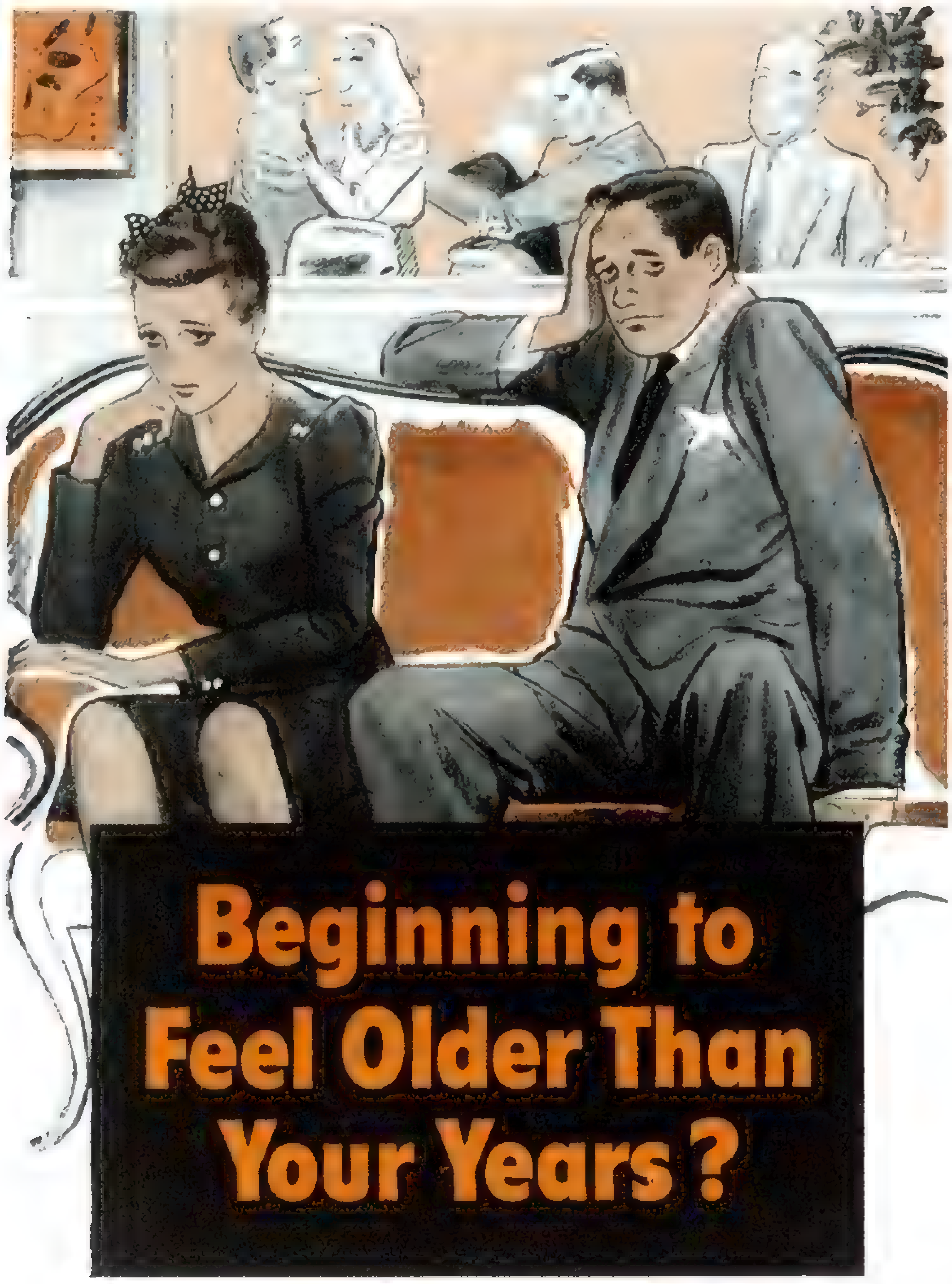

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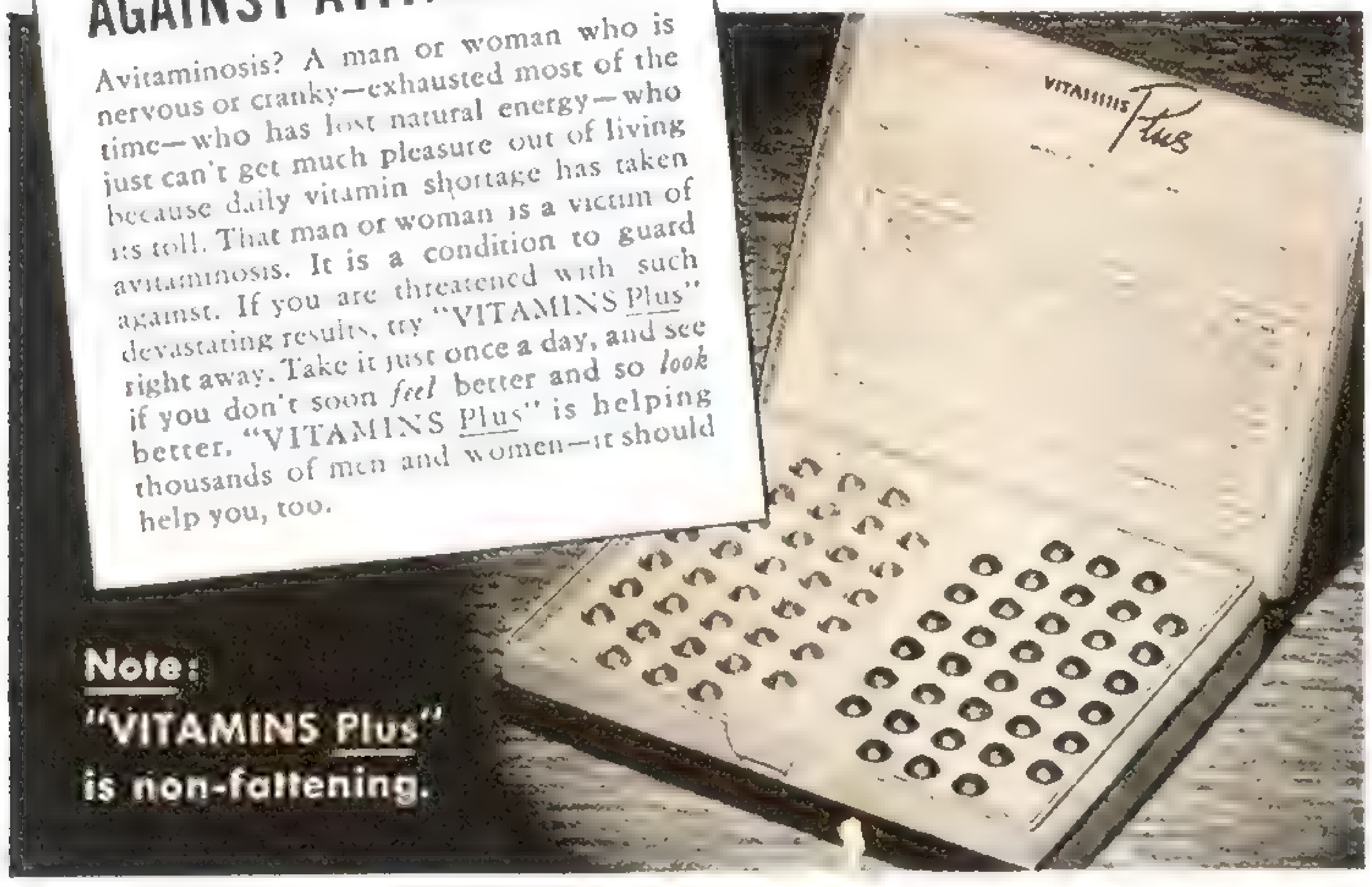


That Man Timoshenko

Continued from page 69

one of those men who served in the Red army because there was no other army for them to serve in. He served because he was a member of the Party and he believed in the principles of Communism. In fact, he had joined the Party in 1919, a very early date for a man who was neither an intellectual nor a laborer. He was an ardent admirer of Lenin's, and the day he met Lenin for the first time was the high spot in his life. He himself has described, as follows in the *Red Star*, that meeting in 1920:

"I arrived in Moscow in a state of great excitement and I went to hear Vladimir Ilyich Lenin speak at the Bolshoi Theater. Voroshilov asked me to dine with Lenin and I was so surprised that I forgot to thank him. I could not imagine myself face to face with Lenin. We drove to the Kremlin in an open car and although I was lightly clad, I was in sweat from excitement. We dined in Kalinin's room—Lenin, Stalin, Frunze, Kalinin, Ordzhonikidze, Budenny and Voroshilov. Lenin said: 'We have a cavalry man here and they don't like to waste time. Let's eat.' . . . Lenin asked me about the fighting qualities of our soldiers. I informed him that they quickly adjusted themselves to the most complex situations. Lenin told me: 'You must always rely on them. The chief thing is to be with your men.' "

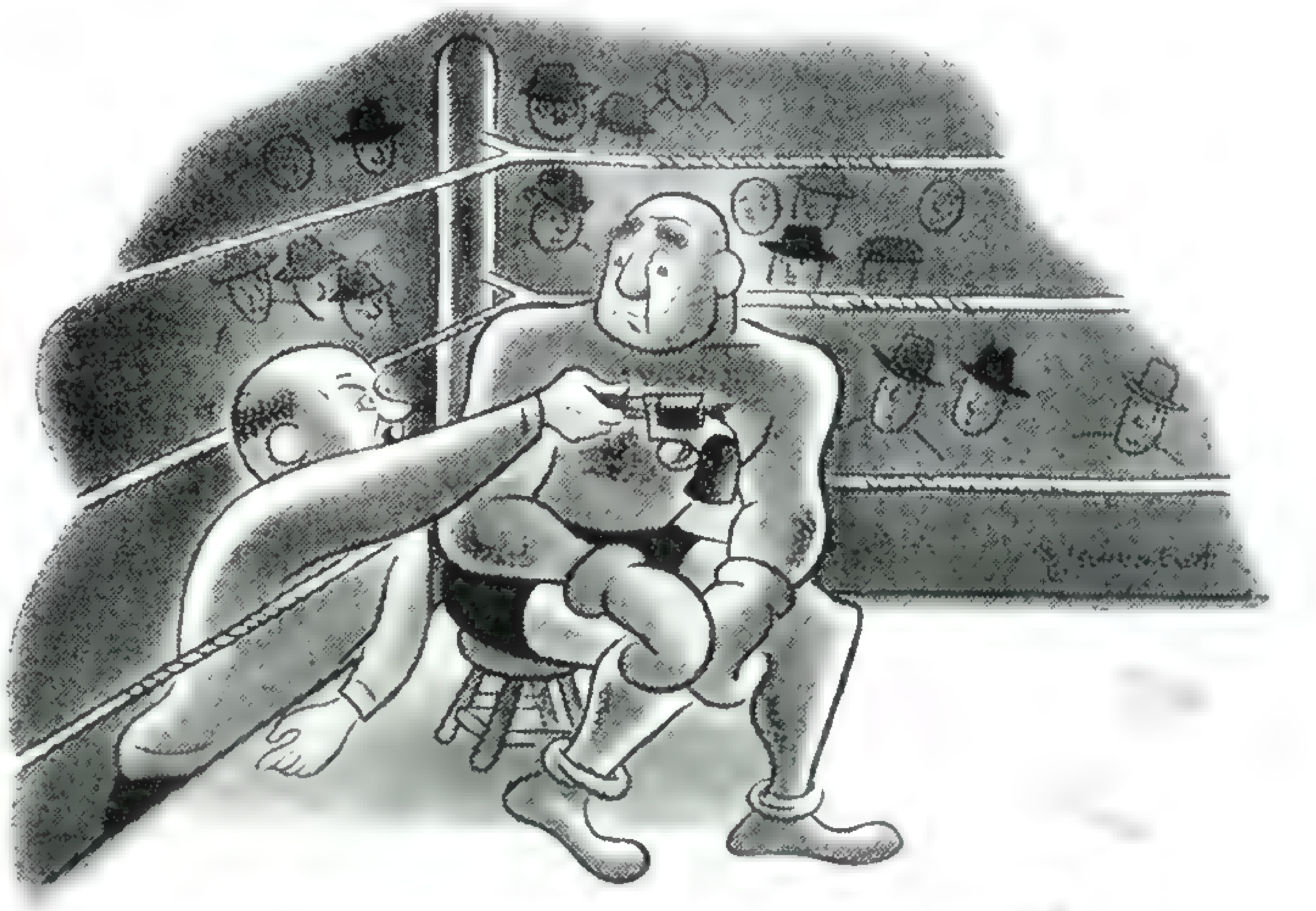
Timoshenko's tactical ideas go back to the time when he fought as a partisan. In a collection covering the activity of Timoshenko in the Civil War, which appeared in the *Red Archive* in 1940, there is a passage describing how Timoshenko, in a lecture on June 3, 1920, outlined his experiences in the Civil War and developed his fundamental strategical theory from these experiences. It is amazing that his tactics have really not changed since then. Even then, he used his "new technique for small units." The fact that he attacked the enemy at Rostov in 1920 and 1942 by the same maneuver—circumventing his flank—is hardly coincidence. In the last analysis, Timoshenko's fundamental idea is to fight guerrilla warfare—but with very disciplined and highly-schooled guerrillas. The idea of small units, each operating as an entity, proved to be the doom of the German Blitzkrieg plan in Russia. His small units went on fighting even after the German panzer advance guards had broken through and had advanced far beyond his little units. They fought on with the German panzer units at their back—according to the old military saying that he who circumvents is circumvented—behind the German panzer units.

The Polish War, which Timoshenko commanded by the end of 1939, was, of course, no war at all. It was just an occupation. But the Finnish War served Timoshenko as a stiff graduate course in military tactics. With General Stern, Timoshenko had devised the tactics to storm the Mannerheim Line which finally ended the war. But more important was his practical reorganization of the Russian army according to the lessons learned in Finland. Timoshenko also saw to it that the Soviet army benefitted by his study of the German-French War.

He knew these lessons would one day be used against Germany. Listen to this speech of October 5, 1940, eight months before the sudden break in German-Russian collaboration:

"You are entering the ranks when the flames of the second imperialistic war are enveloping the West and the East. The Soviet Union . . . stands outside the orbit of war, but this does not mean that you are safe from any provocation that may threaten our borders. Under these conditions you must be ready for any emergency and further strengthen the Red army's fighting capacity."

It was a short interlude and a few months later Timoshenko was fighting in the greatest war of all. He was back, as Lenin had counseled him in Moscow in 1920, "with his men." ⵌ



"Now go in there and finish him this round!"

Pioneering for Your Own Pantry

Starting a two-part series on how to beat the food shortage

THEY won't be wearing any brass buttoned tunics, and medaled ribbons will never bedeck their chests, but this spring and summer a hundred thousand Americans will be doing their wartime duty by living off the country in the city. Without any special powers of magic—or any tutor-taught-trade—they'll be reaching into the ground near their city homes to pull out a basket full of nourishing food.

The hundred thousand, of course, are the city dwellers all over America who'll be this year's crop of victory gardeners. They're the people who'll use their back yards or the next door lot, or even window ledge boxes, to grow vitamin-filled vegetables that'll help in meeting the food shortage. Realizing that transportation difficulties, Army and lend-lease requirements, and an increased civilian buying power will decrease the amount of foodstuffs available, the legion of victory gardeners has adopted the government's suggestion and become the cultivators of their own larder.

You don't need any special aptitude to join the garden brigade. Your only requirements to raise a city plot of vegetables and use the tricks of the country in keeping fed are a piece of ground—it needn't be larger than four feet square—sunshine, some seed, and some elbow grease. Your local library and civilian defense office will give you technical advice and before the summer is done you'll be eating your own products.

When you start your garden don't follow in the footsteps of a Kansas City banker and surround it by high-walled fences. They keep the air from circulating in the garden, causing apathetic growth in the plants and subjecting them to disease. Put your plot where the wind can sweep through it—and where it will get at least six hours sunshine every day. Morning sunshine is much more productive than the afternoon variety, so, if possible, skip that west exposure garden.

Civilian defense authorities recommend that gardens be planted in straight rows and that the seeds be properly spaced. North to south rows are preferable, but if you're like the Cincinnati tailor and have your garden on a hill, you should run the rows across the slope and not up and down.

You'll find that vegetables grow faster in a loam or a sandy soil than in a heavy clay—but the clay will do if you mix in some sand. Every soil, however, has to be spaded and pulverized to get a friendly atmosphere for the plants, and a plant food should be used to richen the ground.

In smoky and congested districts, carrots, turnips, beets, radishes, endive and parsley will thrive best, while in outlying residential districts tomatoes, lima beans, cabbage, peas and spinach will flourish. Don't try to grow corn unless you've got plenty of room in good soil and perfect ventilation.

When you start to plant, you'll be smart to work from a previously prepared plan showing the location of each row and the vegetable to be planted in it. As you work, mark off each row on the ground with a pair of small stakes hammered down at each end. If you stretch a cord between the posts you'll be sure of straight planting—and the posts will serve to mark each row before the plants come up. After planting, water the row gently, soaking it to a depth below the seed, but make sure the seed isn't washed away.

Right then you and every member of the hundred thousand are going to face the toughest job. If you don't hoe out the weeds that crop up in May and June, the weeds will do you out of your garden in July and August. So, as soon as the plants come up, start weeding. Your back'll hurt a little at first but the result will make it all seem worth while. Also, by breaking up the surface soil between each row you'll be producing aeration between the plant roots, thereby inducing further growth.

Most city gardeners will need to supplement rainfall by watering their plots, if the best yield and quality is to be expected. The water should not be sprayed from a hose, but allowed to run slowly into narrow trenches between the rows. Enough water has been supplied when the soil is wet to a depth of seven inches.

Insects, of course, may attack the garden, but the victory gardener can make use of scientific discoveries to rout them. Dusting and spraying with insecticides is one of the surest methods of keeping the plants healthy.

Victory gardeners should not start a garden so large they may not be able to maintain it, but neither should they be content with a postage-stamp-sized plot. Four feet square may be an ideal suggestion for some, but others may have space for gardens ten and twelve feet square. Pick your own size, don't waste seed, work hard—and you'll be able to pick your market basket from the ground.

Next month the second installment of this series will describe handy methods that city dwellers can use to process food in their own kitchen and supplement some of their ration-restricted supplies with tasty morsels they might otherwise have overlooked. Included will be a government-approved method of canning your summer fish catch. ##

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In this space formerly used as a coupon, we are happy to say that from coast to coast so many good dealers have shown their appreciation for fine leather craft by stocking TexTan merchandise, that this device is no longer necessary. If you should not find Texas Ranger belts or Saddle Craft belts and billfolds, write TexTan, Yoakum, Texas, for name and address of nearest dealer.

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Flying to Fly or to Win

Continued from page 40

operation is but a small portion of what would be necessary for a principal offensive.

Let us turn to the project of a decisive air offensive against Germany.

There has been much talk of smashing Germany by raiding forces of not less than 1,000 planes sent over continuously for a long period. The main reason why it has not been done is that the means are lacking. The most optimistic do not dare predict that it will be possible in the immediate future. Realization, by at least some of the air enthusiasts, of the immense size of the job is one of their main arguments why we should devote all our resources to building up air strength while reducing the sea and land forces to the minimum necessary to guard air bases and otherwise make themselves useful to aviation.

First reason against this disproportionate development of our power is that aviation cannot operate without bases and bases cannot be gotten or held without sea forces strong enough to defeat the enemy's sea forces and without mass armies strong enough to defeat the enemy's mass armies.

Second is that heavy bombing of enemy communications, industry and civilian population, does not do enough damage to cause them to surrender.

By my own observation this was proved in Spain. It has been proved in England. Recently in Washington a high-ranking British army officer told me that by actual count the Axis had dropped more bombs on little Malta than on all of Britain. And Malta is unsubdued and on the offensive.

Recently a Russian aviation general warned England and America that aviation bombing alone could not bring victory. He told of the terrible bombing Sevastopol had suffered and yet it only surrendered to constant attack by German artillery, tanks and infantry. He told of the bombing of Stalingrad, which never thought of surrender.

Turn now to the essentialness of decisive ground force.

Light bombardment and pursuit planes have a range of only 1,000 miles. The range of interceptors is 500 miles. Therefore they must have protected bases at those distances or else they must be carried by ships or by rail or trucks on land.

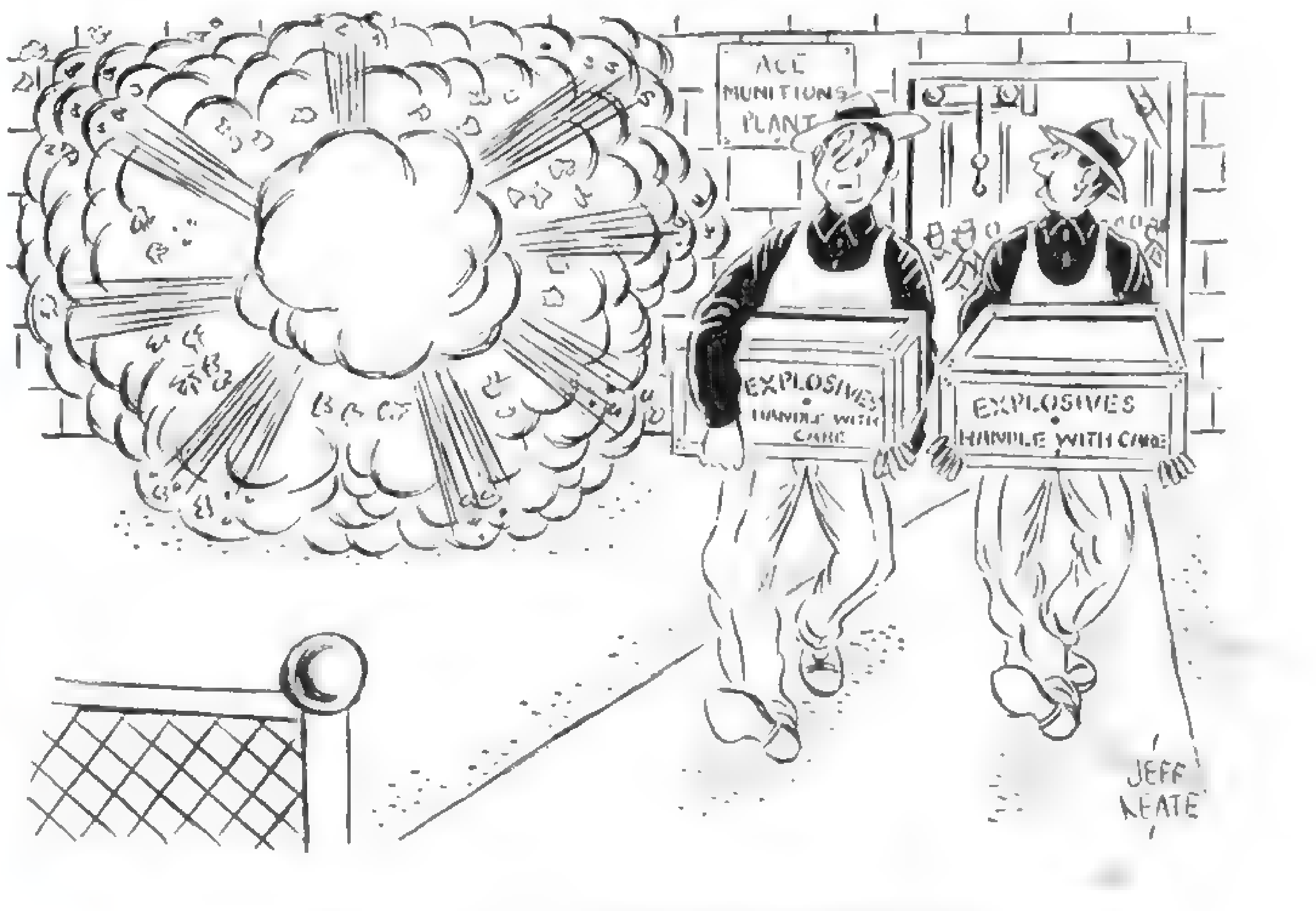
As long as the French troops in North Africa were willing to fight, their air bases were denied to us, until we landed sufficient ground troops to seize them. An insufficient number of ground troops to hold Greece and Crete was the reason why British aviation lost the use of bases on the Continent. Had their ground troops been able to stop the German ground troops, the British aviation could have flown to help the Russians. The loss of these bases from the lack of enough troops to defend them is the reason why German and Italian aviation can bomb the Eastern Mediterranean.

Failure of the British, French and Belgians to provide enough properly equipped ground troops to stop the German mass army was the reason the aviation of these countries lost their bases and the Germans have used those bases along the coast since.

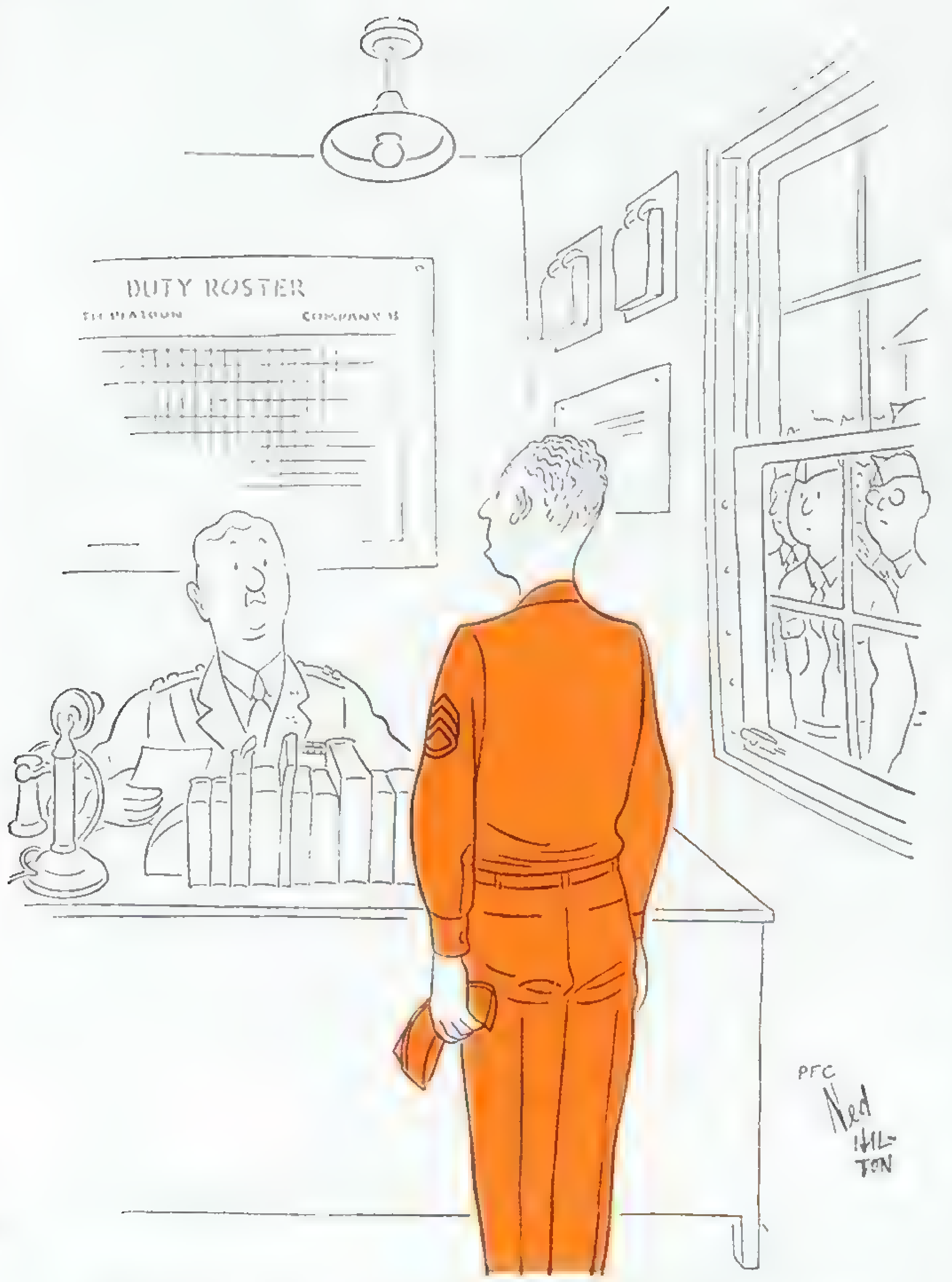
Failure of Britain, the United States and Holland to provide enough warships and ground troops was the reason the Japanese navy and ground troops could take possession of Hong Kong, the Malay Peninsula, Burma, the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies. We lost the air bases necessary to operate effectively against Japan and Japan seized them to use against us.

The Russian mass army of millions was unable to prevent the Germans from advancing well into the interior of Russia. What would have happened to Russia if it had depended on aviation alone to defeat both the German air force and the German mass army of millions?

I repeat: The irresistible conclusion is that superior aviation, *used with* decisive ground and sea



"Gregory is all thumbs today!"



"I think we've got their morale a little too high, Sir—they want to know if it's true some day they might have to return to civilian life"

forces is the formula for victory.

The airplane is not a new weapon, because it is not a weapon. It is a new means of carrying soldiers and supplies. The only thing bombers can do which artillery cannot is carry missiles to targets beyond range of artillery.

The plane with one or more small cannon is dangerous to tanks, but not nearly so dangerous as 105 mm., 88 mm., and 75 mm. guns, on self-propelled mounts on the ground.

In the case of airborne infantry the airplane is simply the latest means of transportation. The Germans have several infantry divisions, each of which has enough air transport to move the whole division at the same time.

However, once the infantry arrives at its destination, it dismounts just as it does from a truck, in order to fight on foot.

When a new method of war appears, a school of enthusiasts is imbued with its possibilities and jealous of its *technical* use.

For several centuries the artillery, the most technical branch of an army, was virtually an independent service. The United States Military Academy adopted the principle of teaching all cadets the use of cavalry and infantry and the science of artillery.

The result is that, beginning with the Mexican War, we have had General Officers who had the *technical* knowledge of artillery to use it effectively for *tactical* purposes *with* infantry and cavalry.

When the steam engine made its appearance in the Navy the engineer officers who handled the engines were a separate corps from the line officers who navigated and fought the ships. The engineers justly complained that the line officers lacked the necessary *technical* knowledge to know what engines could and could not do. The line officers justly complained that the engineer officers lacked the *tactical* knowledge to know how to fight a ship, and therefore wanted to run the ships from the point of view of engineering.

The dispute was settled by teaching all midshipmen at the Naval Academy to be engineer officers as well as line officers. From then on, the Navy has been handled correctly, both from a *technical* and *tactical* standpoint.

Aviators today justly complain of the lack of *technical* understanding of ground officers and Navy officers who are not fliers. On the other hand, there is plenty of evidence to show that many fliers are inclined to want to run aviation primarily from a *technical* viewpoint, instead of in the best *tactical* and *strategical* way.

The Germans, through the training they have given their officers who rise to high command in both *technical* and *tactical* matters, use aviation to win in war, instead of trying to twist war to suit the *technical* side of aviation, as do those of our aviation enthusiasts who tell us we can win victory with aviation alone. ⵌ

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It Shouldn't Happen to an Actor

An endearing quality in the dog compensated for the loss of friends

by ERROL FLYNN

• ARTICLE •

Did you ever in your life meet up with one of those unique dogs who seemed to have been waiting, at a certain spot at a certain time, for the particular purpose of meeting you? I suppose I've been lucky, because out of the innumerable dogs in whose life I've been, there were two who looked me right in the eye at our very first meeting and said, "Well! I knew you had to show up soon."

The first one's name was "Pikis." I bought him from a Chinese copra trader for two tins of salmon and lost him to an alligator in a river in New Guinea. After that, dogs came and dogs went. Nice enough dogs, but never very special. Until the day I looked down to see a grey, ugly beast of a dog, a Schnauser, jumping perpendicularly up and down on a leash held by a colored chauffeur.

Glad to see me? He was absolutely out of his mind, although, of course, he had never laid eyes on me until that moment. "You don't happen to want him, do you?" said his owner hopefully. "If I don't get rid of him, the police will shoot him. He's a nuisance."

Thus destiny brought me Arno. Arno was more than a nuisance—he was a one-dog gang. All other dogs hated his guts the moment they saw him. They fought to get at him. Arno never seemed surprised at this. Every dog's hand, he seemed to expect, was raised against him.

This didn't faze him. As he growled back and lifted his leg disdainfully on the nearest object, usually a white walled tire or a French chaise lounge, there was that note in his voice which said clearly, "Why, you jerk! If you weren't tied up I'd whip the hell out of you—" He would then kick up the carpet a few times and circle the dog at a safe distance to see how much madder he could get him. The other dog usually went temporarily insane or strangled himself. Once this practice cost Arno dearly. He miscalculated the strength of an overwrought bull terrier's leash. It snapped and he was beaten to a pulp. The ensuing few days were the only time I ever saw him low in spirit.

He was arrested regularly. The police, acting on neighbors' complaints, were continually on the point of shooting him. But the high point was the day the Beverly Hills dogcatcher rang my doorbell. There was humiliation in his voice. "Mr. Flynn, please, PLEASE, keep Arno tied up if only on Tuesdays and Thursdays. That's when I make my rounds. He chases my car and gets all the dogs inside to fighting. It looks silly."

It was commonly supposed that Arno was house-broken. But in point of fact the rule struck him as absurd.

He favored curtains in less-used portions of the house. Yawning casually he would get up and stroll off as though suddenly bored with the conversation. A few minutes later he would reappear like a conscientious watchman who had just given the house a thorough check-up. You could never catch him at it. If you followed him he would be innocently looking out of the window. It wasn't until the curtains took on a strange multi-colored shade at the bottom that the device was discovered.

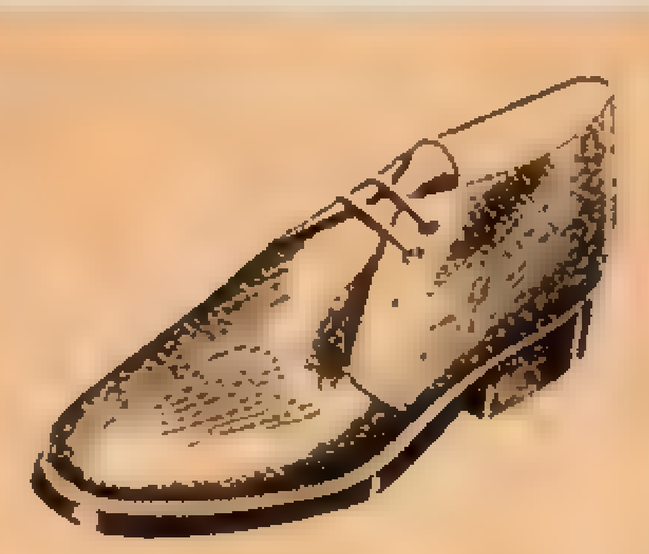
Among humans, he had hardly a friend. Kindly people who bent down to pet him, a thing which Arno loathed, were met with a look of cold hatred. Muttering to himself, he would then rise and deliberately stalk as far across the room from them as possible. And don't think he wasn't a crashing snob. He drew class distinctions in every human relationship, snubbing the servants and keeping his contacts with them as curt as possible. The only person he ever palled up to a little was a burglar who dropped in for some silver.

All in all Arno had quite a lot of patience with me, particularly about such failings as practical jokes. His attitude was that if I wanted to be stupid, could he help it? I could go too far, of course, like the time I persuaded him to jump into the front seat of my car and he landed squarely on a live gopher snake I had put there. He hated snakes and his next jump took him fully ten feet away. You could see he didn't think it at all funny.

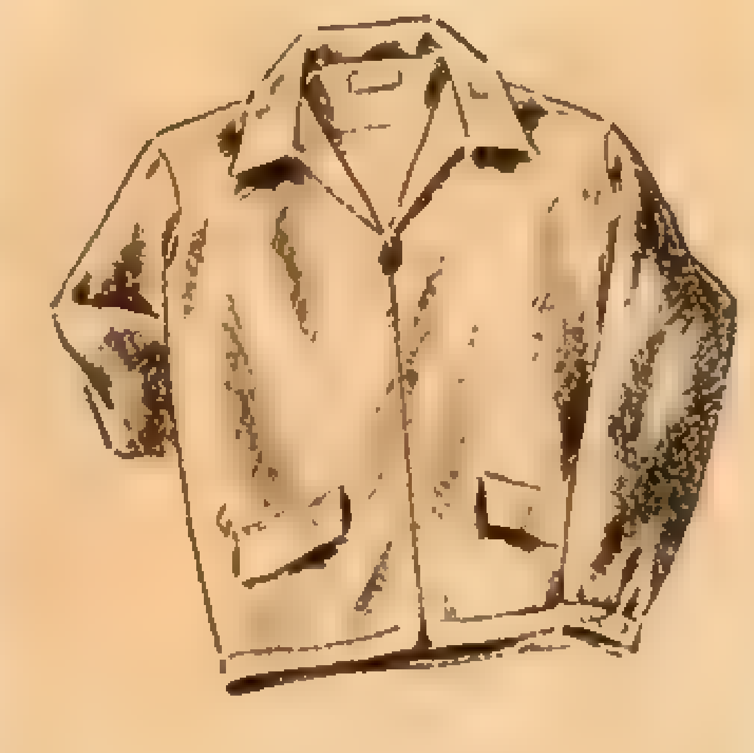
One day the cook on my boat gave him a big beef bone. He knew he wasn't allowed to eat it on deck so he carried it, mouth watering, down the boarding ladder, jumped into the water and swam ashore. We were anchored about one or two hundred yards off-shore so I watched him through binoculars. He made a light snack, debated the bone's possibilities and took a look around to see if he was being watched. Next he carefully buried it under a tree. Then he swam back to the boat with the smug look of a guy who has just put over a cagey deal. I waited till he was busy and then rowed ashore, dug up the bone and put a hard-boiled egg in its place.

Next day Arno slipped ashore for another snack. He dug and unearthed the egg. It seemed to surprise him for a second. But he pushed it aside and went on digging. The hole grew enormous as he searched for the bone. Finally he sat down and looked at the egg. He nosed it over a couple of times. Then he got up and circled it. He sat down again, and thought it over. The more he thought about it the more the mystery of it all stunned him. An egg, a hard-boiled egg, appearing as if by magic in the place of his bone. By the look on his face all that day I could tell he was repeating to himself, "An egg! How do you like that? An egg! I'll be a son of a bitch! An egg!"

Friendship with Arno meant you were a cinch to lose most of your friends. There were times when the only answer seemed to be to change my name or leave the country. Like that time at the Coronado Hotel. The Coronado Hotel is an austere establishment where rich old folk go to play bridge until they die. The waitresses get off week-ends to visit their grandchildren. You are kept awake nights by the dull thud of guests dropping dead.



The ankle-high military shoe with two eyelets is liked by Army officers, because the higher upper keeps sand and small stones out. As San Dan or Chukka boot, it has been favored by civilians for sportswear.



The processed tan cotton jacket, originally worn for golf, has become an all-purpose sportswear garment.

Disaster, ever Arno's side-kick, struck one day in the dining room of that hotel. Eating was always a problem because Arno insisted on eating with me. If you chased him out of the restaurant, he would just come in another door. When the door was shut he would wait for some customers and come in again camouflaged between their legs. On this particular day I had (I thought) double-locked him in my room upstairs.

Now one of the hotel's younger set—a quaint little thing of about seventy—always complained that the dining room was cold, in spite of the temperature being a good eighty. She also maintained it was so dark she couldn't see, though you could take snapshots in there at night and they would have been over-exposed.

So she announced she would provide her own lighting. Soon a tall stand-lamp arrived and was installed behind her chair. When lit the first night it was found to contain a 200 watt bulb of such brilliance that it temporarily blinded everyone who looked in her direction.

The waitresses were the ones who suffered most. They would serve her something and turn around to get something else, and everything would immediately go black. They would usually drop whatever they were holding. One of them partially solved the problem by wearing dark glasses.

Of course nothing much could be done about the heating arrangements. From the heat generated by her lamp, people at adjoining tables already perspired freely throughout meals, but the frail little old lady sat serenely on under her 200 watt umbrella and remarked how cold she was. She finally achieved some measure of comfort by coming into meals wearing several silver fox furs.

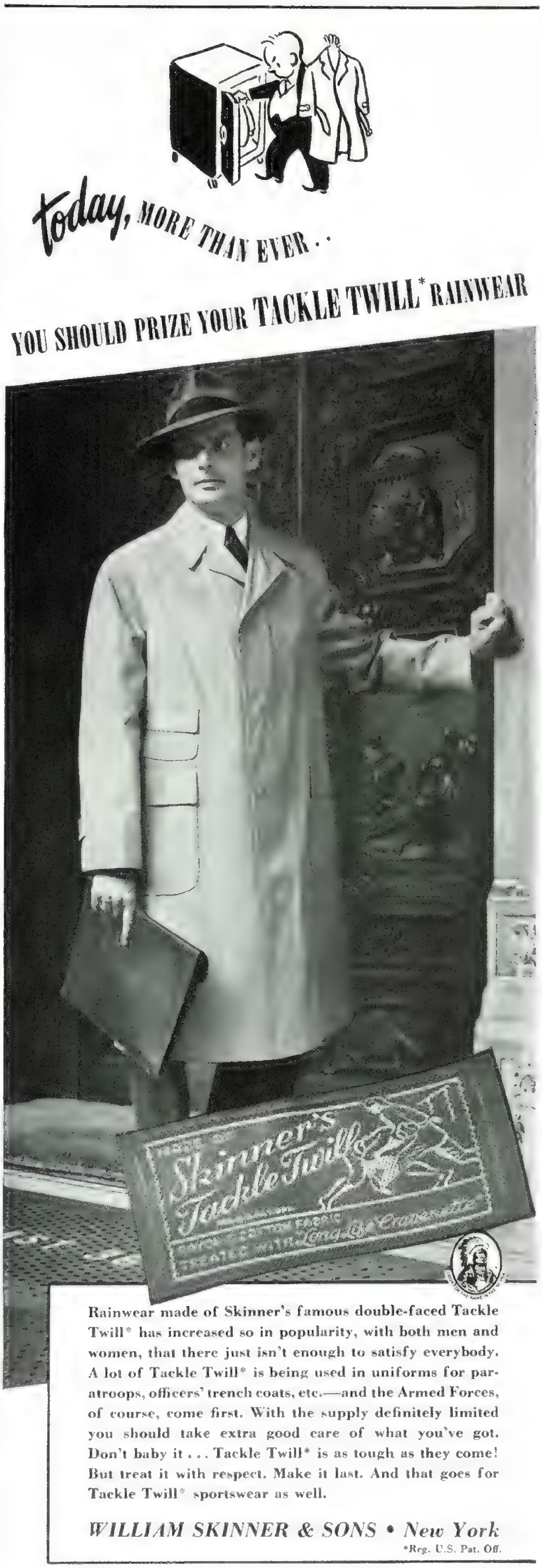
This was partly the cause of the trouble. One night I was sitting in the dining room over a bottle of wine when a cat passed by the table. I knew this cat slightly. He was a prosperous executive-looking kind of cat and apparently had the exclusive of the kitchen and dining room. Business was good with him.

Suddenly there was a commotion at the dining room entrance. There was a scraping of chairs; the head waiters began moving around agitatedly. The hair on the back of the business cat shot up as though someone had got by the secretary he didn't want to see. It was Arno. How he got out of the room I don't know. He had just started to give me a brief nod, a sort of double take, when he saw the cat. That was enough! They broke beautifully from the gate without a second's difference in the start. Hugging the rail the cat skidded around several tables three lengths ahead of Arno. At the far turn Arno had shortened and was coming up on the outside. Coming into the stretch it began to look like a photo finish when the cat, taking a desperate gamble, swerved sharply under the frail little old lady's table. Arno, trailing by barely half a length now, saw dangling in front of him the fox fur and . . . . !!

It was horrible. The screams of the waitresses, the hoarse shouts of the men, the smash of crockery, rose to a sudden deafening explosion as the 200 watt lamp crashed to the floor and broke shivering into a thousand pieces. Arno had the little old lady's silver fox fur by the throat in a killer's grip!

On dark nights the sounds still ring in my ears.

All in all, the hotel was very nice about it. After I had paid for the damage the management said I could come and stay there practically any time—alone. ###



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WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS • New York

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Everything Happens to McCarey

Continued from page 57

damages on the broken leg. His great ambition was to be a songwriter, but first he made sure of keeping the $5,000 in a safe place. He invested it in a copper mine. The copper mine went bust, so McCarey turned with a light and confident heart to his chosen profession.

He started to write songs. He never made any money or acquired any fame in Tin Pan Alley, and it remains to this day his major frustration. He decided to try something else. Anything for a start—even the movies. "I tried," he says, "every known method of getting a studio job. They didn't work. I invented a few methods of my own which did work."

One of them consisted of striking a bargain with Abdul the Turk. Abdul was a muscular masseur who used to pound Mack Sennett's vertebrae into line. McCarey could never get in to see Sennett, so he approached his good friend the Turk. "While you're slapping him around," he told Abdul, "put in a good word for me. Tell Sennett he can have me if he meets my price." Abdul came out of the great man's chambers to tell McCarey that Sennett wouldn't have him at any price. That's the way it went for a while, until luck took a hand. David Butler, then an actor and now a director, introduced McCarey to Tod Browning. Browning was Lon Chaney's director over at Universal, and he gave Butler's young friend a job as third assistant director. This is a position that holds about as much authority as head mascot, but McCarey was in and he held on. For five years he held on, watching Browning and absorbing all he could.

He liked to play handball at a downtown athletic club. Another member of the club was Hal Roach. McCarey got to play with Roach a few times and Roach found him to be pretty stiff competition. "Tell you what," said Roach, "I'm building a handball court over at my studio. How'd you like to come over and work for me? We could get in a lot of handball."

So McCarey went over to play handball with Roach—for four years. At the end of four years he was a vice-president of the firm. Thus grind the mills of the Hollywood Gods.

Not that handball was solely responsible for McCarey's rise in the world. He turned out to be a director—one of the really good comedy directors of that great comedy era of the movies.

Roach was then the king of the two-reel comedy field and his studio was turning them out as fast as the public could take them. There were lots of comedy directors around; McCarey turned out to be one of the good ones so they made him a vice-president.

Those two-reel days in the McCarey saga are important for a couple of reasons. In the first place it was McCarey who first hit on the idea of teaming a pair of comics who happened to work on the Roach lot—a fat comic and a skinny one. They turned out to be Laurel and Hardy. McCarey directed them in more comedies than he can remember. In the second place, those years gave him a training that newcomers to the field find it impossible to get any more.

Directing the two-reelers week after week gives a director a surefire sense of what is funny and what is not funny. There are several ways of throwing a custard pie into a comedian's face. Some are funny and some are not. A good director learns—after four years—which is which. And a good director, if he has the stuff, can develop that custard pie technique into what will later be referred to as his comic "touch."

It was onward and upward for McCarey after the Roach period, onward and upward, that is, when he wasn't horizontal on a hospital bed. He made *Duck Soup* with the Marx brothers. He made *The Kid From Spain* with Eddie Cantor. (He considers the bull fight scene in that the funniest thing he's ever done.) When nobody was looking, he made a picture called *Ruggles of Red Gap*. After that one, he found himself on top of the world.

Get a group of movie-wise people into a discussion of the most memorable moments from movies they have seen. You will inevitably find that a surprising number of the moments come from McCarey pictures. In such discussions, for example, someone is bound to bring up the scene of Charles Laughton reciting the Gettysburg address in *Ruggles of Red Gap*. In many ways that was McCarey's high-water mark—and Laughton's.

After *Ruggles of Red Gap*, McCarey went in for the field in which he has come to shine with such a dazzling light—sophisticated comedy.

His first venture in the field was *The Awful Truth*, a picture which looked as though it were going to end McCarey's career just as it was beginning to zoom. He got Cary Grant and Irene Dunne for his leads. Work on the picture wasn't two weeks old when Miss Dunne and Mr. Grant came

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to McCarey mumbling apologies. They both wanted to bow out. They were so anxious to do so that they offered to buy back their contracts—anything, anything to get out of the picture. McCarey had to use all his persuasive powers to make them stick. They did so, but with heavy hearts. They had decided that *The Awful Truth* was going to be a stinker and they resumed their acting chores like good little turkeys resigned to the slaughter. McCarey bumped into trouble all along the way.

There were several extra weeks of "re-shooting" necessary on the picture. Re-shooting is an expensive item, and a couple of weeks of it can amount to as much money as some of the larger Slavic nations owe us from the last war. The studio began to have spasmodic, then incessant, fits. McCarey was in bad odor when the film was finally released.

The Awful Truth turned out to be one of the biggest money-makers of the last ten years. It made Cary Grant and Irene Dunne bigger than they had ever been. It won an Academy Oscar for McCarey, for the best direction of the year.

The Oscar usually stands on his desk. But in the midst of conferences on subsequent films, McCarey has been known to call in his secretary and yell, "get that thing out of here so I can think!"

From *The Awful Truth* he went on to make *Love Affair*. After *Love Affair* he had an accident. First from a hospital and then from a wheel chair he acted as producer for *My Favorite Wife*. In July of 1940 he had another accident but this one wasn't of the usual sort. It consisted of signing a contract with Howard Hughes, the millionaire tool and die scion who likes to dabble in the Hollywood markets.

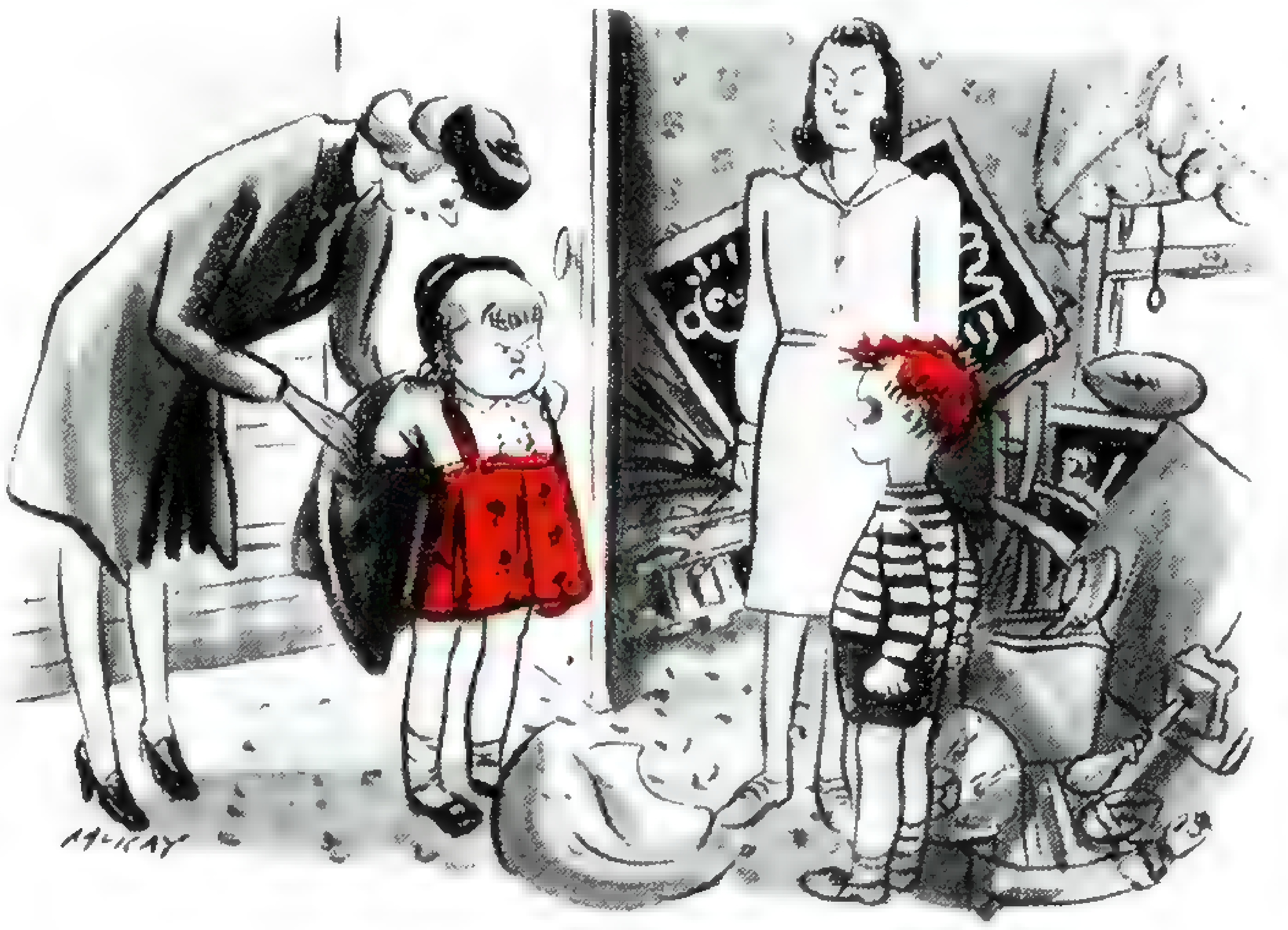
The McCarey-Hughes contract turned into one of those affairs which give Hollywood its spendthrift reputation. McCarey simply collected his salary every week and Hughes didn't give him any work to do. McCarey howled for something to do. Hughes insisted on saving him for big things that never materialized. McCarey finally sued Hughes and Hughes sued McCarey and the contract was finally consigned to the flames. He arranged to pay back every bit of the salaries he had collected. Then he announced to Hollywood that he was open to offers. He got them from every studio in town and he finally accepted a bid from RKO, for whom he immediately proceeded to make *Once Upon a Honeymoon*, which, even at this late date, is still bringing bushels of the golden clinking stuff into the box-offices of the nation. *Once Upon a Honeymoon* has lots of everything the customers want. It has comedy, tragedy, and love.

"What is love?" asks McCarey. "It is a thing which can drive a guy to the gutter or the river. It topples kings from their thrones. It starts wars. It inspires poets. It makes the world go round. Then you try to put it on the screen and what do you get? Boy meets girl."

McCarey's boys and girls, however, are always a little more interesting than the average run. For one thing, he likes his protagonists just a little jaded. McCarey, the Irishman from Los Angeles, has your true continental passion for illicit love-making. When he makes one of his celebrated comedies, it is always of the type that Hollywood likes to call sophisticated. This means that the hero is not a Rover Boy and the heroine is not a virgin. The one time McCarey used a Rover Boy was for comic relief. That was in *The Awful Truth*, and in it he created for Ralph Bellamy the role of a well-heeled jerk from Albuquerque, a role which Mr. Bellamy has been playing ever since. The hero of *The Awful Truth*, on the other hand, was a married man who played around, and the heroine was a wife who decided to take her revenge in the obvious way. Such characters are not simply handed to McCarey by the script writers. He does as much writing on his pictures as any of the writers.

But McCarey has never offended even the most sensitive

Continued on page 142



"Say, 'Thank you, Jeffry, for a lovely time'!"

I'm a gentle guy . . . wouldn't hurt a fly . . .
But when buttons start poppin' . . . I starts hoppin'
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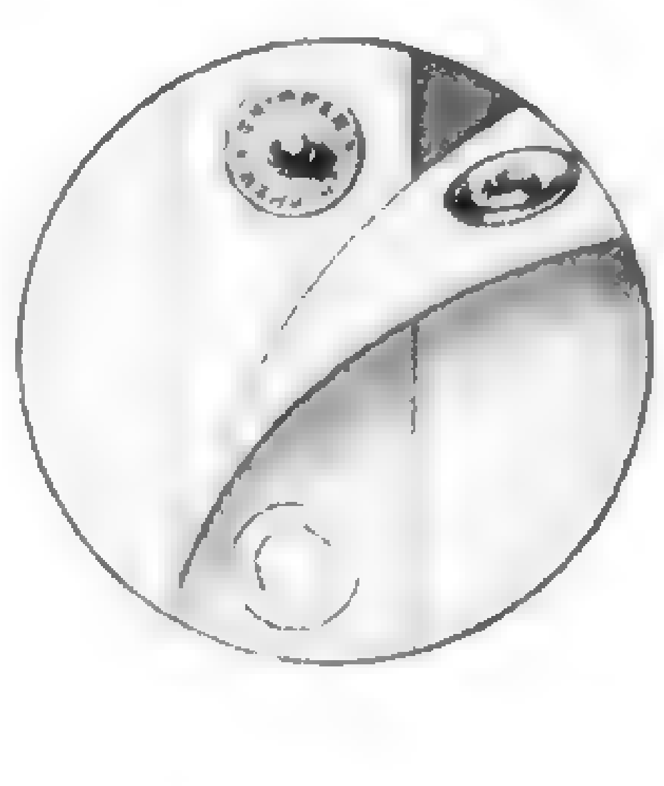

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Everything Happens to McCarey

Continued from pages 57-141

movie-goer. This is because he possesses in abundance what Hollywood likes to call good taste. McCarey's good taste triumphs over the most distasteful subjects and makes them seem virtuous indeed. McCarey once said, "Why do we continue to subscribe to the belief that if we make entertainment which will please the children, we make successful entertainment?" Nevertheless, the Toronto Board of Trade rated his *The Awful Truth* 100 per cent for the kiddies because it was "a good preachment against divorce."

Love Affair was advertised on the billboards as the story of "a lady of leisure and a man of the world swept off their feet by a great love." The lady of leisure turned out to be a kept woman and the man of the world was a gigolo. When the Hays Office got its first look at the picture, it screamed bloody murder. Then it took a second look, and a third, and the boys wound up by patting McCarey on the back for bringing religion and repentance into the lives of a lady of leisure and a man of the world. They called it a matter of good taste. The Hays Office is not alone in its approval of McCarey's taste. The Greek Academy of Arts and Sciences has given him a special award. There is the Oscar on his desk. Eamon de Valera has telegraphed his respects to the Irishman who directed *The Awful Truth*. When McCarey was in Europe in 1937, he was received by the Pope.

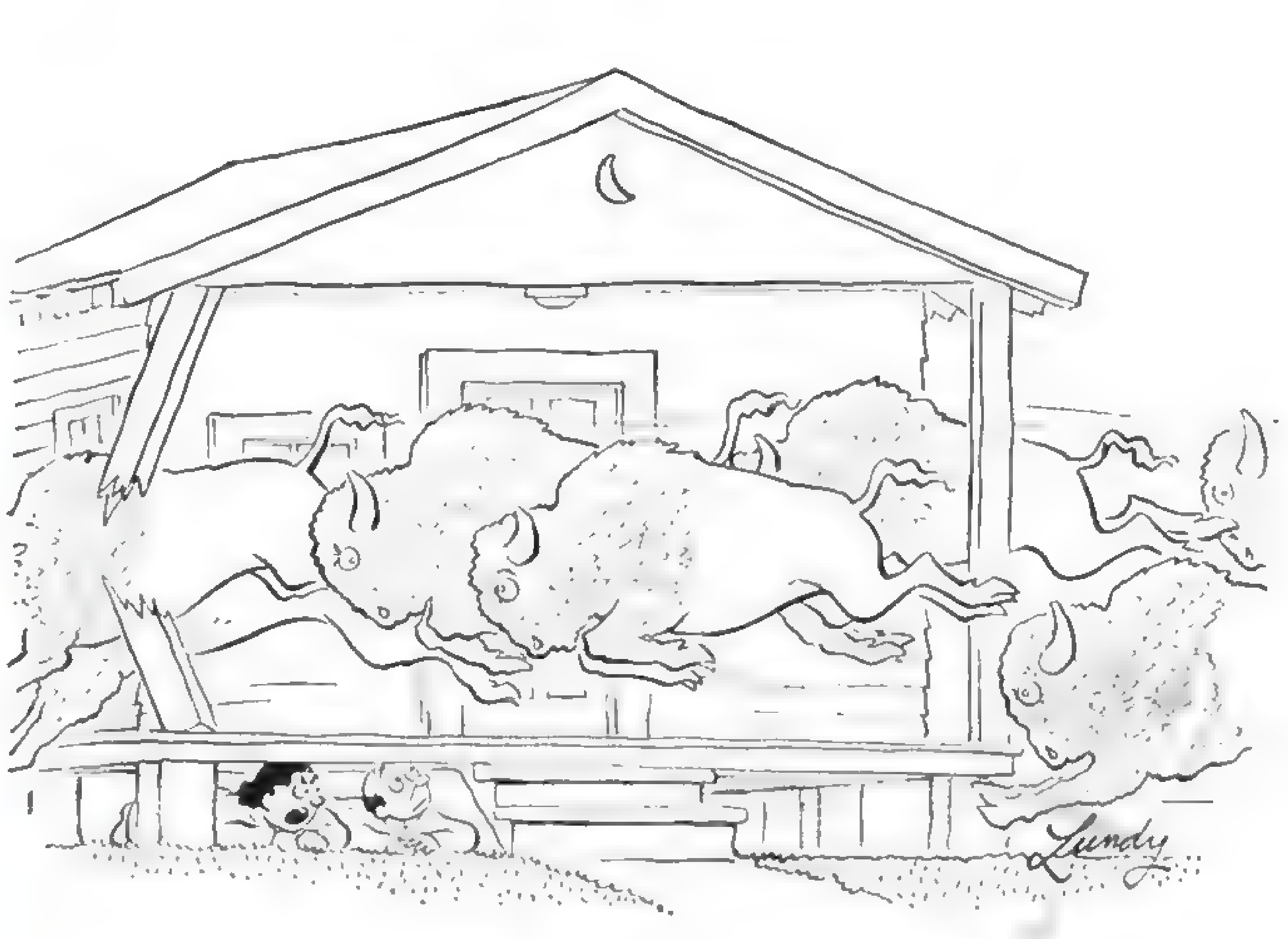
McCarey is actually distilled of equal parts of the sophisticate and the sentimentalist—the Lubitsch in his blood is always slugging it out with the Capra in his soul. Few directors can leap, as he does, from the bedroom to the pew—and get away with it. He did it over and over again in *Love Affair*. In that one, Irene Dunne started out as a lady who asked Charles Boyer if he thought sex would ever take the place of baseball. A couple of reels further on, she and Mr. Boyer were kneeling side by side in church. Towards the end of the film McCarey had Miss Dunne confined to a cripple's bed—for her sins, presumably. Some children from the neighborhood came in to wish her a Merry Christmas. Before you could say Elsie Dinsmore, she was leading the little angel faces in a spontaneous choral rendition of a song called *Wishing*.

McCarey gets away with things like that because he is not kidding. He means it. A less sincere hand would fall heavy, heavy, on such scenes. McCarey manages to fill them with his own sincerity. He can park his sense of humor in a corner when he thinks it's time to repent. To McCarey the most interesting people are people with a past, but by the time he gets through with them, they're banging tambourines and shouting the praises of the good life. The most case-hardened reprobate, caught in the throes of the real thing, is just as much a dope as you and I. And a lady of leisure, stripped of her diamonds and her sordid income, will wind up finding true happiness singing *Wishing* with a bunch of the neighborhood kids on Christmas Eve. "I am supposed to be a sophisticated director," says McCarey. "Don't you believe it. Everything I touch is sweetness and light. You know, somewhere there is a happy valley, and wishing will make it so."

That is possibly the most important angle to the McCarey touch, but one other key to his success is the fact that he seems to know how to teach the basic principles of acting. One of his proudest possessions is a letter from a fan who had just seen *The Awful Truth*. The letter read:

"Dear Mr. McCarey: I know that you are a good director because of that dog, Mr. Smith, in *The Awful Truth*. You made him even better than Asta, the dog in *The Thin Man*. Up to now Asta has been my favorite dog actor. But now it is Mr. Smith."

McCarey likes that letter so much, simply because Asta and Mr. Smith happened to be the same dog. ⫵



"Well, you've always wanted a home where the buffalo roam"

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Rumpus at the Raccoon Church

Continued from page 59

and Lonnie Boggs went into action behind me. They hollered and started scramblin around. I guess that's where I missed it. I didn't jump down on Foster and thump a panel of his ribs like I should have done. I held Mercedes in my arms. I planted kisses on her ripe-cherry red lips right there in the churchhouse with everybody lookin on.

"I'll take you home tonight, Honey," I said. "Nothin can keep me from Allcorn. I don't care how dark that holler is and how dry the Allcorn powder is. The North Fork powder is still dry enough to burn."

When I looked around, I never saw anythin like it in my life. The North Fork boys were standin upon the seats and jumpin off—ridin Allcorn boys to the floor—takin their pistols from them—hittin them once over the temples and knockin 'em cold as cucumbers.

"Fellars, don't kill anybody," I shouted among the screams of the women.

They were gettin their little children and leavin the house. Brother Bagg Hamilton stood in the pulpit with a Bible in one hand and wavin his other hand pleadin fer the fight to stop. But it couldn't stop. It was on and it would be fit to a finish. This was the last time that we had come to Raccoon Church to be insulted as we had been fer three long years. We would fight it out.

The mothers couldn't get out'n the one small door with their screamin children. Three hundred people couldn't easily scrouge out at one door. So I saw 'em goin out the winders and every way they could get out. They were goin over the tops of one another, screamin and hollerin as they went. Husbands were helpin their wives get their little children out.

I stood upon the seat beside of Mercedes. When I saw one of our boys in a tough spot, I ran to help him. I took the Allcorn men that was about to get him over the head with a piece of seat if I had room to swing. If I didn't have room to swing it, I used my pistol butt. Then I run back to my seat and held Mercedes in my arms. I saw Dave Porter pick up a churchhouse seat and knock five Allcorn men cold as cucumbers with it. I saw seats start flyin atter our boys saw Dave do this. They started usin 'em. Allcorn men were afraid to shoot a pistol. North Fork boys would have fallen on the floor and filled their hides so full of hot lead that they wouldn't have helt shucks.

Only one of our men was cut a little with a knife and I'm afraid that Allcorn man, Bob Taber, won't be able to cut again. That weaned the knifin right there. We showed Allcorn men what we did fer knifers. It was fightin in a churchhouse and both groups of

Continued on page 141

MR. BIRCH
~~PRES.~~
~~VICE PRES.~~
~~MANAGER~~
~~CLERK~~
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Sargent

"The sign painter can't keep up with Birch—since he started using Mum!"

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Rumpus at the Raccoon Church

Continued from pages 59-143

men had enough respect fer the churchhouse not to knife or shoot. It was fightin with fists, clubs, seats and pistol butts. And the best men won! Our twelve, fightin over fifty men, knocked down and drug out'n the house.

But old Foster, I saw him slippin up behind Dave Porter with the end of a seat. I left Mercedes and made toward 'im. He didn't see me. I didn't use no pistol butt on 'im. I wanted to do it with my fist. I caught him a haymaker right on the chin and upended him. He rolled like a log.

"That's fer your actin smart," I said.

As he rolled over the floor and the pieces of broken seats, I socked him once fer every time he put his foot in Mercedes' lap.

"We'll see who takes Mercedes home tonight," I said.

"I say we will," Freddie Johnson said as he knocked an Allcorn man cold as an icicle with his fist.

Hargis Virgin stood with his shirt torn off. He was bloody as a stuck hog. His nose had been flattened more than once and his eyes were nearly closed. Lottie Bates had been knocked coo-coo once but he had come to and had come back fer more. He was in there fightin. Beanie Potters had a ear knocked down on the side of his head. Willie Brown had lost his pants. But it was alright now. All the wimmen had gone but Mercedes. I had her in my arms. Oscar Blevins looked like he'd been run through a sausage mill. Tom Sturgill looked like he'd been run through a sausage mill twice. We had done a good job. We had fit to a finish. I don't remember when they put the finishin touches to the fight.

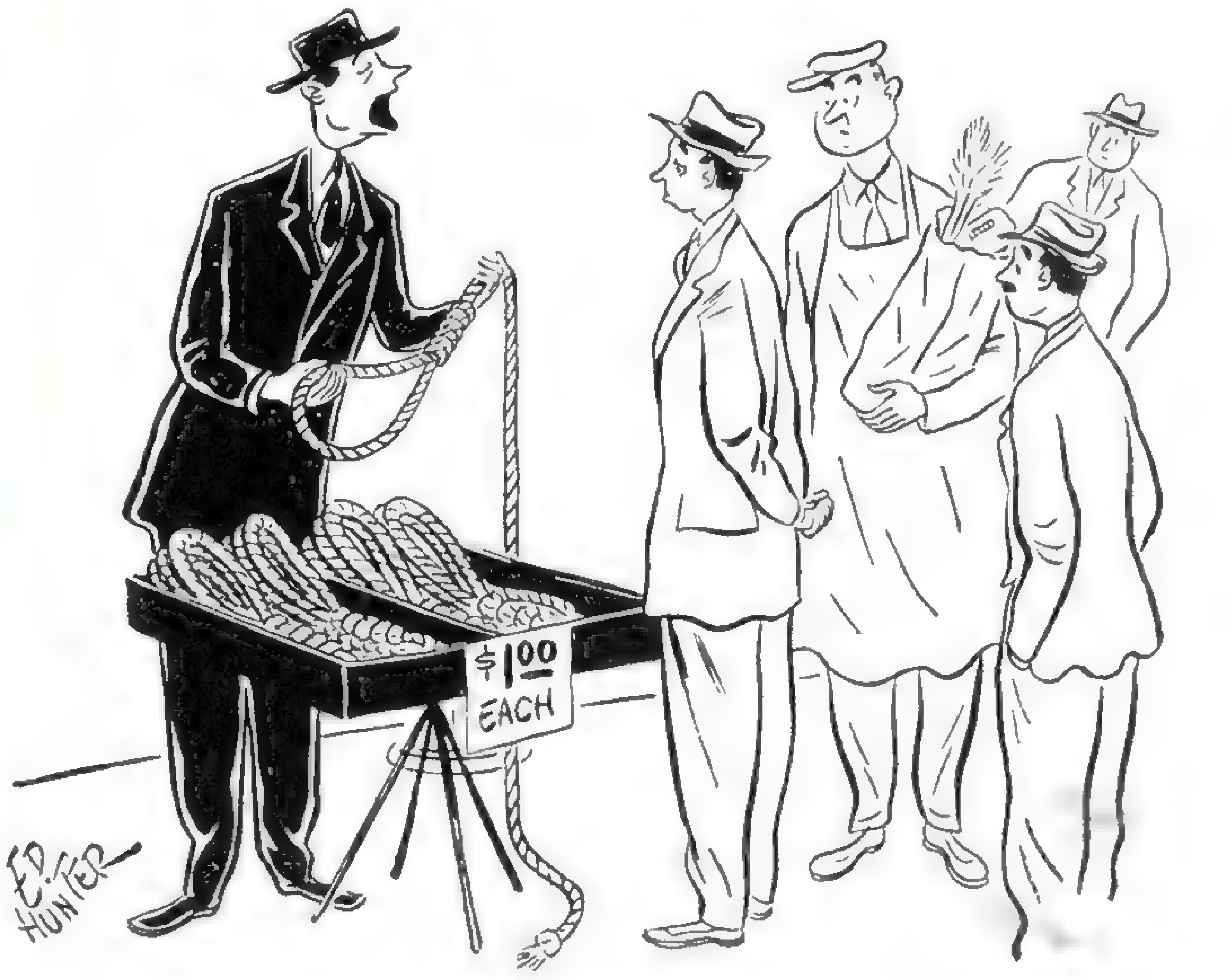
I don't know who it was that hit me. Some said it was Bob Warburton from Allcorn; others said it was Bert Gaylord from Raccoon. Worldly Sampson told me that it was Foster Sizemore that come to and hit me over the head with his pistol butt. But Worldly was walkin around addled like a chicken with its head cut off. He didn't know who hit him. Shorely he didn't know who hit me. I don't believe it was old Foster fer he wouldn't 've used a pistol butt on me. He would 've used the other end and watched it smoke. I know that I heard birds singin. I heard the cowbells tinklin softly in our cowpasture. When I woke Mercedes was standin over me weepin. Dave Porter was pourin cold water from his cap on my face.

My thumb was out'n place but Dave Porter yanked on it. It cracked like a whip and it felt better. I could barely see over the pones below my eyes. My shoulder was limp where Foster's fingers had gouged. My leg was lame where I had been hit with a piece of seat. But I held to Mercedes' arm.

"Fellars, pep up," Dave Porter said. "Remember where you have one pump-knot above your eye, three Allcorn men have six each somewhere on his face and body. Remember they are on their way carryin part of their men home. They are in a worse shape than we are."

We were the last to leave the churchhouse. The boys blew the lanterns out around the walls. We felt the cool night air of May ooze through the paneless winders. I had Mercedes by the arm. Around me walked out North Fork boys—tired, sweaty, limpin, with clothes torn from them and bruises and cuts over their bodies. With honorable herbs to their mouths, with hands on their pistols and Mercedes hold of my arm, we passed parts of the Allcorn crowd laggin behind, helpin their lame.

"Now you haf to hand the boys one thing," we heard a woman say, "they were nice enough to use only their pistol butts in the Lord's house." #



"Not tomorrow, gentlemen, but today is the time to think of next year's taxes"

Showdown in the Pacific

Continued from page 72

left, anyhow, he thought. He ordered all but two of them to steam well away from the battle fleet on what would be its disengaged side when battle came to be joined. He kept the other two handy, but gave orders for them to be smoke-screened whenever American planes drew near. "Come and get me!" was to be his tactic.

So his Armada cruised away from the islands at economical speed.

His guess—up to a point—was correct enough. Soon the American reconnaissance planes came over. Not many of them, but enough for his purpose. His guns blazed away at them. The American spotters were allowed a vague general view of his fleet. When they showed signs of approaching too close, his A. A. barrage suddenly stiffened in volume, and became formidably accurate. He sent up some planes from his two carriers. The Americans sheered off.

At dawn next morning huge American bombers came over, and indulged in some pattern-bombing which caused Yakimoto certain anxiety. The formation was very large. It flew so high that none of his defenses was successful. The bombing was very heavy. The sighting was very accurate. A number of hits were scored, although he accelerated to high speed and set the whole fleet zigzagging ingeniously.

Moreover, the high bombers clearly carried powerful radio equipment. Presumably, they had called up the torpedo-planes, swarms of which suddenly became visible as tiny black specks, snaking in at wave height and at colossal speed for craft of that type.

Yakimoto saw it was high time to call up his large reserve of aircraft carriers, and bid them get their planes into the air as fast as possible. The carriers responded with speed and efficiency. Their planes waded into battle, good and hard. Some of them shot up almost vertically into the winking dazzling blue, 25,000 feet overhead. Others screamed out at 0 feet over the grey Pacific swell to engage the torpedo planes. Meanwhile his entire Armada was steaming at its highest corporate speed, every ship bristling with guns, every gun roaring.

The confusion was incredible. From sea level to the zenith the sky was streaked with planes and shell bursts. In the murk and smoke and racket what gunner could reasonably be expected to identify or hold a target, which streaked and twisted like forked lightning? Yakimoto felt weak and futile in this maelstrom of roaring death. At any rate none of his ships had yet been at all heavily hit, and he hoped many of the falling planes were American.

The Japanese spotters suddenly grew conscious of a fresh and most alarming factor. Great hordes of American planes roared up at 300 or 400 miles an hour to enter the fray. American fighter planes had been anticipated. But never such planes as these. They were of no known type. The clash had occurred too far from land for them to be shore-based machines. But the merest tyro had only to fasten his eyes on a picked machine for sixty seconds to recognize its speed and climb and bank as those of a land-based fighter, and of a super-fighter at that.

They outclassed a Spitfire or an Airacobra. Each of them seemed to be selecting one of Yakimoto's sea-borne planes, and when such a duel developed, the Jap machine was doomed. The newcomers looked like kestrels in a flurry of terrified wood pigeons. They got in position on the tail of a Jap carrier-plane, and stayed there till the cone of fire from their converging gun muzzles blasted their target into flaming scrap. They soared up perpendicularly to tackle a Jap plane above them. In level flying they overtook Yakimoto's newest planes as if they had been elderly school machines.

Within half an hour Yakimoto's planes were hard to find in a sky wherein only the ships' guns contested the American monopoly.

It was only ten o'clock. But already Yakimoto had lost practically the whole of his plane "umbrella." Something of a lull followed. The new American killer-planes carried no bombs, and were streaking off, doubtless to recharge their guns and tanks at whatever mysterious rendezvous awaited them. The high-altitude bombers were gone too, with racks empty. The surviving American torpedo planes had also vanished.

The sudden calm was welcome to the sweating gunners. But it found Yakimoto's brain a desert of groping bewilderment, such as in his long sea service he had never known. He was thousands of miles from home, and he was stripped of all his planes. He felt as a naked man might feel on Broadway. What could he do?

He could hazard no guess how machines of such fiendish performance had been put into the air against him so far from shore bases. It was possible that the American planes were a suicide squad, shot into the empyrean from some strange, new catapult, which furnished them with no hope of safe return. If that were true, he was in no immediate danger from any more planes with the sole exception of the giant long-range bomber. Speed, zigzagging and gunfire promised modest protection from that.

But his mind was trained to the long view. He had no possible alternative save to scuttle for home, and await an American invasion under the protection of his home land-fighters. An ignoble sequel to the high hopes with which he had put to sea.

With his heart full of rage and grief the Admiral ordered the entire fleet to wheel and steam at

Continued on page 146

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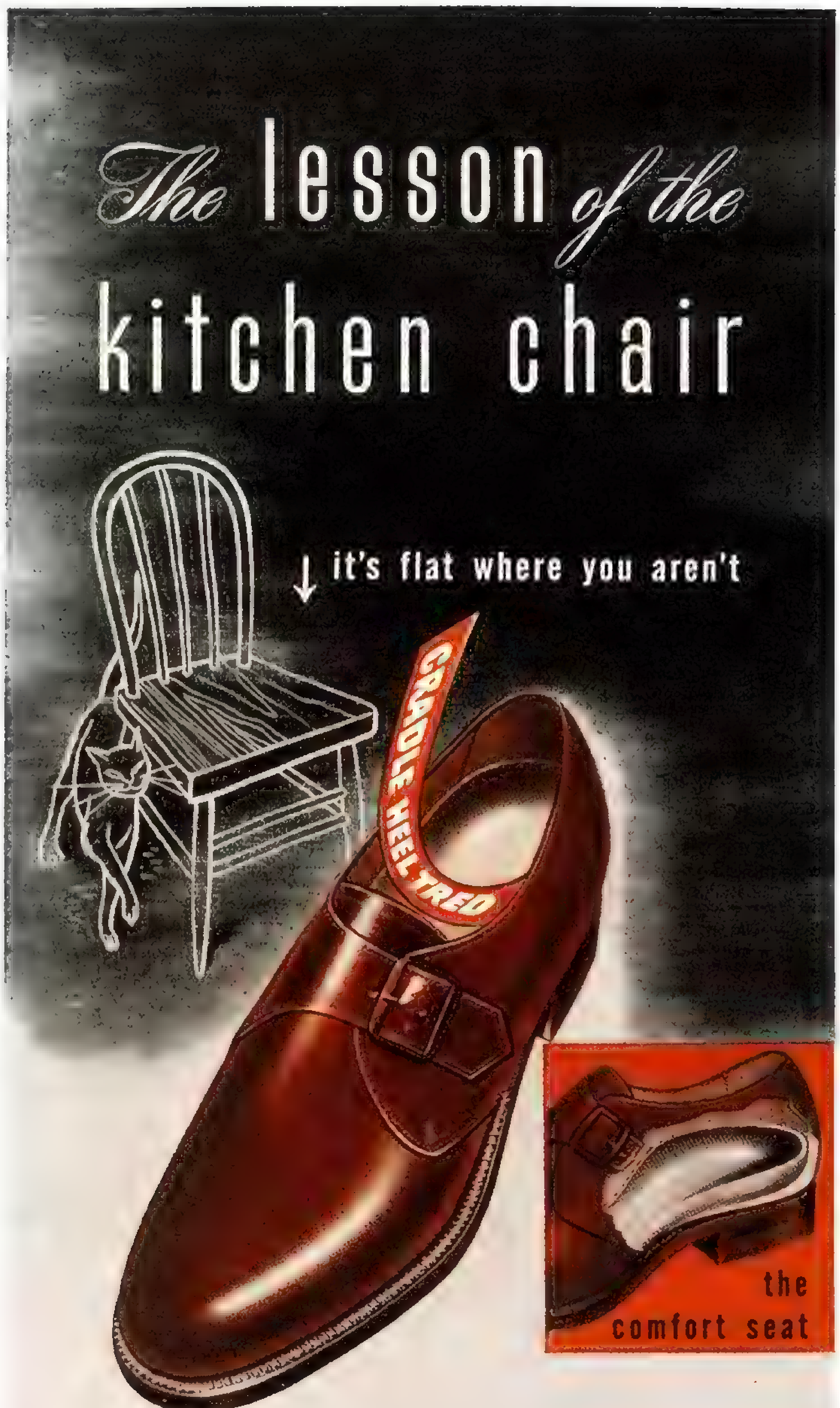
The lesson of the kitchen chair
↓ it's flat where you aren't
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You're *cushioned*, it's true . . . but you don't choose the kitchen chair for restful sitting. A flat seat gets harder the longer you sit. For comfort you want a seat that's *shaped to fit*.

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*FOR MOST STYLES

Showdown in the Pacific

Continued from pages 72-145

full speed for its home bases.

As he took up his new position, he noticed his flag captain had for some reason put down his binoculars, and was using a high-powered telescope. Yakimoto was about to snap out a sharp question when the flag captain touched his sleeve, and held the telescope towards the Admiral's eye.

Yakimoto stared through it, and stiffened. His vision was still perfect. He was familiar with the silhouette of every plane yet launched by any nation in air warfare. His veteran eye was quick to estimate range, and plot it against a silhouette.

But this time he could not believe his eyes. Strung clean round the western horizon at a height of perhaps 5,000 feet were serried formations of a weird silhouette such as he had neither viewed nor dreamt of. Incredulously, he mentally checked the range. He flicked an eye wide of the telescope—no, the planes were still three miles away. Every plane was a Colossus! They must be four or five times the size of the biggest bomber he had ever seen. They were approaching steadily, but not fast. He judged their speed as perhaps 150 miles an hour. His eyes glistened. Here was easy meat for his gunners! These slow giants at so low an altitude—he could blast them out of the air. He snapped an order to the fleet.

Meanwhile he and his staff watched the planes mercilessly. The first phase of the battle had been little short of catastrophic. But if these silly monsters actually attacked without climbing four times as high and doubling their speed, this phase might develop into a minor victory.

As these hopes flicked his brain, the enemy planes changed formation and swung out towards his southern flank, maintaining their distance from him, but without climbing. He began to count them but abandoned the effort. There were too many of them, and their swift movements as they went into the sun wearied his eyes, already tired with the strain of battle. But his restless tongue wetted his lips as he imagined the destruction he was about to wreak.

Suddenly his flag captain handed him a pair of binoculars with smoked lenses.

"Look, sir, *look!*" he cried frantically. Yakimoto looked, and almost dropped the glass.

He got it focused on a leading plane, which looked like a huge plank miraculously suspended in the heavens, perhaps 200 feet long or even more, with a mighty bulge at its center. He saw a small black object detach itself from the dark, plank-like silhouette. Whether it had dived off the giant's nose or been shed from its bowels, he could not see. But it was most certainly a plane. And if the airmother who had dropped it was a slow lumbering old crate, the offspring was no sluggard. The flat black Vee of its dihedral was swelling at fighter-speed—at landfighter speed. The Admiral swung his binoculars incredulously. Yes! Three miles out to his flank every single giant in the distant formations was simultaneously shedding its hornet offspring.

He screamed an order—a dozen orders. His staff jumped to execute them.

Yakimoto was no fool. He now knew exactly what was going to happen to him and to his fleet. Small wonder that the American fleet had left its plane-carrying ships in harbor. The States had secretly constructed a fleet of giant plane-carrying planes. Fighters and torpedo-planes and light bombers, all possessing the speed and climb of a shorebased fighter, could take off from these monsters far out at sea. They could probably re-land on them, if necessary. After all, the landing speed of no fighter in the world exceeds 120 miles an hour, and it would be child's play to touch down on a deck which is already moving at your own speed. The Japanese fleet, already robbed of its airplane umbrella, was about to meet attack from a hundred or two—maybe more—planes, every one of which owned at least the streak-lightning agility of a Zero fighter! When these planes had crippled his Armada, the American fleet would steam up and gunfire would accomplish the rest. There would be daylight long enough for his entire Armada to be blasted to kingdom come.

It only remained to learn which mode of attack the roaring planes were equipped to make—already the massed orchestra of their screaming engines was audible, and the guns of the fleet bellowed

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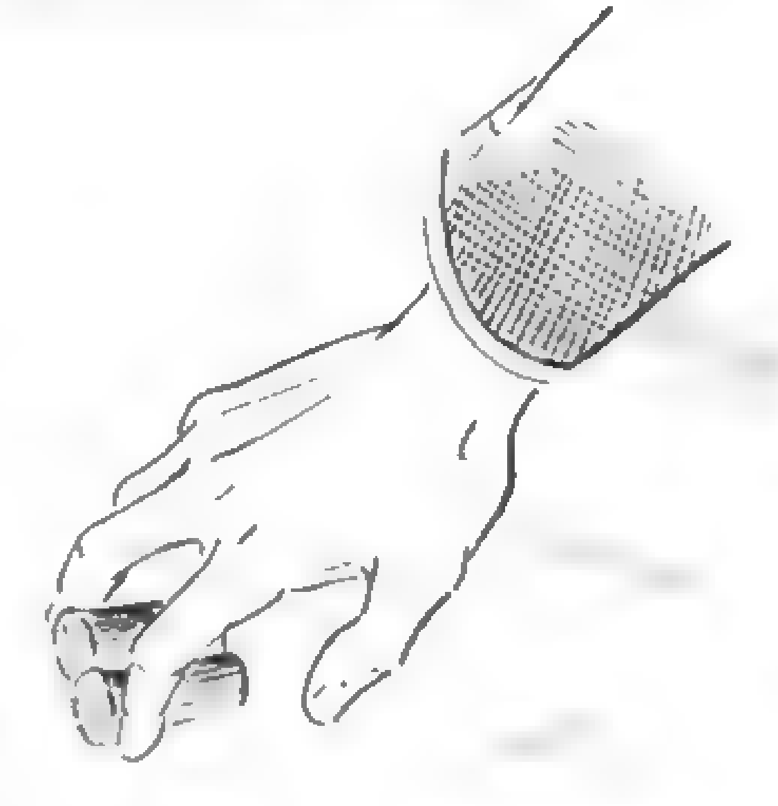

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Sing a song of Springtime
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You admire the sunshine
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You think she loves you
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That she hasn't ever noticed
If your socks are right or wrong!
Oh!—Won't you be clever
When you learn that with your honey
"America's Finer Socks"
Count... even more than money!

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as they threw up a wall of steel to meet their assailants.

Yakimoto's brain functioned as coolly in disaster as in triumph. "Torpedoes!" he muttered, and snapped the appropriate order. He knew that bombers attack ships endwise, to lengthen their target; but torpedo planes from abeam, to widen their mark.

He wheeled his fleet, so as to present the narrowest aims and the widest 'tween-ship lanes to the steel fish he anticipated.

But as the helms went hard over, he saw the torpedoes dropping. Agonized eyes aboard his ships saw the long black ovoids streak seawards, and glued their eyes to the white streaks.

Then came the explosions—the towers of water—the bursts of steam and smoke and flame. Steep vertical walls of steel listed drunkenly. Ships collided with crashes audible above the bellowing guns. Two dissolved into incandescent metal powder. Maybe a dozen of the torpedo planes ran into some unit of the steel wall which greeted them. The rest, pirouetting crazily, passed overhead or to abeam, and disappeared, their fell work complete. The giant flying carriers wheeled off, doubtless to offer deck landings to the survivors of the torpedo planes.

The guns died down again.

Yakimoto surveyed his Armada. Perhaps a quarter of it had vanished. Nearly all the rest was in trouble—serious trouble. His own flagship, protected by its central position, was as yet unscathed.

His mind, soaked in naval history, flitted back to another naval battle, which had destroyed a nation's sea power for a century. At the battle of Tsushima Straits the Japanese navy had steamed haughtily in the twilight over yeasty seas forming the grave of a great Russian Fleet. Tomorrow it would be the turn of Japan to learn her fleet had ceased to exist.

Yakimoto spoke into a voice tube, calling his meteorologist. No sudden change was indicated, was the answer. Visibility would probably remain perfect for forty-eight hours, at any rate.

At that moment the flag captain touched his sleeve again, and pointed. There was no need for words. Far astern the blue horizon was befouled with dense smoke fumes. The American battle fleet was steaming in at full revolutions for the kill.

Yakimoto did a little arithmetic. Even if his fleet had been undamaged, he could not avoid a fleet action before nightfall.

Within half an hour he learned precisely which ships in each category could still steam at fleet speed. He reorganized these vessels, and sifted them from the cripples. He dispatched the cripples on a course which might keep them clear of the main action. Then he mustered the pitiful remnant which could still make some pretense of fighting, and he wheeled them round.

Somberly, he led them into defeat. ⧺

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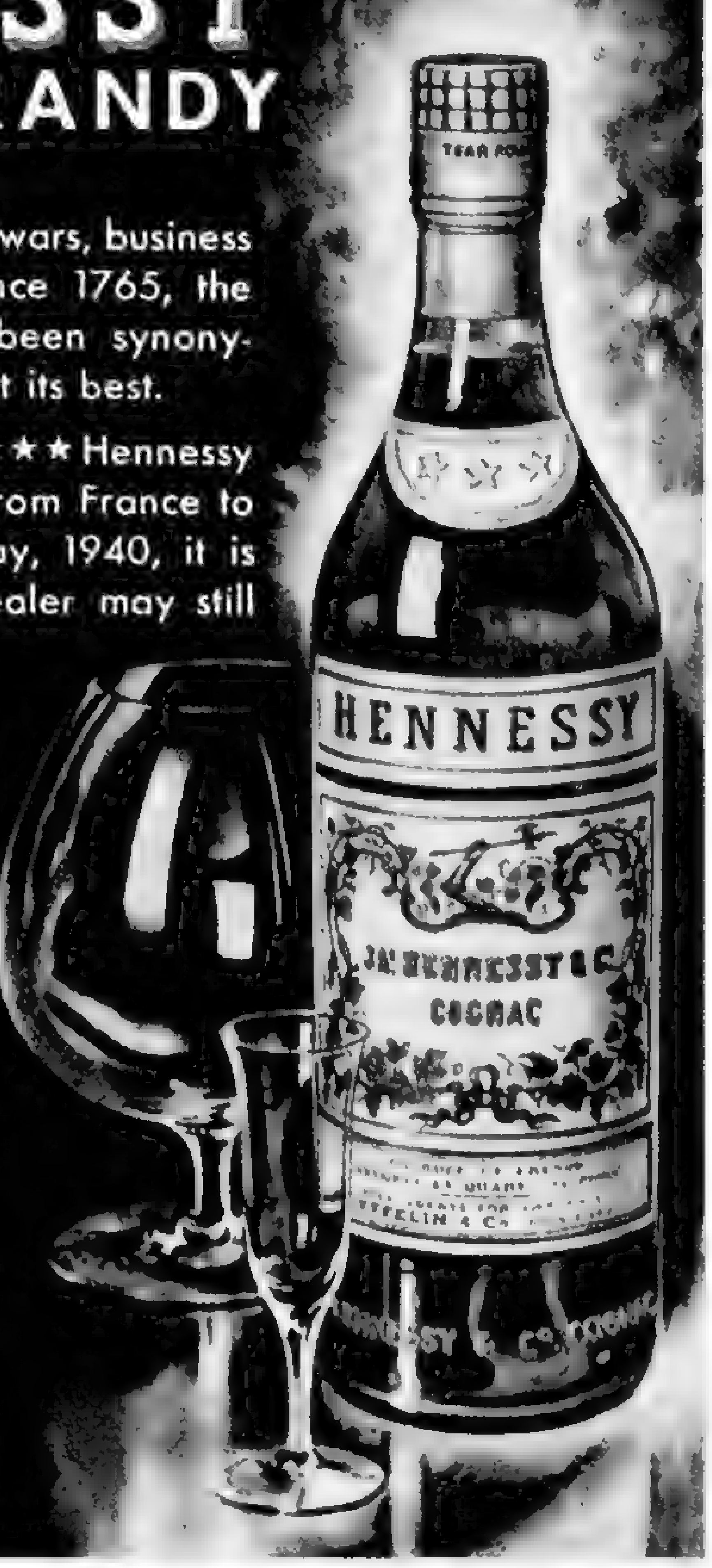

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Battles of a Foreign Correspondent

Continued from page 60

who, if they live long enough, discover that the soldier always loses, no matter who wins a war. And while the news is thin, I want to talk about me—about me because I am so much like you—and the things I see, I see with your eyes because I am so much like you, and the things I say are the things you would say if you saw what I see.

"Nobody ever heard of me before an accident put me on this end of a radio set. I never got fan mail and I seldom spoke my mind—like you. But now I get fan mail. I even get written up in *Time* magazine. They called me meek and mousy and unprofessional—and I am, and so are you. But out here where I work, the people with whom I work were surprised at that description. They laughed. And now I'm known as the 'Old Desert Mouse.'

"But the difference between me at home and me here is that I am here. I have talked and listened and even understood some things that are almost too overwhelming for you and me to understand. I feel truth coming up out of this ghastly war, and I am afraid to shake its hand.

"I have talked with men who are no longer capable of thinking because nothing is left to them but the emotions of hatred and revenge. I've talked with Poles and Czechs and Greeks, with men standing on the graves of everything they love. And the men who think and those who can not are sad men. I have complete and unshakable confidence in the military outcome of this war, but I am reconciled to the unhappy necessity that many, many men—American men—will not live to see the outcome. It is unfortunate but true that the military outcome will be determined in Detroit or in Washington or in Berlin. That part will be determined by the number of meek, mousy, unprofessional people like you and me who die in this unspeakable desert or in next winter's Russian snow—people who will be buried and forgotten.

"This is Chester Morrison in Cairo returning you to C.B.S. in New York . . ."

Who has more eloquently expressed the meaning of this war—its meaning to the "little men," the meek, mousy, unprofessional people like you and me? That is the essence of his greatness.

Whether writing of high strategy or famous generals, the Old Desert Mouse invariably manages to get across that message of the "little man's war."

It was a dispatch sent from Alexandria on April 18, 1942—shortly after his arrival in Egypt—in which Chester Morrison reported almost drily the arrival of a shipload of British soldiers who had just been released from an Italian prison camp. He told the "who, where, what, when and why" of the story in textbook reportorial style. Then he concluded with this little sidelight that brought home more forcefully than thousands of words of argument the truth of the "little man's war":

"Some of their stories were vivid without words," Morrison wrote of the newly-freed soldiers. "There was a boy of no more than twenty, his shining brown hair long under the jaunty black beret of his tank corps. His face was tanned and sober. His eyes were older than their years and he gripped the railing of the ship's salon as he coasted along on one crutch.

"'Do you mind if I pass through this way, sir?' he said. 'I like to lean on the rail when I walk.'

"He had lost a leg."

But even the "little men" have their fun—yes, even in war. Late in November of 1942 after the shadow of defeat had been erased by the victory at El Alamein—he devoted an entire broadcast to such episodes.

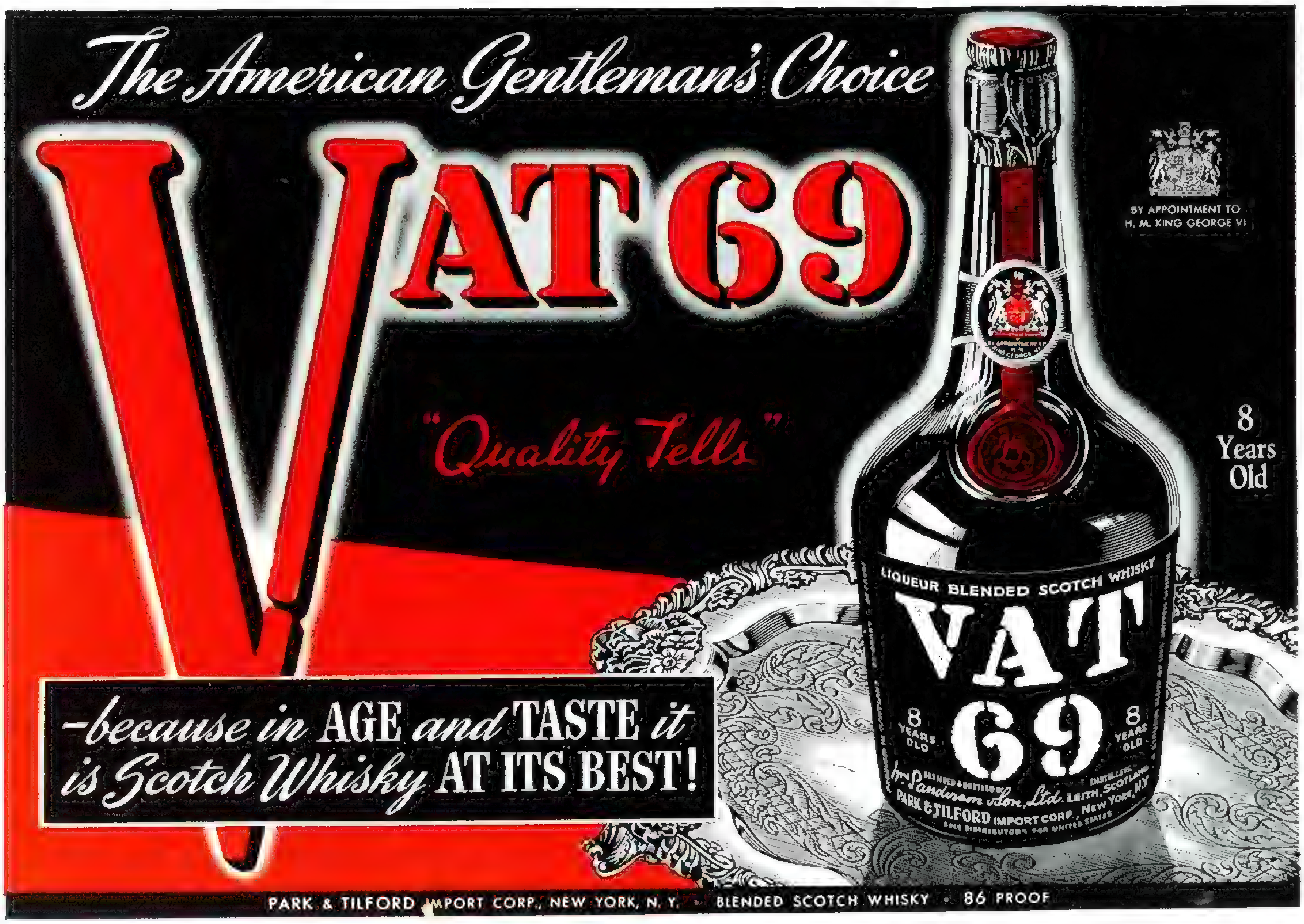
"They tell the story," he chuckled over 5,000 miles of ether, "about a major in a forward position who sent a message back to his colonel. The messenger was a new boy in the desert and he clicked his heels when he met the colonel. 'The Major's compliments, sir,' he said, 'and will you please send three or four pence. He's going to a dance.' With great difficulty, the colonel tried to make sense of this and then, got the major on a field telephone.

"'What the devil is this about going to a dance?' And the major answered, 'I told the messenger to ask for reinforcements. I'm going to advance!'"

Chester Morrison has campaigned eloquently for another cause. You might call it the Cause of the Middle East. Morrison, soon after his arrival at the Egyptian front, concluded the Middle East was the most vital of all war fronts.

He became convinced that the Allies would either lose or win the war there on the blazing sands of the desert far from Berlin or London or Rome or Moscow. And he promptly set out to convince the United States that continued indifference to the course of the war in the Middle East could lead only to disaster.

His dispatches and broadcasts for months were filled with quite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sarcastic challenges to America.

Perhaps the most challenging was a dispatch he cabled a few days after the Axis armies finally had been stopped at El Alamein in a drive that had threatened to engulf Egypt. Writing of a quiet Sunday, loafing at an oasis near the front, Morrison ended with this provocative "kicker":

"I am even luckier than General Sir Claude Auchinleck. I am sitting on the edge of the Mediterranean surrounded by low-growing fig trees. I have a bower to cover my sleeping bag, a bower of fig trees. I can reach up and pluck a ripe fig, a damn good fig, too. Have a fig, America, but you'll have to come here to get it."

America took the hint, or for those who found the "fig" episode too subtle, Morrison used a more direct approach. As the British began their almost catastrophic retreat toward Alexandria in mid-June, he wrote of a night spent at a tiny place called Bugbug in Egypt. Here are his closing lines, composed to awaken America to the reality that the war was not thousands of miles away but actually at its very doorstep:

"On such nights," Morrison wrote, "noncombatants cower in their sleeping bags. They do not get much sleep. They look with awe upon the pyrotechnics of the struggle for Bugbug, for Knightsbridge, knowing there are no such places.

"They are only names printed on a map, if that. But translated they mean freedom.

"And in the dreary, dirty, desolate desert, Bugbug and Knightsbridge and Gazala and Indianapolis, Indiana, are sore beset."

Morrison frequently was accused of exaggerating the importance of the Middle East to the exclusion, for example, of Russia, where the Allies also were face-to-face with disaster. Events which transpired during the last two months of 1942 and the early weeks of 1943 partly, although perhaps not entirely, justified his position.

When the tide of battle finally turned in favor of the Allies, Morrison might have claimed some share of credit, for he had defied censorship and ridicule to harangue for months without respite on the need for more American supplies and support to avert a disaster that might conceivably have cost the Allies the war.

Instead, his writing assumed an enthusiasm reminiscent of our high school cheerleader at the turning point in a football game.

He was the first to hint at the far-reaching implications of the Axis defeat at El Alamein. Writers on the cable desk of *The Chicago Sun*, who swore by Morrison's reporting and still do, heaved a tremendous sigh of relief that evening early in November, 1942, as the telegraph ticker sang out these words "By Chester Morrison":

"The Desert Battlefront, November 3 (Delayed)—This has been a day of almost uninterrupted fighting along the northern sector of the battlefront and, on this 11th day of the present offensive, I begin to detect for the first time since I came to the desert months ago the sweet fragrance of impending victory."

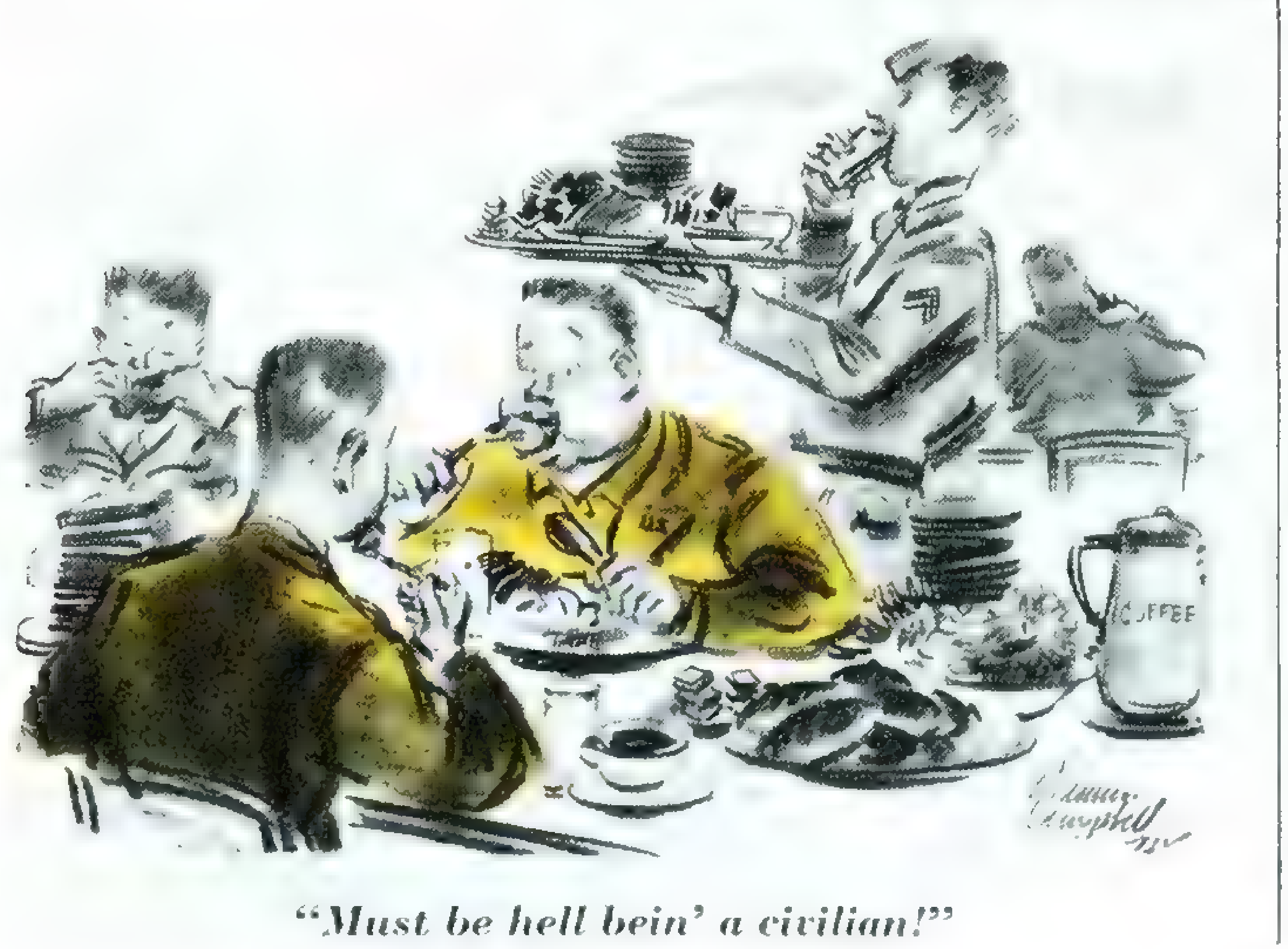
The Sun's cable editors knew that if the inveterate pessimist smelled the "sweet fragrance of impending victory" then the tide of battle certainly had turned in favor of the Allies.

Morrison's one-man campaign for the Cause of the Middle East was hardly made easier by short-sighted censors. But up until the time American censors arrived in Cairo to blue-pencil all dispatches destined for the United States, Morrison was astoundingly successful in dodging the censors with news which he was convinced America should have. As one national news-magazine described his efforts, Morrison "artfully side-stepped the censors" with superb examples of "double-talk."

Unquestionably the most famous censor-dodging story composed by the "Old Desert Mouse" (the censors thought "Old Desert Fox" more appropriate) was the classic "Herodotus dispatch."

It appeared on the front page of *The Chicago Sun* on the morning of June 29th under the innocent headline: "Egypt's Fight Gives a Twist to Herodotus . . ." This was no lesson in ancient history, but one of the smoothest jobs of slipping a fast one by censorship—

Continued on page 150



"Must be hell bein' a civilian!"

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Battles of a Foreign Correspondent

Continued from pages 60-149

literally under the censor's nose—that most experienced foreign correspondents can recall.

Morrison knew America should get the story of the disastrous plight of the British Eighth Army. But he knew, too, that the censors would slash his copy to bits if he tried to tell that story. Nevertheless, Morrison—in his own peculiar fashion—succeeded in telling his story without losing a line to the censor's blue pencil. Here's the dispatch—written as the British were in virtual rout toward Alexandria:

"The delicacies of censorship are such that I was stumped to devise a way to tell the whole story now unfolding here other than by relaying the communique clichés. These may be acceptable to experts in the United States Marines, but do not deal with anything except military phases.

"There is a passage in Herodotus that, since it was published 2,000 years ago, may be passable now. When recounting the battle for Egypt in his time, Herodotus wrote:

"'As two armies lay opposite each other there came in the night a multitude of field mice that devoured all the quivers and the bowstrings of the enemy and ate the thongs by which they managed their shields. The next morning the enemy commenced their flight and great multitudes fell as they did not have arms with which to defend themselves.'

"There is a remarkable scarcity of field mice in the present campaign."

To those who read between the lines of that strange dispatch, the true facts of the battle at Knightsbridge came as no great surprise—the fact that the British had lost virtually all of their tanks; the fact that the British had suffered other immense losses when they walked blindly into a trap through a narrow defile bristling with enemy guns; that only a miracle saved Alexandria, Cairo and all of Egypt.

Morrison's reference to the "experts in the United States Marines" would have slapped an American censor in the face with the force of a General Sherman tank, but it was meaningless to the British. But that's how the Old Desert Mouse managed to tip off his more discerning readers that much was happening behind the lines that was not being reported in the newspapers. Morrison succeeded in side-stepping the censors again on July 13th to elaborate on the alarming state of affairs behind the lines in Egypt. In the July 13th dispatch he wrote vaguely of "phases of life in Cairo about which it is impossible to tell." Then he added: "Possibly a few extracts from the local papers will give you an idea."

The few "extracts" were items telling of people leaving for "the south"; of the cancellation of a dance; of trouble in Egyptian politics; of 238 merchants "who will soon face trial for evading the sugar sales tax regulations." All items innocent enough when reported singly, but together they told a story of chaos in Egypt reminiscent of the alarming confusion that swept France and the Low Countries as the German onslaught began early in 1940.

But Morrison's "censorship blues" became unbearable with the arrival of American censors—green and inexperienced in the ways of the blue pencil. Morrison was heard broadcasting many stories which he never reported to his newspaper. His editor in exasperation finally sent a biting cable asking what had happened. Morrison was primed with a reply which sent his editor chasing to Washington to raise a fuss with the Army:

"Of course you fail to see why censor holds up stories already broadcast and distributed by news agencies. Between you and me stands British censorship which has learned its business, but when an American story comes up there is also a phalanx of American censors who say in so many words they are doing me a favor allowing me to send any kind of story at all. I can't even write around American censors because they censor everything they personally do not like. I think this is a most dangerous state of affairs and I hope you can do something. Happy New Year."

Morrison had won his long bitter battle with the British censors. Now he had to start all over with an army of American censors, too naive in the ways of war to realize the vital importance of an informed public back home. But Morrison still is waging the "Second Battle of the Censors."

One phase of his work as a war correspondent on one of the two most active fronts which Morrison seldom mentions in his dispatches, is the danger of covering the war in the desert. Morrison has had plenty of close calls.

Once—at the start of the great British offensive at El Alamein early in November—Morrison was in the thick of a battle between four British tanks and enemy mortars. Later he cabled a vivid description of the battle. He told of helping rescue several officers and he told how another correspondent, George Lait of International News Service, had been wounded by shrapnel. Lait had been driving their truck, and in his dispatch Morrison reported facetiously that he had taken over the wheel when Lait stopped "two pieces of shrapnel in the leg and heel. There was nobody but me to steer. I did it very badly." What he omitted from his dispatch was the fact that he, too, had stopped several pieces of shrapnel.

Disaster dogged Morrison's footsteps for weeks. Only a few weeks after the shrapnel incident a plane carrying him to the front made a forced landing and the indestructible correspondent suffered several broken ribs. *The Sun* heard about it from the Office of War Information and from its London bureau. But not from Morrison. However, Morrison, a few weeks later, did make a whimsical report of the airplane crack-up in a broadcast.

"If a reporter stuck in Cairo wants to get to the front, he has to fly. The British didn't have a plane available when I wanted to go, but the Americans had dozens—so I was told by the handsome American major who runs that part of the show. Mind you, I don't think this was deliberate but when I missed the plane, through no fault of his, and came trailing back to the hotel in the evening, dirty and disappointed, it was probably only coincidence that the major was sitting in the lobby having a pink tea with my girl.

"So I got away the next morning. And for three days I waited at Gambut for another plane to Agedabia, and when that plane took off it was loaded with thirty-gallon drums of gasoline lashed to the cabin with ropes. I was the only passenger.

"And when the dashing young American pilot came into Agedabia, he landed downwind and bounced across the rough field like a kangaroo and poked the plane's nose into the mud. The lashings on the gasoline drums broke. And strong men groaned as they lifted the drums off me. I groaned, too. And in the week I spent with broken ribs in a hospital tent at Agedabia, I missed the day we moved into El Agheila. But lying in that tent surrounded by men who had been blown up by mines I discovered no matter how badly a man's body may be hurt his spirit can remain undamaged. You get a new viewpoint of the war when you lie on your back and look at it. And my girl didn't like the major anyway. She said he had more hands than a caterpillar."

Dodging bombs is an everyday pastime for the Old Desert Mouse, and he's become callous to their obscene scream. "Last night there was an air raid in what the communiques call the Cairo area," he recounted in one broadcast. "Some heavy bombs fell, to judge by the sound, and the anti-aircraft guns spotted the night sky with bright blobs of bursting shells. What impressed me, I realized some time later, was that while the raid was on I saw people running—running through the dim-lit streets—running for shelters. The way you would run; the way all sane people would run if their lives were in danger and there was a place to hide from the danger. But I didn't run, and the soldiers in the streets didn't run. And that was how we knew that we were no longer sane, normal people—the soldiers and I. We have backslid into a world of unreal brutality, in which we look and listen with detached interest when our own bombers, or the enemies', slam their dynamite into someone else. It isn't courage that keeps people from running when bombs fall—it's callousness."

Morrison doesn't boast of his bravery—and he has an ample quantity of it—and he seldom complains of the hardships of covering the war in the desert. But once, without bitterness, he did give someone a vivid recital of what it means to be assigned to the desert battlefront. "I have had dysentery and malaria," he said without emotion. "I have had fleas and rats in my bed. I have sunk so low gastronomically that I can eat jawbreaking British hardtack with margarine. I have drunk water you wouldn't wash a dog in. I have been bitten by sand fleas and mosquitoes that stand on their heads when they bite. I have found a scorpion in my shower and I have had lice."

Not a very pleasant life. But Chester Morrison, the Old Desert Mouse, has endured all of those indignities uncomplainingly and come through with an unblemished sense of humor. The "meek, little man" with the tremendous voice has endured those hardships to report to the little men back home how the "little men" over there are fighting to make this a world, safe and secure, for little men everywhere. ⌗

BE CALM
KEEP YOUR MIND OFF THE AIR RAID!
NO SMOKING IN THE SHELTER PLEASE
JB

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WEATHER TOO—
ENJOY THE COMFORT, STYLE
AND UNBEATABLE QUALITY
OF A WEATHERPROOF BY
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Can You Identify this Great U. S. Fighting Plane ?

NEXT TIME you see an airplane like this, you'll know it's a North American B-25—popularly known as the "Mitchell." Named in honor of Gen. William Mitchell, this is the type of bomber that gave Tokio a down payment on Pearl Harbor.

Speed: over 300 m.p.h. Range: over 2,800 miles with a 2-ton bomb load and a crew of five. Victory-winning planes like this are bought with war bond dollars. Are *you* investing at least 10% of your income in U. S. War Bonds?

And Here's How to Identify a Fine American Billfold...

Look for the name ROLFS—a name that has long symbolized genuine leather billfolds of the highest quality and the most enduring value. But if you can't always find the ROLFS Billfold you want today, here's the very good reason: the skilled leather craftsmen of ROLFS are now working at top-speed on special orders for our fighting forces. Quite naturally, we're proud of this assignment. Meanwhile, we're looking forward to the day of Victory when we can again turn out fine ROLFS Billfolds for you—and for all America!

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This Is the Way to Tokyo

Continued from page 41

Chkalov flew his small, single-engine monoplane non-stop from Moscow over the North Pole to Edmonton, Canada, 4,900 miles in sixty-three hours. In 1941, two Soviet planes flew safely from Northern Siberia to Nome, Alaska.

There now are service bases all over Alaska, Canada and Siberia. Flying conditions in the Arctic are better than in the sub-arctic regions where temperatures are around the freezing point (as in the Aleutians) or along many commercial routes in America and Canada. Labrador and Baffin Island have fine flying weather; winter in Iceland is no colder than in Chicago; the average January temperature in southern Greenland is 14 degrees plus.

"The Arctic Sea is dangerous for navigation." But Russia's fleet of icebreakers—copper-sheathed vessels with 10,000 h.p., protected by ice-resisting Australian ironbark—are making regular trips along Siberia's northern rim.

Contrary to the popular misconception, there are no icebergs in the Arctic Sea. The iceberg which collided with the *Titanic* and the others which harass navigation in the North Atlantic, are broken-off parts of Greenland glaciers, drifting south.

The Russians have done the most competent job of aerial and military development in the Arctic. During the first and second Five-Year Plans they built a network of observation points, radio posts, air bases, and weather stations all along the Soviet Arctic between the North Pacific and the North Atlantic.

Today there are important Soviet bases on Dikson Island, at Obdorsk, in the Gulf of Ob, at Novy Port and at Bolshevetskoe on Kamchatka. At several points the Soviet polar stations reach within fifty miles of the northernmost Jap positions on the Kuril Islands and Karafuto. All details are closely guarded military secrets but the Soviet press has mentioned the "modern air and naval bases, automatically operating lighthouses and radio stations." Weather stations and observatories keep ships and planes well informed about ice movement and ice quality.

The United States, Canada and Great Britain have made some effort to remove the Arctic from the step-child class. Iceland and Greenland are used as stationary aircraft carriers on the approaches to the North. A second string of air bases and patrol posts has been established between New England and the Arctic Circle, and they are manned by the U.S. and Canadian Air Forces. Troops and equipment are shipped to Fairbanks from Edmonton in eighty hours via the new Alaska highway—still a nine-day trip by rail and boat. Canada has completed a string of northern air bases through British Canada and the Yukon.

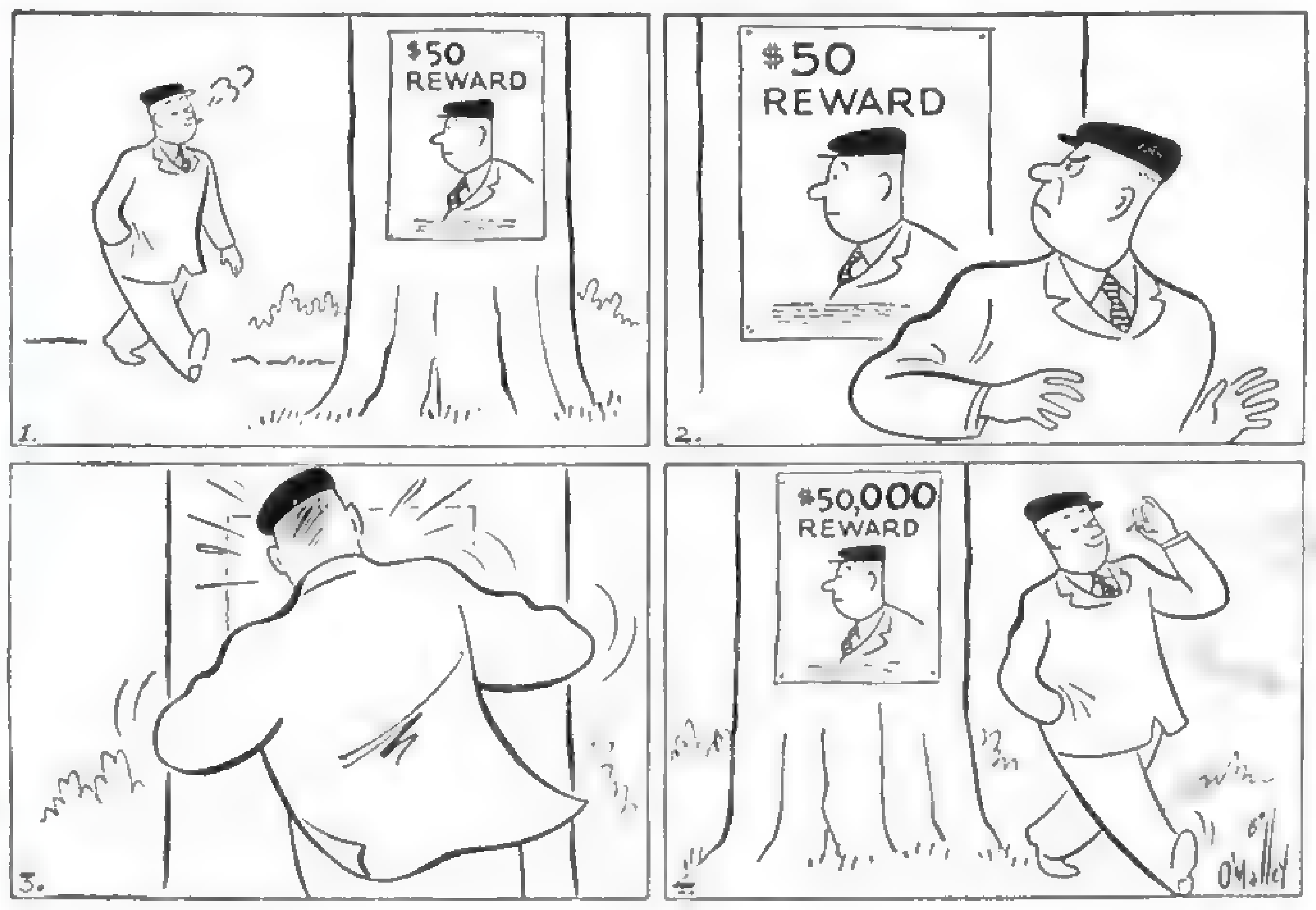
But the Northwest Passage between Greenland and Alaska is being used only by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and the Hudson's Bay Company. And few people realize that the great Canadian river systems of the Arctic-bound Yukon and Mackenzie flow straight in the direction of Tokyo, and should be coordinated with the new Arctic sea and air routes.

We could use a route straight to Tokyo, and the Axis knows it. One sure sign of their Arctic shivers is that Captain Fritz Wiedemann, Hitler's super-agent who has been expelled both from the United States and Argentina, is directing fifth column activities around Irkutsk, in the Lake Baikal area.

The air route to Tokyo is ready when we are. The land route, a great circle linking the Canadian railroad system with the Siberian railhead at Irkutsk, is nearer completion than most people believe. The American section leads through Alaska, to the 100-mile wide Bering Strait. From June to September the strait is ice-free; for the remaining six months supplies could be ferried by air.

On the Asiatic side a completed road and river system connects the western approaches to the Bering Strait with Irkutsk and the Trans-Siberian Railroad.

That puts Tokyo within smashing distance. Well, what are we waiting for? ##

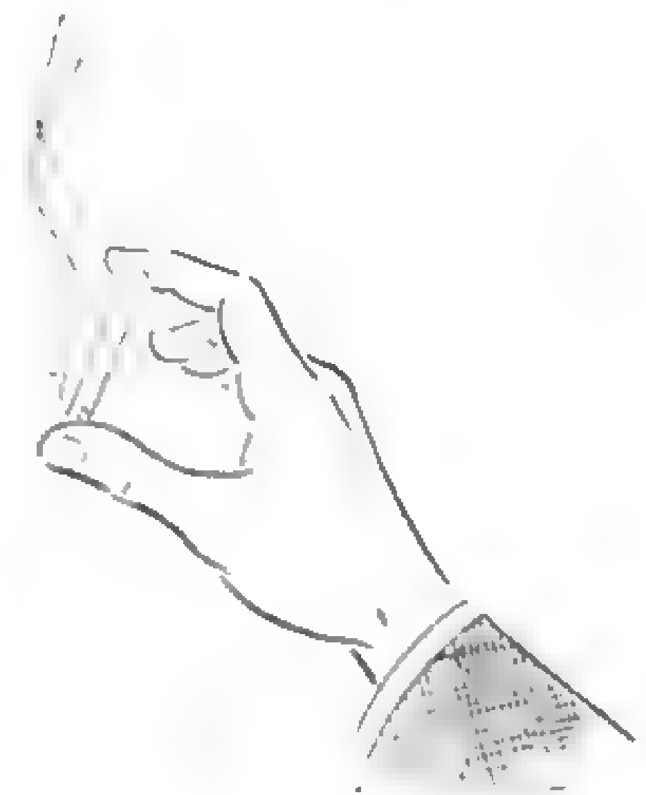


Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the wager: That you can hold a lighted cigarette between your thumb and first finger.

the payoff: While discussing the wager, inconspicuously hold your thumb against a cold glass of ice water or highball. Then pick up the cigarette with the thumb covering the lighted end, and you will be able to hold it for several seconds without even getting scorched.



Our Weight in Wild Cats

Continued from page 80

wondered what my Italian friends thought with five of their five sons in arms, and there are millions of families like them. I know what I thought. I thought NONSENSE, only more profanely.

Now this is not complacency—what I am saying; the complacency I've been referring to. I want to make myself clear. Nor is it any thought of an easy, or even, an early victory. Far from it. This war may take anywhere from ten to a hundred years. What I am talking about is an intelligent faith in your own country and your own people based upon an intelligent knowledge of both. Back of everything is the spirit of man; of a people, of a nation.

I went to Princeton, and for a long while we had a famous football coach there, Bill Roper. He had a favorite maxim: "There's a small flame at the back of every man's spirit that once lit can never be extinguished."

That's what I'm talking about. Not complacency. Not any thought of easy victory, but the grim yet satisfactory knowledge that if this country puts into anything it undertakes the full weight of its will, energy, strength, and imagination, it's unbeatable.

Throughout American history, like the flame itself of a torch carried by a runner in darkness, there's been a magnificent frontier saying. It's typically American and it means a lot. It isn't boastfulness, as some misinterpreters have thought, and it isn't naïve, but a realization of what a man can do if he has to. Here it is: you recollect it—"WE CAN LICK OUR WEIGHT IN WILD CATS." That is the point of view that enabled the trapper, the explorer, the Long-Rifleman, alone or with only a couple of companions, for weeks, for months, to find his way in safety through unknown forests and mountains, surrounded by hostile Indians. That's what upheld Washington. That's the Alamo. That's what made Lewis and Clark. That's the Battle of New Orleans. That's the Oregon Trail. That's "Portugee" Phillips and his ride of two hundred and thirty-six miles through a blizzard to save Fort Kearny. That's the Pony Express. That's the Union Pacific Railroad. The Panama Canal. The victory over yellow fever. That's ten thousand incidents in American history. That's Wake, and Bataan. And the cruiser San Francisco and Admiral Callaghan's order, "Take the big ones first." And that's our sons, and our daughters, too. And our fathers and grandfathers and ourselves. It's the whole lot of us.

No, Americans aren't complacent. We were unprepared, and a good many of us lived in a Fool's Paradise at the entrance to which, like a lot of grotesque Peris, stood a number of our so-called leaders. Also, when Japan first struck, too many of us contemplated an easy victory. But we weren't complacent. To the contrary, we are such Impatientists that there was danger of the other extreme. For a while something close to defeatism crept like poison gas across the country. And it will creep again unless we use our heads.

No, we were not complacent. To the contrary, what we needed then, and still need, is a more affirmative attitude.

So much then for the war. We can have exactly the kind of victory we want according to how much we want it, and this time let's make it real.

But war is only a part of life, and the smaller part. War is merely the prelude to peace, just as peace, if it's a bad one, is merely the prelude to war. The object of war is peace. And there, too, "we can lick our weight in wild cats." If we've a mind to. And don't forget as a number of wise men have already pointed out, that unless we are careful, peace may come upon us suddenly and find us as unprepared for it as we were the last time. And don't forget that it is the civilian's job to plan and think for the future, just as it is the soldier's job to fight for the present. Armed forces are too busy fighting to plan for the thing over which they are fighting. That's our job, the civilian's job.

So what do we want? And how are we going to get it? Peace is the

Continued on page 154

Metropolitan Moments . . . . by Wisdom

**"A Patch or Two Will Add No Beauty
But Conservation Is Now Our Duty"**

Calvert's first and foremost duty is to produce vital alcohol for war purposes. But laid away in Calvert's huge air-conditioned warehouses are large reserves of rare selected stocks. Of these now irreplaceable stocks, the *cream* is set aside for use only in Calvert Reserve. Refined to a superb lightness, Calvert Reserve remains, for your enjoyment, the *"finest whiskey you can drink or serve."*

Used in moderation... **Calvert Reserve** ***...should last for the duration***

Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

"Say—are we engaged? Your pa called me 'son,' and gave me his Sir Walter Raleigh!"

WEDDED TO A PIPE that tastes sharp and smells sour? The cure is simple! Clean it regularly and switch to a *mild* tobacco—like Sir Walter Raleigh. Blended from choice Kentucky burleys, it's cool to the tongue and delightfully fragrant. Try *"the quality pipe tobacco of America."*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
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Smokes as sweet as it smells

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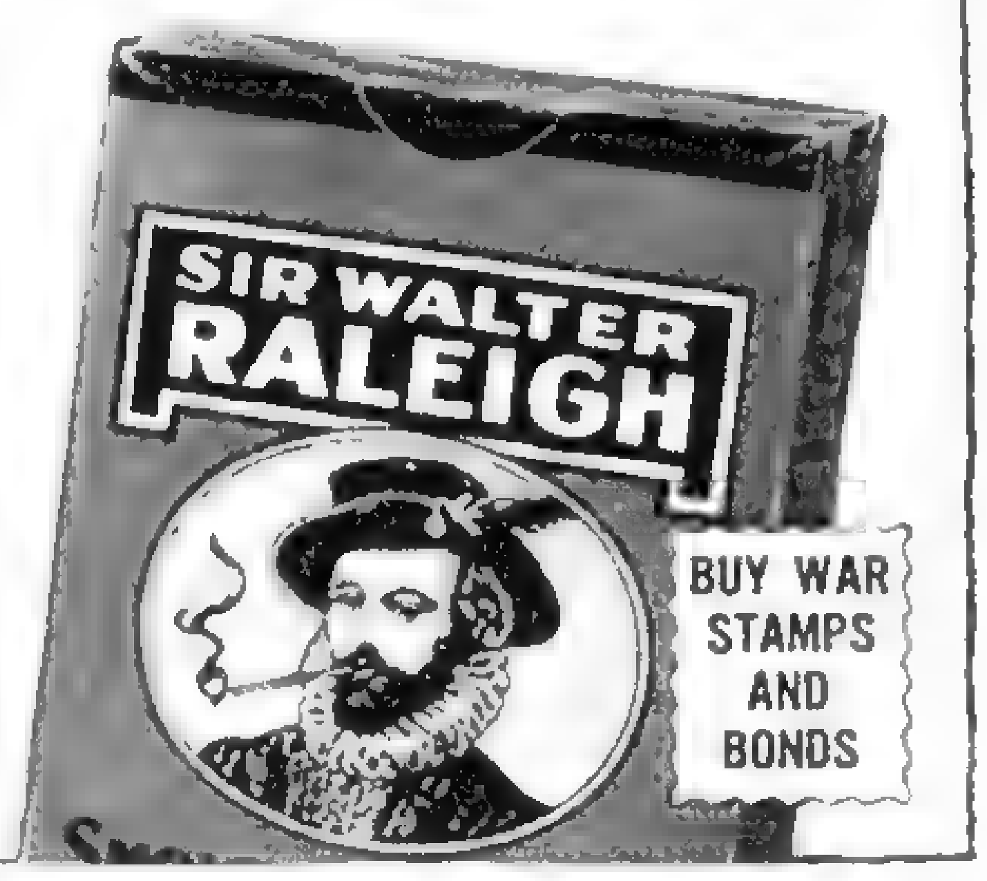
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
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"The Blend of Experience"
A nation-wide symbol of Good Taste
100 YEARS OF QUALITY
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WHISKEY
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BLENDED & BOTTLED BY PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.
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PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. · 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS · 86.8 PROOF

Our Weight in Wild Cats

Continued from pages 80-153

object of war, but the object of peace is peace.

The answer, it seems to me, is fairly simple.

We want lasting peace; that's what we want. We want a peace that never again will threaten us with a war like this. A peace that will see to it that our sons' sons will not have to go out to fight as we had to go out to fight, and as our sons are going now.

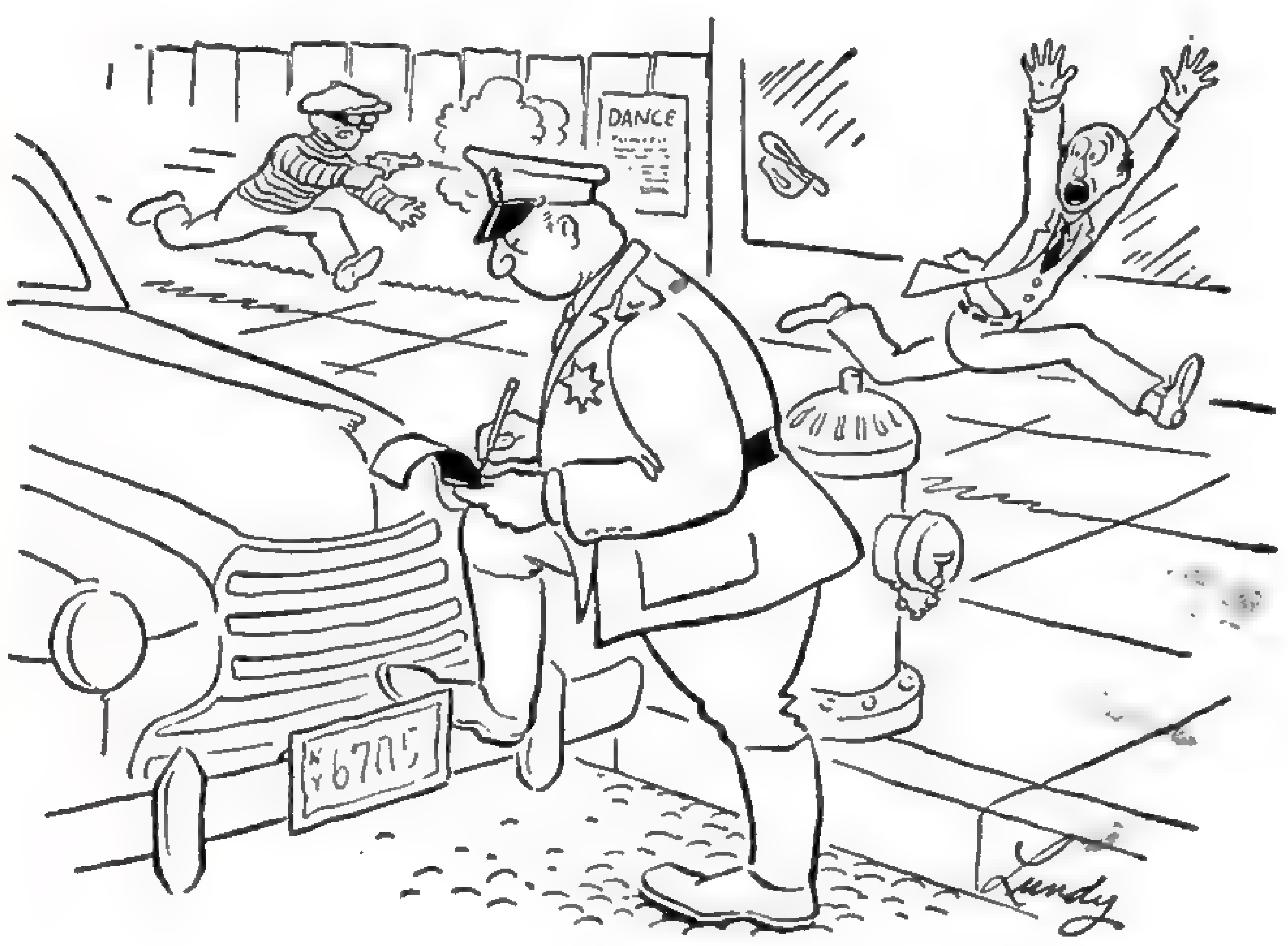
We want that sort of peace with all the agony of our spirits, but to get it we will first have to do a few things with ourselves, and the primary one is to begin to want to think. First, to want to think; second, to attempt to think; third, having learned to think, to think well, and long, and deeply. And here's a note on thinking. Most of the time when we think we're thinking, we're not thinking at all. Thought is a deliberate act of the will and like all human endeavors, especially this, the basic one, it has a technique, simple but precise. Thought is the attempt to assess and combine experience and evidence so that as nearly as possible one may arrive at the truth.

Good thought is not only an act of the will, at least, in the beginning, but it is also likely to be simple and direct thought. So one of the first tasks we should set ourselves, once we have learned to think, is to try to think and talk and act as simply and directly as possible and hew to the line, which means the forgetting of a lot of bad habits including the half-baked instinct to split a hundred ways over details.

Democracy means freedom of expression, but it doesn't mean nonsense, and it doesn't mean suicide. One longs for a Benjamin Franklin or a Will Rogers. We can leave the details, and they will be intricate and multifarious, to the experts whose job they are; our job is to instruct the experts by electing to office, or maintaining there, the men who think as we do and want what we want; men who will see that the experts behave themselves. No nonsense about it, either. And in our hands is the tool for this, our vote. The Founding Fathers put it there with the utmost foresight. Use this tool carefully and irrespective of party or prejudice, vote Republican or Democratic, that is, but vote straight on the issue and for the man, and we'll have what we want. Use this tool carelessly, and in another twenty years we'll have a war that will indeed leave us "nothing but our eyes to weep with." Meanwhile, we'll have a peace that will be pure hell.

Above all, watch out for the "practical" men or women; the "realists." The ones, I mean, who call themselves that. They are the most dangerous people in the world, and the least practical. The really practical man is far too busy trying to supply the needs of the world, economic, spiritual, social, political, or what will you, to think whether he's practical or not. The self-styled "practical" man is the man who advised Washington to surrender and would not vote enough supplies or money for his army; who called Jefferson "a spendthrift" and "a fool," when for fifteen million dollars he purchased one third of what is now our country; and who brought on this present war by calling Woodrow Wilson "a professor." He's also the same fellow who didn't believe in the steam engine or the electric dynamo or that the world was round, and who thought Edison an idler until Edison lit the night for him. The formula for practicality is imagination plus work equals results, and the American as a whole has always been good at it. It has nothing to do with "facing the world as it is," but everything to do with facing the world as it should and can be.

There are a hundred and thirty-five million of us and we can have exactly what we want if we want it. Americans are Impatientists, but they are also Impossibilists, which means that what the "practical" man calls impossible has never dismayed or deterred us, and that we've had an uncanny habit of performing "the impossible" if it was within the realms of human endeavor. Ever since we landed at Jamestown, we've been licking our weight in wild cats, and we'll keep right on. It's a custom of the country.



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When you want to get away from it all, slip into a Marly! There's something about this casual coat that's fresh, and smart, and stimulating. It isn't only that it makes you look your best—with its comfortable care-free styling, its faultless tailoring, its spring color tonic . . . because it's every bit as practical as it is handsome. Fashioned of CORDUROYAL, a velvety, pliable, almost indestructible corduroy, it's definitely destined to last for the duration! Versatile, too, for by mixing or matching it with odd trousers you'll have several double-duty outfits that are correct for outdoors, business, sports, or any casual occasion. Real leather buttons; full-lined with Earl Glo; plenty of pockets. And Cravenetted, so you can let it rain! Adds just the note of color your spring wardrobe needs, whether you prefer cavalry Saddle Brown, Lovat Green, or the fashionable new African Sand. Supply IS limited—so please order yours right away . . .

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Please send (postage prepaid) . . . Marly Jackets at $13.50 each, with the understanding that my money will be returned if I am not completely satisfied (providing jacket has not been worn).

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MODEL: ☐ Regular ☐ Long ☐ Short

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A Censorable Military Mission

Continued from page 53

Corky Smith, "the first thing I would wish to see is the line."

"The line, sah?"

"Yop. I awys did hanker pretty powerful to git a look at the line."

"The line. I say, now—" Peterson-Jones turned to the Earl. "What's the line, old fellah? I'm afraid . . ."

Hyler laughed. "The corporal, I think, means the lion."

"The lion? I still—" Peterson-Jones sprayed a fresh tumbler full of the Private with a thin mist of soda before he tackled that. "The lion. Oh, rahth-er. The lion."

"That's right, the line," said Corky Smith. "Every so often when you are readin' a magazine or a paper you read in it how this here line is gonna git sore and tear hell out o' somebody. It once read where this British line chased this Rommel and about a hundred thousand Nazis all the way across Africa. Naturally I'd like to see where they keep this here line."

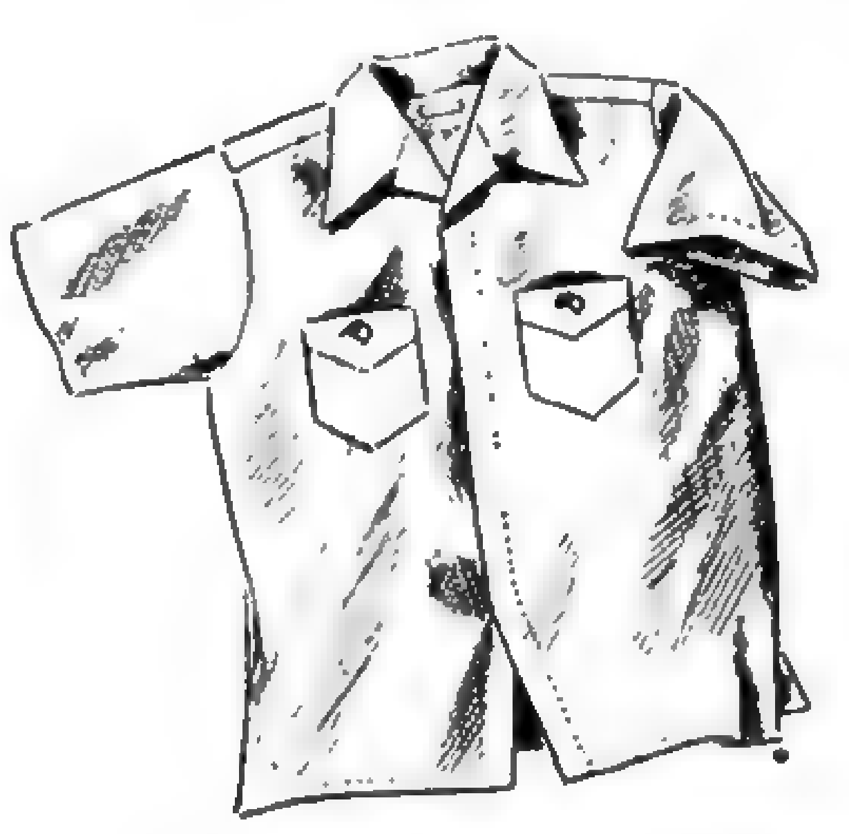
"The British lion," said Peterson-Jones gravely, "is marely a symbil of the might of the Empah."

"Oh," said Smith.

"I like to see the raff in action," said Ortwingle. "I like nothing better than to go with one of them arrowplanes of the raff when it takes off to bomb hell out o' Berlin."

"The R.A.F.," said Hyler.

"They do have cuddious wads for things," murmured the Earl. "I'm a bit pipped on oll this. One supposes one has mahsted the Amedican accent, but obviousleh one hasn't a toll. Luckileh the technique of killin' Garmans constitutes an almost unyvarsil langauge, one which the Amedicans are havin' no trouble learnin', what!" This last was meant to be an exquisite bit of humor, as well as a compliment. Smoot himself preferred the English tea.



The fly-front sport shirt of cotton or rayon twill is becoming more popular for off hours.

He also had an excellent opportunity to experience the warmth of English hospitality in the next few days. They saw the British Museum, which was full of books, the changing of the guard at Buckingham, a session of Parliament with old guys jumping up and hollering *Hear, hear!*, Number 10 Downing Street, the London Underground.

"I awys figgered this Underground," said Ortwingle, "was a secret society—like they have in France and Holland and Belgim to shoot Nazis in the belly as soon as their back is turned. And here it turns out to be a subway. I guess the reason they started England was to have a place where they could do everything backwards from everybody else, like drivin' on the wrong side of the road and so forth."

Lord Broadknoll laughed uproariously at this, and then went about for days afterwards wondering why.

They saw Churchill in the flesh. "Stout fellah, Charchle," said Peterson-Jones proudly.

"I bet he has iron rods stuck in the middle of them cigars so he don't go ahead and keep bitin' them in half," said Corky Smith.

Their mission was completed all too soon, however.

Reluctantly and with the profoundest regrets they bade goodby to their hosts. "This is been something in my experience," said Sergeant Smoot.

"It's bean a jolleh expiddience for us oll," Broadknoll agreed.

"This England," said Ortwingle after they had come aboard a censorable type of ship for the journey homeward, "is certainly some place even if the people don't speak English so people kin understand it."

"Yes, sir," said Corky Smith. "These people is all right."

"Ony," he sighed as the ship got under way, "ony the one trouble with this here secret military mission is that it is probly gonna land me in the guardhouse as soon as we git back to camp."

"How do you figger this trip to land you in the guardhouse?" asked Ortwingle.

"Well, it will land me in the guardhouse because as soon as I git back I will tell them other monkeys in the compny that I had tea with a live Irl and seen Buckingham's Palace and Churchill. And then these monkeys will call me a liar, and I will haff to punch them in the nose, and for punchin' them in the nose I'll no doubt be put in the clink."

"It is been some experience," Smoot kept repeating over and over again. "I guess I will never forget this experience that we have been through."

"And not ony that," said Corky Smith, "but not even one small catastropy happened to us on this secret military mission."

A few days later, in the harbor of a censorable American seaport, Smoot and his corporals gazed at the welcome sight of a certain figure holding aloft a torch in her hand.

"I can't understand it," Smoot muttered happily. "For once in my career the Army got nice to me, and there wasn't no catch behind it. I can't understand it. I jist can't understand it, that's all." #

Adventures of
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THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

The watch that slept two winters in the snow

It was in 1910 that a New York banker got this Longines watch as a birthday gift. He was naturally proud of it because it was one of the first Longines "moisture-proof" watches to be made. Then he lost it and two winters were to pass before he would see it again.

One day his son was mowing the lawn and breathing the sweet smell of newly cut grass when something shiny on the ground caught his eye. It was the long lost watch, none the worse for its long sleep of two winters in the snow.

His son wears it proudly today, a very perfect timepiece that has run for thirty-one of its thirty-three years of life.

The personal experiences of hundreds of thousands are the substance of the reputation of Longines watches for keeping good time for a long, long time. It is a reputation that has been abuilding for 77 years.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch a companion product of unusual merit.

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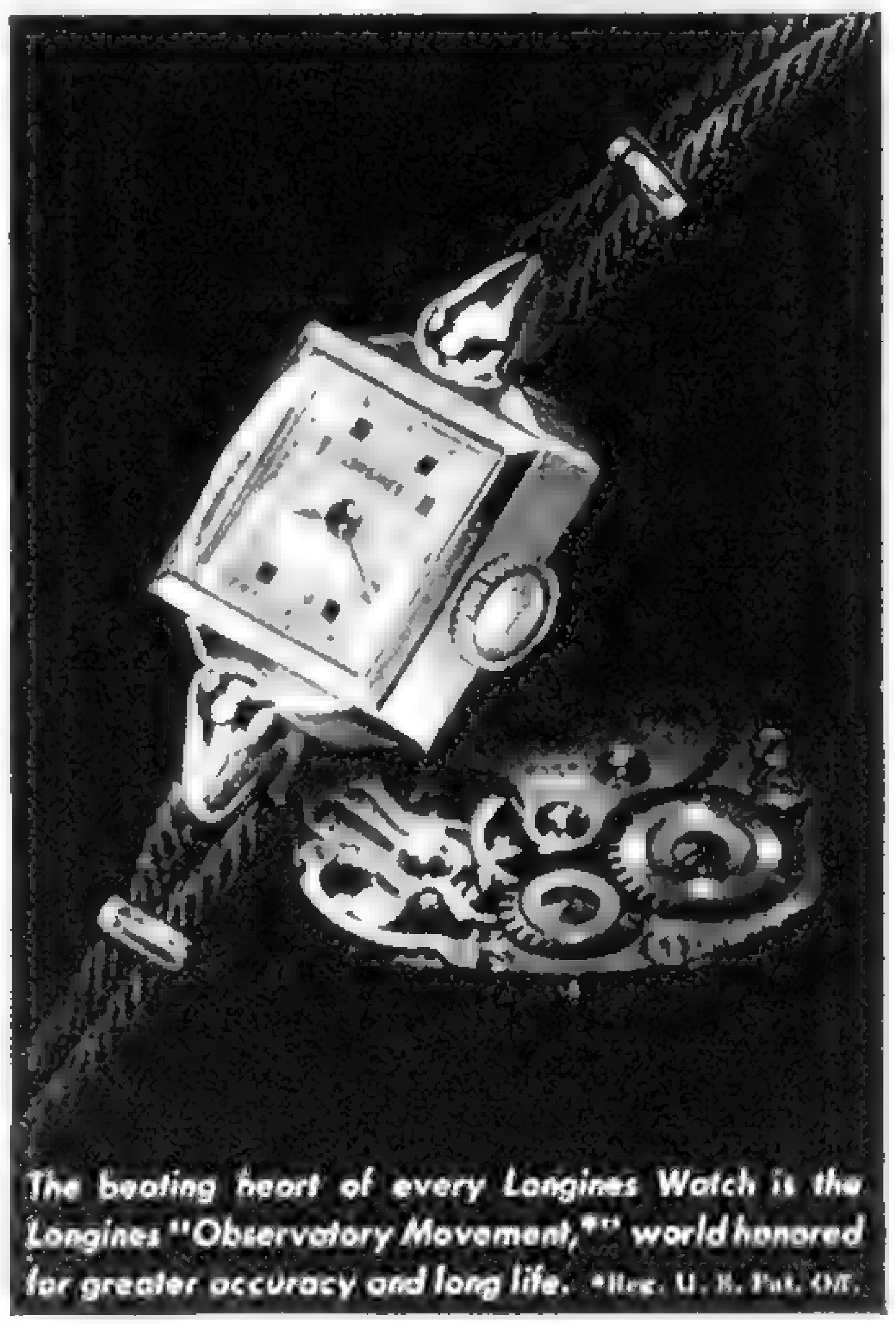


The beating heart of every Longines Watch is the Longines "Observatory Movement," world honored for greater accuracy and long life.* *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Metropolitan Moments . . . . . . by Wisdom

"Back on the Farm I'll Spend My Vacation
My Help is Needed to Feed the Nation"

Our nation needs alcohol, too, for war. That's why all Calvert distilleries are devoted to war production. But from the large reserves of rare, selected stocks laid away in Calvert's warehouses, the *cream* of all is used exclusively for Calvert Reserve. Refined to a magnificent lightness, Calvert Reserve is, by all odds, the *"finest whiskey you can drink or serve."*

Used in moderation...**Calvert Reserve**...*should last for the duration*

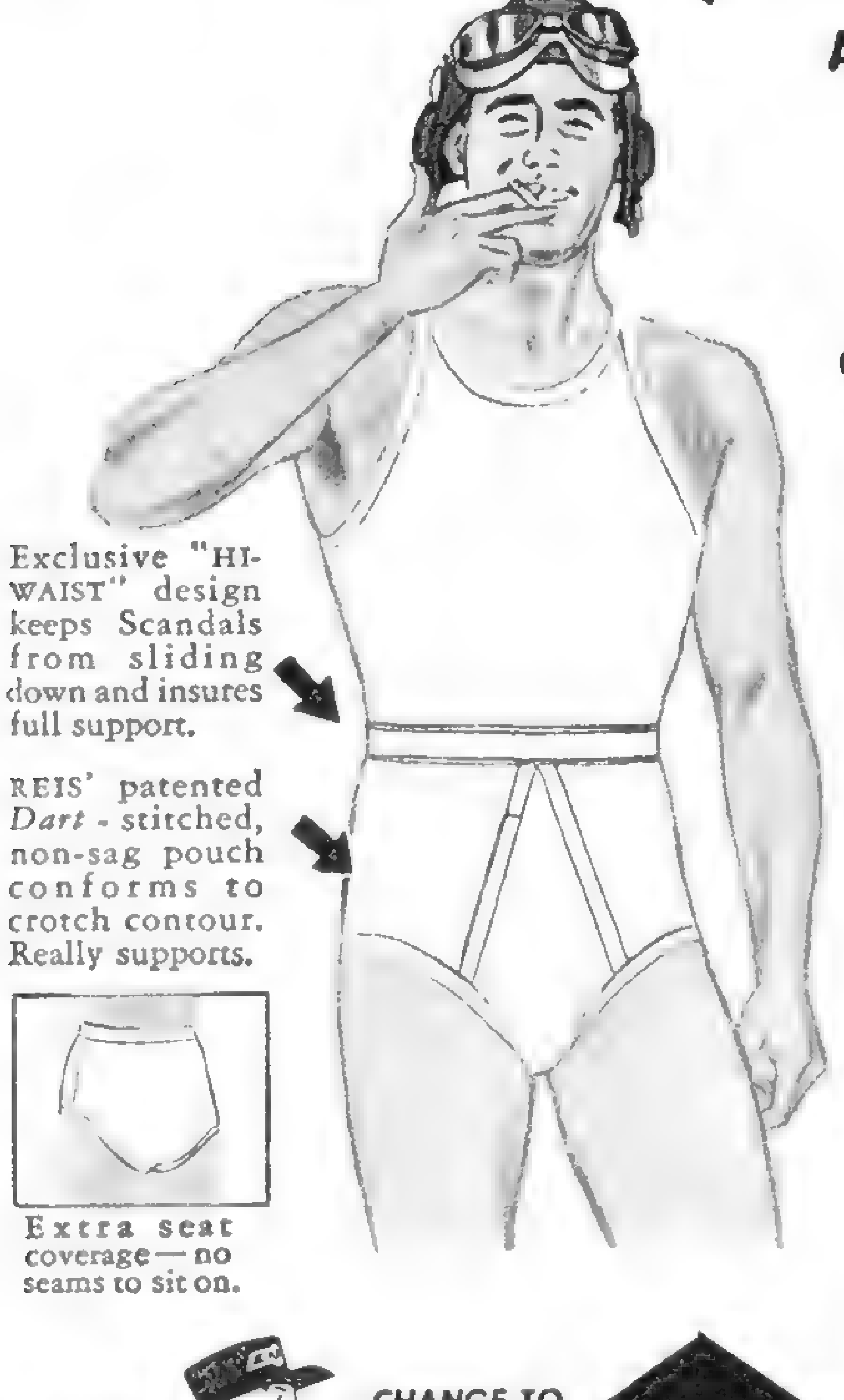
Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

New Comfort—plus Support

AN EXCLUSIVE FEATURE OF

REIS

Scandals



Exclusive "HI-WAIST" design keeps Scandals from sliding down and insures full support.

REIS' patented *Dart*-stitched, non-sag pouch conforms to crotch contour. Really supports.

Extra seat coverage—no seams to sit on.

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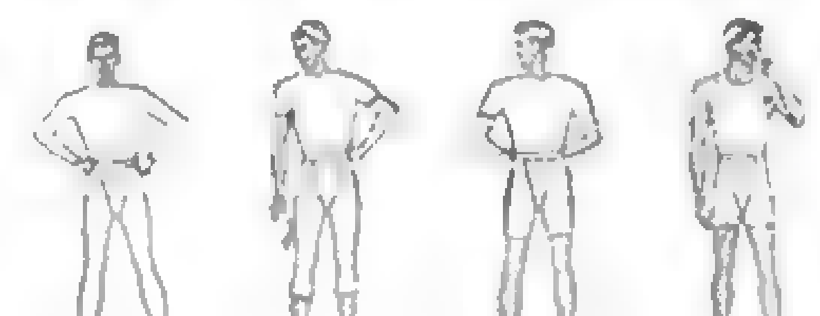

Five styles—year 'round weights.

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First Nights and Passing Judgments

Continued from page 93

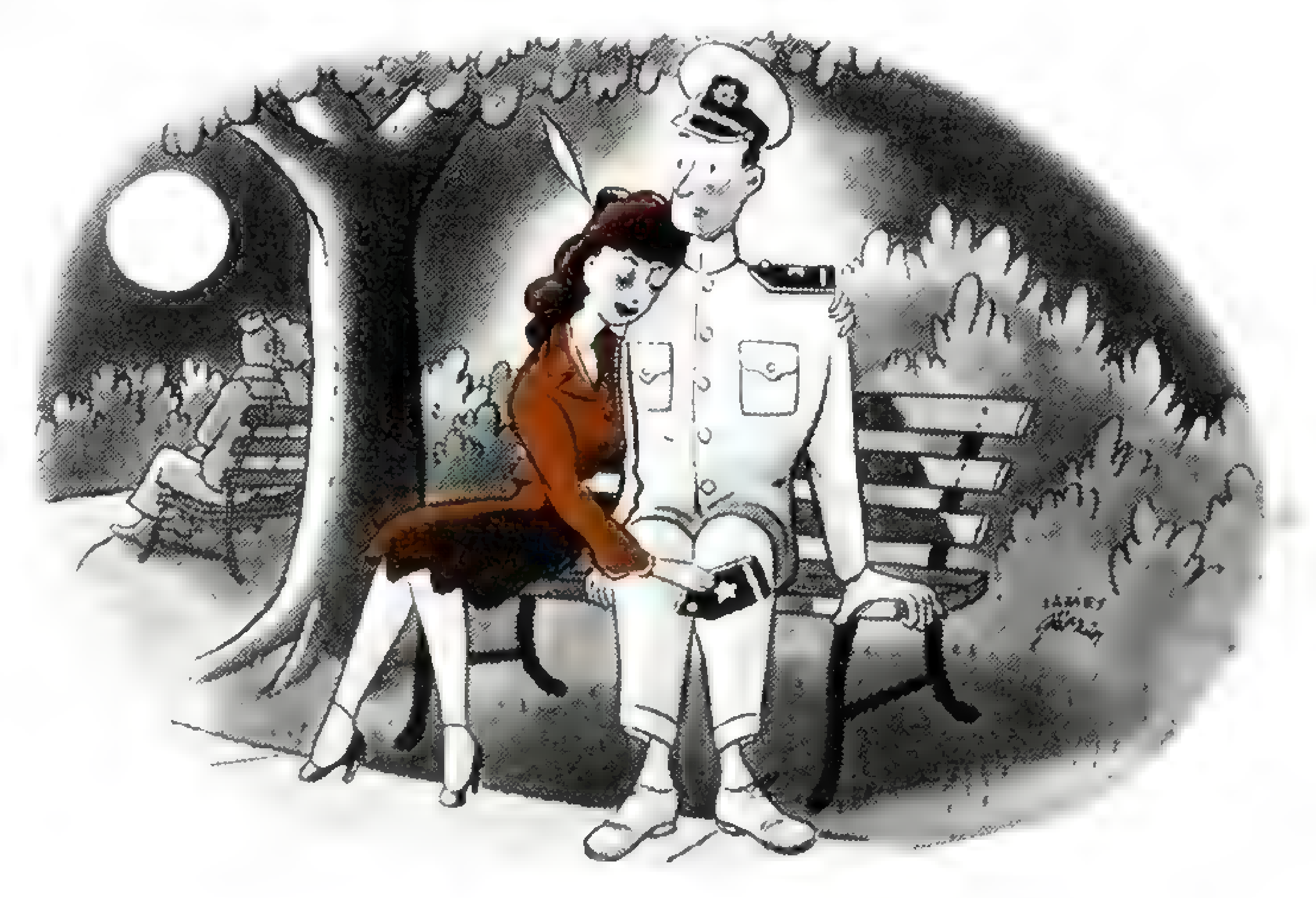
said to be wonderful actresses in the films are pretty doggone unwonderful when they hit the stage. 2. The difference between smut and acceptable naughty humor, as this exhibit pleasantly testifies, is that acceptable naughty humor is simply smut paced quickly and with an off-hand smile. 3. Certain critics complain of the play that it is in bad taste because it reflects derisively on the Army, the Navy, the Administration, and our Russian allies. That it also reflects derisively on marriage, home, morals, decency and personal honor, the same critics by their silence apparently condone as excellent taste. Since when, as I have often remarked, has taste anything to do with farce, which this so-called comedy actually is? 4. They allege against the exhibit that some of its funniest stuff is hokum. What is hokum? When something, whatever its nature, is first tried and found to be effective, it is critically endorsed as having dramatic virtue; when it is done a second time and with the same effectiveness, it is critically derogated as hokum. The painting of a little white country church in the snow is regarded as sentimentally affecting; the lithographs of the painting, which induce much the same effect in the same persons, are, however, and paradoxically, condemned as pure and unadulterated hoke.

At Sidney Kingsley's *The Patriots*, an eminent dramatization of ten years in the life of Thomas Jefferson and a notable contribution to the season, a couple of my cerebral exercises conducted themselves after this pattern:

1. There is some excellent stuff in this play, but it would be a slightly more acceptable one to me if Kingsley were not quite so fetched by the business of parallels. In this, he is, however, not alone. Nothing so surprises and excites an American playwright as his discovery that some celebrated figure of the past entertained views on some subject or other not unlike the present views on the same subject. And nothing so satisfies his Nostradamus complex as to imply from the coincidence that the present views must therefore and accordingly be sound, or at least applaudable. If you were to say to him that it does not in strict logic necessarily follow that, because Jefferson anticipated certain political philosophies currently believed in by Sidney Kingsley and George Jean Nathan, Kingsley's and Nathan's concurrence in them not only makes Jefferson something of a clairvoyant phenomenon, but justifies Kingsley and Nathan in esteeming themselves minds of the first karat, he would reply that flippancy is the last recourse of a shallowpate. Yet this stratagem of converting the Washingtons, Jeffersons, Lincolns and other such past greats into mere fortune-tellers by way of flattering audiences into an ideological identity with them has become altogether too miscellaneous.

2. Patriotism is often the first refuge of a meagre playwright. In time of war, critics politely blink the fact, and even generally endorse the playwright. But the moment the guns are silenced they have at him again with the old sardonic recriminations, the old loud cries of hokum. Why is it, I speculated, that they isolate playwrights in this respect from other artists? Why don't they, if consistent, similarly hoot at Verdi for his *Hymn of the Nations*, Tschaikowski for his *1812*, Brahms for his *German Requiem*, Sibelius for his Finnish testimonials? Why don't they deride Meissonier for his Napoleon cycle, or Pradier, Cortot, Rude and Etex for their Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile or, above all, Shakespeare for his *Richard II*?

At *The Barber Had Two Sons*, by the MM. Duggan and Hogan, claptrap dealing with the Nazi invasion of Norway, as also at *Counterattack*, claptrap derived from the Russian by Janet and Philip Stevenson, my thoughts for two straight hours were occupied in one, single direction: Why can't we get more relief from this tedious overdose of war plays, whether good or bad? Since no one interrupted me in any debate, let those thoughts serve as the conclusion of this month's departmental theatraphysics. #



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Rebel of Young Rhineland

Continued from page 85

a means of exit from Nazi Germany. One evening in London, Kaufmann met a friend from the Academy who asked him to join him at the Palace. The act that gave both the same bright idea was that of a lightning caricaturist. "We could do that, too," they said, "and earn enough to become real artists." They answered an ad in a variety sheet, found an agent and prepared for their vaudeville debut.

For six months, subsisting on a daily meal of baked potato, bread and cheese, they practiced cartooning—working to increase their pace and the veracity of their drawing, for audiences had to recognize the artists' "intention" immediately—until their agent considered them ready.

The Dutrees, as they were known, opened at Collins Music Hall where thrice a day, seven days a week, they gave gratis performances. Kaufmann was made up as a burlesque idea of an artist; his partner, as a clown. At their world debut they fell over each other in stage fright. Before the end of their trial week they forged a routine which enabled their agent to obtain a week's contract at a Chester music hall for £7.

In vaudeville terms, they prospered. Harnessing popular passions to their crayon and chalk, they sketched rapid-fire caricatures of public figures either loved or detested in that particular place and thrived equally on the applause and hisses. One day, Kaufmann sprained his right arm and had to go on, sketching in agony by holding up his drawing arm with his left. While he almost bit through his lips in pain, the audience roared, and thereafter he added to his routine a device mothered by painful necessity.

The Dutrees' pay rose to £20 a week. For a year they traveled through England. Kaufmann's share in this "success" embarrassed the more proper of his German relations, particularly his cousin, Lady Duveen, wife of the famous dealer. Later, when he won reputation as a pure artist, his music hall trespass was forgiven.

A cloud within which was hidden a silver lining ended Kaufmann's career as a vaudevillian, at the height of his fame when, with his partner, he had signed a forty-weeks contract to appear in the United States. It was the cloud of charcoal dust which fell from the drawing sheet in waves every time the hissed or applauded caricature was turned for the next subject. Kaufmann contracted tuberculosis.

At twenty-two, the retired music hall "artist" returned to Germany to recover his health in a Black Forest sanitarium, and, later, at Lake Gardone and Mentone. Recovered, he traveled through Italy. The company and the talk of other artists, attendance at sketch classes, the

Continued on page 158

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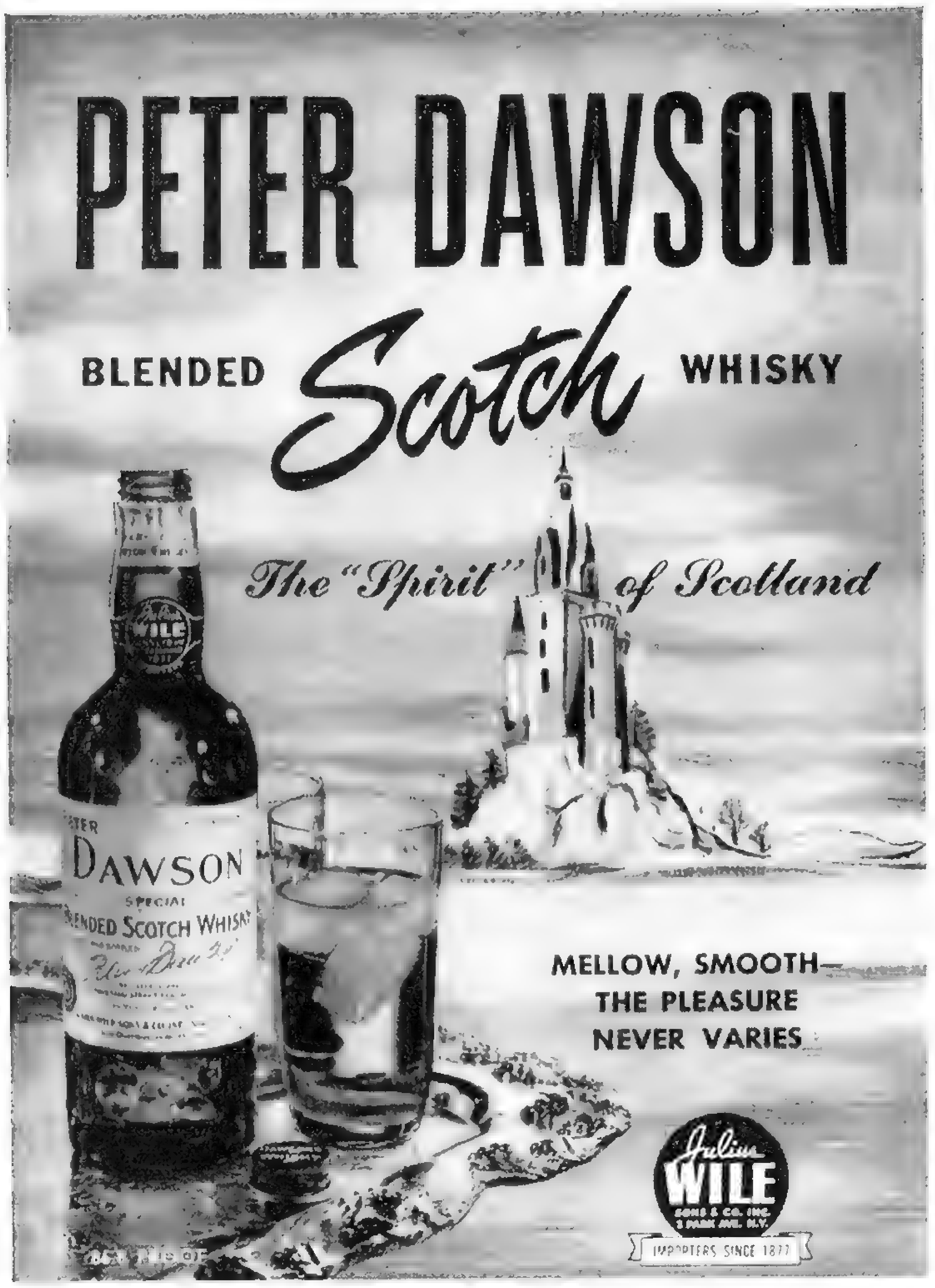

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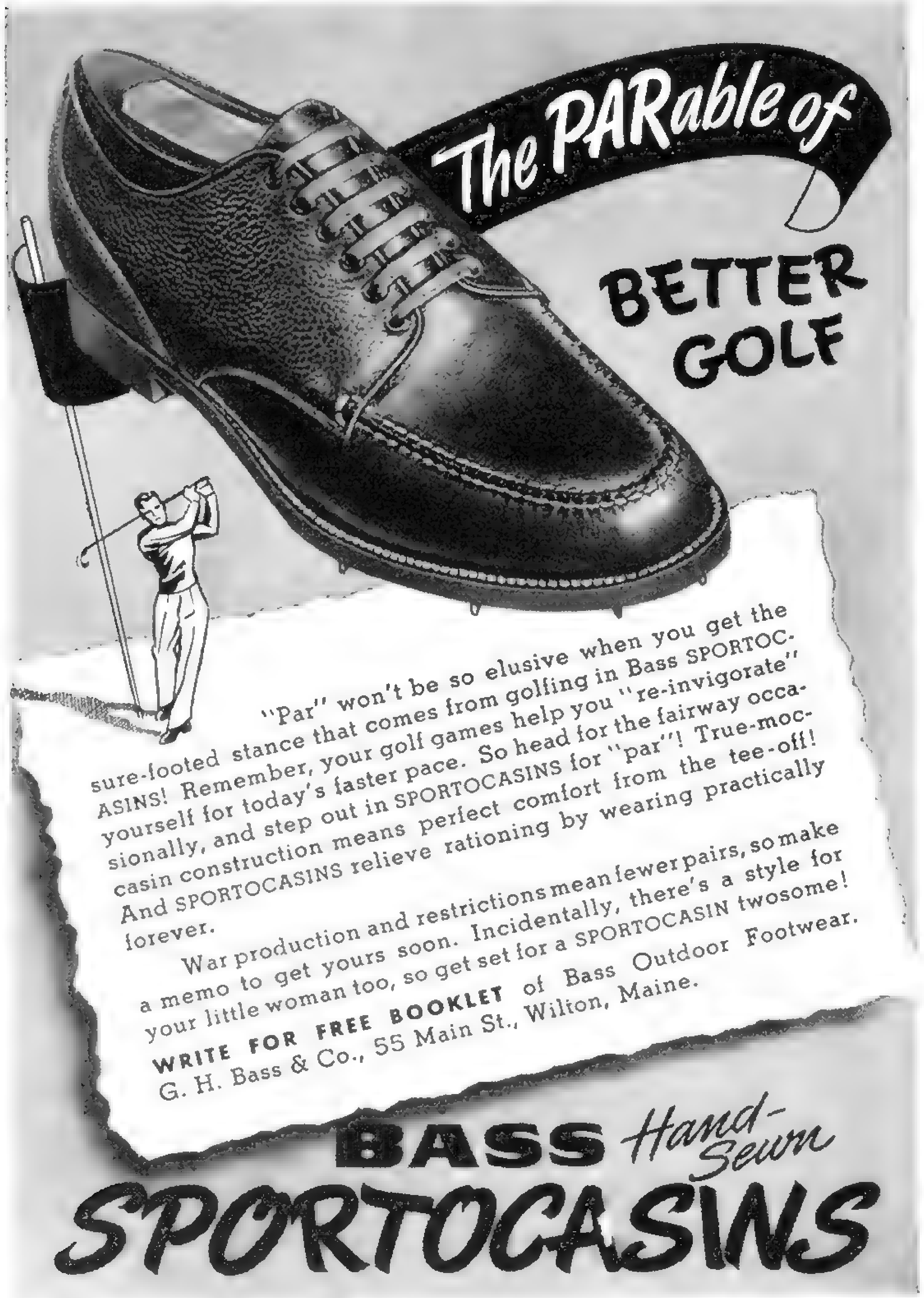

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Rebel of Young Rhineland

Continued from pages 85-157

burgeoning of first love in Florence, the vision of the heaped-up art treasures in the palaces and galleries of Italy gave the young man a sense of strength and confidence he had never before experienced. There were eight idyllic months in Florence, where he worked in a studio facing the Church of Santa Maria Novella. There was an equally happy period in Siena where with three other artists he rented a peasant's cottage, with meals, and participated in what might be called a communion of work and talk. There were briefer stays at Perugia, Rome, Naples.

From the early Renaissance painters Kaufmann tried to learn the lessons of simplicity and honesty and he brought back to Duesseldorf Italian landscapes and figure studies so simplified in form and heightened in color that they somewhat anticipated the Expressionism that later found favor on the canvases of the Blue Rider school. The Academy looked askance at Kaufmann's pictures and refused to exhibit them.

But there was a wealthy grain dealer in the city who was worth an Academy. Alfred Flechtheim put his enthusiasm on Kaufmann, buying one painting and ordering a portrait. With this sum Kaufmann went again to Paris, to study, to paint, to make good. Within a year he threw up the sponge, being persuaded that art could not sustain him. There was more to it than that. He was in love, wanted to marry and wanted particularly to show his wife's family, Prussian and military, that he could make good on terms which they would recognize.

Returning home, he became a traveling salesman for rubber heels. A big sale was celebrated by an extended jag of painting. He earned enough now to make a home for his bride, who joined him in the stone house at the edge of town which once had been a customs house—explaining the bullet nicks in its facade. He then became the Swiss and Italian representative of an English firm selling conveyor belt grease. The outbreak of the war in 1914 found him in Geneva, from which he returned and then went into hides and leather. In 1915 he was drafted into the German army.

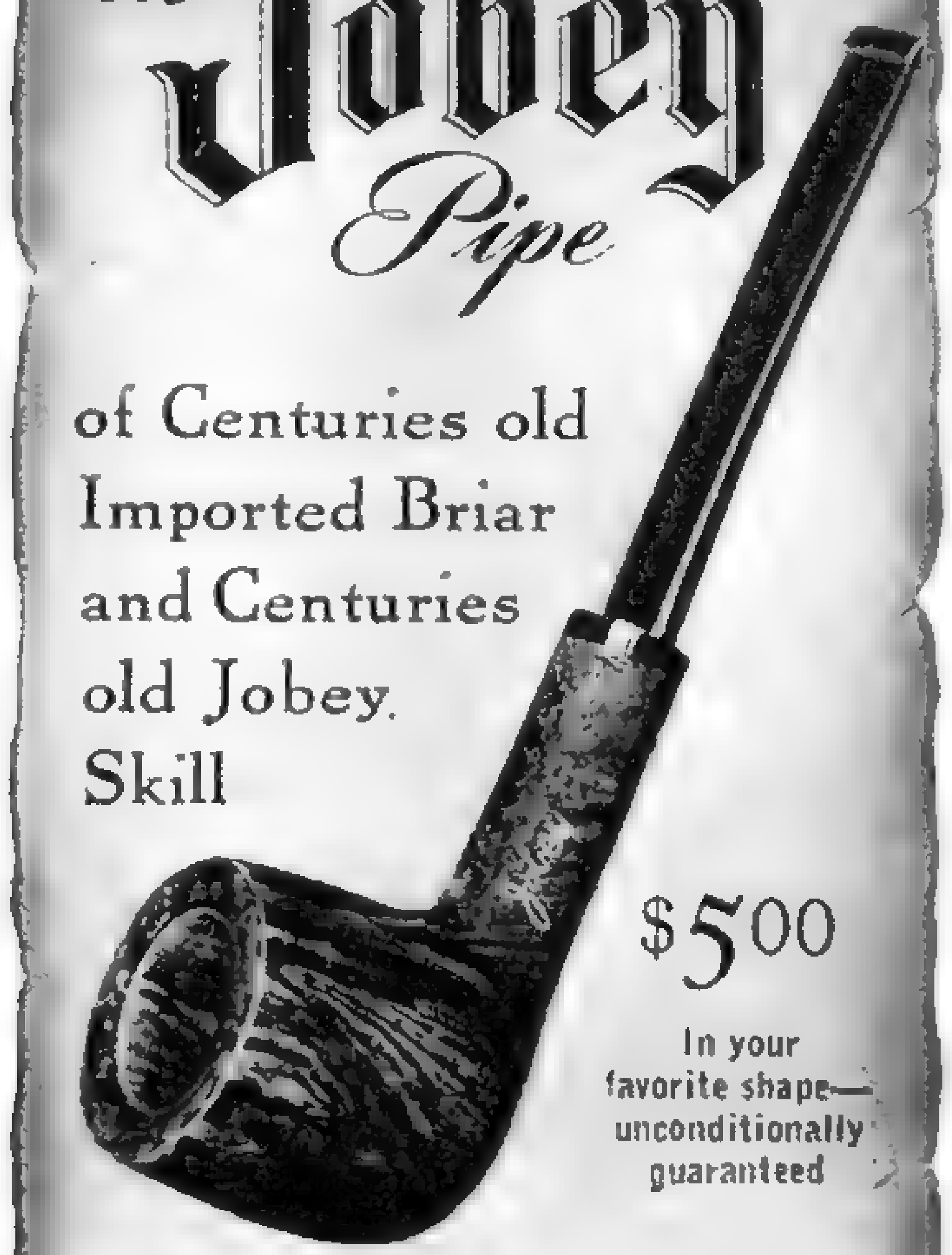
He was detailed to sketch enemy terrain as visible from front-line trenches. In his spare time he painted portraits of officers, sending home the extra money. A timid and close-fisted medical officer provided the means for Kaufmann's discharge from front-line duty. A village under fire by the French lay between Kaufmann's post and the base at which the physician was stationed. In this case, therefore, the artist visited the sitter. When the portrait was finished the artist demanded 100 marks. The doctor, however, preferred to trade, paying for his portrait with a medical re-examination which declared Kaufmann unfit for front-line duty, whereupon the artist was returned to Duesseldorf and put on office detail.

In 1916 the City Museum of Duesseldorf gave him his first one-man show. There were sales and portrait commissions, among them from Flechtheim, whom he painted this time in his Uhlan uniform. The following year Kaufmann became a father. Perhaps there is poetic justice in the fact that Hans Kaufmann, born in Duesseldorf in 1917, is, in 1943, a technical corporal in a Tank Destroying Battalion of the U. S. Army.

When peace came, Kaufmann attempted to do his share toward creating, through art, a bridge of understanding among the peoples of Europe. With such collaborators as Otto Dix and Jankel Adler, he helped organize Junges Rheinland (Young Rhineland) for the purpose of stimulating interest in the best of living art, both for itself and as a means of healing the wounds of war. All styles except the academic appeared in Young Rhineland shows and the city recaptured for a time its reputation as an art center.

The movement was born in the bedroom adjoining the small shop of Mother Ey, Germany's most often painted woman. She had begun her career in a coffee and sandwich shop near the Museum, acquiring watercolors and drawings for coffee, sandwiches and cash. As her taste improved, she moved left of the center and opened a small art store which Academicians sneeringly called Der Rote Malkasten (The Red Paint Box). She was the first to exhibit Max Ernst. In her courtyard bedroom a group of artists once subjected Otto Dix to a mock trial—in rehearsal and anticipation of the real one at Berlin—for having painted and attempted to exhibit a work regarded as morally repugnant. And it was in this courtyard bedroom that the leaders of Young Rhineland planned ways and means of bringing people to art and art to people. There was in this the vanity of wishful thinking.

In 1922 Young Rhineland sponsored the first post-war international exhibition of modern art, showing the work of French, Spanish, Russian, Polish, Swiss and American as well as German painters, including futurists, impressionists, surrealists, expressionists and constructivists. No one can deny that Kaufmann was the most energetic spoon that stirred Duesseldorf's art pot, then and later. Three years later he took part in organizing, under Academy auspices, the Duesseldorf Jubilee Exhibition in which his entry, a large group painting of artist contemporaries, was purchased for the city museum. On something like the same plan he painted a large mural for the municipal Planetarium and one



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His masterpiece in exhibition organizing was the German art exhibition of 1928, toward which the city appropriated 200,000 marks, half of which sum was to go in the form of prizes to younger German artists. Only German, Austrian and Swiss painters took part, but within its limits this exhibition was an Olympiad. The following year he was appointed professor of the School for Applied Art where he exercised pedagogical and executive authority, but allowed his own talents to lag.

The Hitler axe struck at him some time after Easter, 1933, when he was asked to resign. Possessing a life contract with pension rights, he naïvely went to law, a morning's experience which persuaded him that there was no longer justice in Germany.

His best Aryan friends bought paintings and urged him to get out. A few days later he was in Holland, where, at Scheveningen, he rented a house for his family. In 1935 he saw the shores of this land for the first time. Since then New York has been his home. After his arrival, he put into words his feeling about the United States: "My intention, my personal ambition, is to be able to describe and re-create, through the medium of my painting, both America and her people, and if I am granted the time and strength to do so, I hope that at the end of my days I shall be considered to have added, in my work, a little to the history and description of a great nation."

He is primarily a portrait painter and his achievement lies in stating the sum of a man and woman and his or her special qualities or characteristics on the flat surface of a canvas, without flattery or caricature. His first American portrait was that of George Gershwin, his affidavit sponsor. During a stay on the West Coast he painted a portrait of Edward G. Robinson, now in that actor's excellent collection. Beginning a large mural project which he called, tentatively, *Art and Science Finding Refuge*, he painted portraits of Einstein, Thomas Mann, Kurt Weill, Arnold Zweig, Max Reinhardt, Arnold Klemperer, Ludwig Renn, Luise Rainer, Bruno Frank and many others. He abandoned the project when Hitler's European invasions made intellectuals and artists of a dozen countries, companions of the Germans and Austrians who had preceded them to these shores.

He hopes before long to do one superb canvas, and to be judged by that. Having learned English as a young man, he speaks, writes and thinks in English. His detestation of the German spirit is so profound that he no longer speaks the language of Hitler. He finds the frankness, kindness, openheartedness of Americans refreshing after his experience with the suspicion, hardness and envy even of his old colleagues in Germany, though his life here has not been exactly a bed of roses. #

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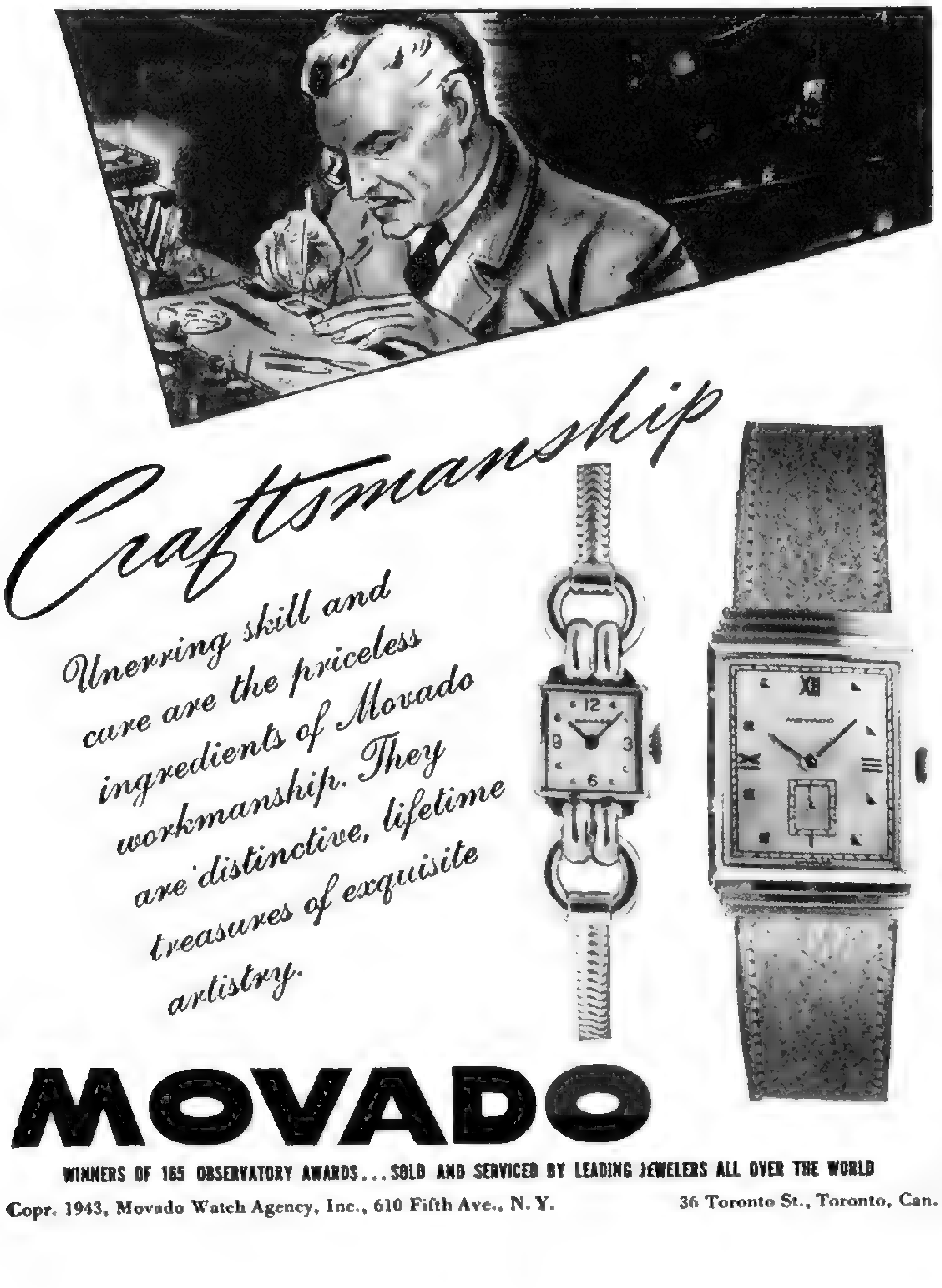
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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 101

interesting and excellent information, I gathered some on my own, and found that the favorite food of Lauritz Melchior, great Dane of the Metropolitan, is bear. He likes the cub best prepared like roast beef after having been hung, or dried and smoked. In Europe, where the feet was liked best, bear meat came to the best tables, especially in Germany. The oil of the animal was extracted too. In Russia they made delicious sausages out of bear meat.

If only in a culinary way, elephant resembles bear; the feet is considered the best eating. According to Pliny, the trunk is the only easily digestible part. But the African natives eat other parts too, notably the area about the eyes. And most of them use the fat of the animal for cooking.

The great epicure, Brillat-Savarin, pronounced squirrel excellent; it tastes like young hare and it is very easy to digest. In ancient times squirrel meat was supposed to be fine for the vocal chords or to combat inflammation of the ear, or epilepsy. Dancers ate it for greater vigor and agility. The porcupine was classified by Caréme, great nineteenth century chef, as edible, and so Spaniards who had lots of them ate them for awhile. But porcupine is tough and odorous, and even pepper, rosemary, and thyme cannot remove the musky flavor.

Wolf flesh is said to have been eaten by the Chetniks of Serbia. And though the fox is the gourmet of the animal kingdom, eats the finest fowl, hare, and grapes, its flesh is almost unedible—but not entirely; Dr. Bremond, famous gastronome, ate it in jugged style. Rats were eaten during many a siege in history, but that was because of necessity.

There are people who are not ashamed of making a meal out of a canine. Belgians at one time ate them indiscriminately till an ordinance in 1881 forbade the sale of dog's flesh *unless it was inspected by a veterinary*. There were actually dog meat butchershops in some parts of Central Europe.

Owl's offspring are fricasseed by French peasants. Augustine Chigi, Minister to Pope Leon X, gained his master's favor by serving him parrots' tongues; and in some South American countries peasants still eat the young parrot which is tough and inedible after it begins to fly. Ostrich wing is said to taste like tender beef, and was recommended by Alexander Dumas *pére*. No report is available on the symbolic stork. In Egypt if a man ate one he paid for it with his life.

Crocodile is said to resemble veal. However, it is claimed that it causes skin eruptions and saps the energy. Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings eats alligator tail, which appears to give one enough strength and talent to win the Pulitzer Prize. And finally, turtle steak is marvelous. At the Penguin Restaurant, in New York, where I usually eat it, the owner, David Cowles, himself prepares it for me by broiling it in oil.

I could tell you at length about cannibalism because I remember the trial of Herr Harman, the butcher, beheaded in Germany for killing about forty young guys, and presenting the meat to his friends. They all testified that it was excellent, and his landlady, in particular, was enthusiastic. "I never tasted better veal than Mr. Harman's," she said, crying for the benevolent butcher.

While you might grimace at reading about these strange edibles, you'd eagerly devour a raw seagull if you were ever shipwrecked, and the miserable bird came near enough for you to catch it. Also you'd talk incessantly with your companions in misfortune about food. And if there were only two books in the lifeboat with you, one the raciest sophisticated novel, the other a cook book, you'd find the latter in constant use, while nobody would bother with the former. The less you have to eat, the more you like to hear about it.

SAUTERELLE OR LOCUST

(As they made it at the Bar au Lac Hotel in Zurich, Switzerland.) Drop the locust in boiling water, take the shell off and serve with Sauce Poulette.

ROAST SKUNK

After dressing and cleaning thoroughly, fill the cavity with a bread and onion dressing seasoned as your chicken. Roast in a slow oven.

WILD BOAR (as roasted in East India)
Clean the insides out, scrape and singe off the hair and place in a pit that has been prepared beforehand by digging a hole in the ground about four feet deep, half filling it with large rocks heated to almost a white heat and covered over with a layer of green vegetation. The boar, wrapped with banana or other large leaves is laid on top of this and more green vegetation placed over it, then another layer of hot rocks. The hole is filled with earth and left for twelve to fifteen hours. When taken out it is deliciously roasted.

(From Frank Buck, New York)

LEOPARD

Cut the breast into small pieces. Salt and pepper, and stew in a sauce pan with chopped onions until tender.

(From Mrs. J. S. Slade, Silverton, Transvaal Province, South Africa)

POTTED SKUNK

Dress, and remove the two musk sacs under the tail. Cut in pieces, add two calves' feet, boil the meat off the bones, and remove bones from the pot. Chop parsley and celery very fine, then mix with meat, adding onion or garlic juice, summer savory, pepper to taste. Press into a mold and cool to set.

(Skunk recipes from: J. John Bushell, New Westminster, B.C.)

ROAST ELEPHANT TRUNK

Wash carefully, cut in suitable pieces to fit on roasting spit, dry carefully and place in front of brisk open fire. Dredge with flour and baste continually. When nearly done, draw close to fire so pieces will get nicely brown. Season to taste. Mix the drippings with a little boiling water and strain over dish.

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 96

Swift, and I dare to add, no compliment more pleasing to Stella."

This deduction is undoubtedly true; and it increases one's confidence in the judgment of Dr. Davis. When Swift wrote that, *he smiled* and, conversely, in that otherwise admirable novel, *The Virginian*, how ridiculous it was for the narrator to be astonished when that remark was uttered affectionately, or for the author to make the hero snarl to his enemy the now facetiously quoted enjoinder, "When you say that, smile."

From time immemorial, intimacy has annihilated formality. We often call those we love by horrible names. Yet, how unthinkable it would have been fifty years ago for a President of a girls' college to print in a book with the stamp of approval the degree of A.B.—Agreeable Bitch. Perhaps the advance in informality of manners has brought with it other advantages.

The best motion picture I have seen during the last year is *In Which We Serve*, which was written, directed, and played by Noel Coward. Probably the book that comes the nearest to it in actuality of experience is *Firedrake*, by A. D. Divine, illustrated by photographs; it is the story of "a Destroyer that would not give up." I do not believe any landlubber like me has had any conception of what the destroyers in the Navy have to endure in war time; the story of this one is a thriller of the first magnitude.

The Human Comedy, by William Saroyan, is a masterpiece. These sketches, which together form a novel, are illuminated by the light of genius. Their simplicity of style and characterization illustrates the art that conceals art. No other living man could have written them; they have that combination, perhaps the secret of the art of living, of maturity of mind with the heart of a child.

Mr. Saroyan is one of the great affirmers of life, like Robert Browning and Walt Whitman; he is a profound optimist. Apart from the delight that lovers of literature will take in the style of this book, every man, woman, and child who reads it will be the better for it. With all its humor and with all its tragedy, it is primarily a book of healing. The author's dedication to his father is charming; and I hope his father will have his heart's desire—to hear it read aloud in an Armenian translation. Among the recent detective fiction I strongly recommend these three thrillers: *Alias the Dead*, by George Harmon Coxe, one of his best; *The Shudders*, by Anthony Abbot, which lives up to its title; and *The Yellow Violet*, by Frances Crane, which has the right flavor.

In the underworld, when they take you for a ride, can't we call that a slay-ride? ##

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Terror in the Newsreels

Continued from page 88

characteristic was the highly personal action of both the spy and counterspy.

This was an ordinary clip, really; it showed two Soviet snipers watching some Germans — possibly snipers, too. The Germans think themselves safe; they start to bathe in a river; the Reds come out and capture them. It has all the "human" touch we try to get into our films by making our soldiers smack their lips over turkey; only this was not made; this happened; the Reds were in danger of being shot; and their human interest is honest.

A third characteristic shot of the Red series, is the one which shows you a camouflaged German inching along in a wheatfield; you see him through the telescopic sights of a Russian sniper's rifle (it was made through the telescopic lenses of the camera, which are the same in effect). Then you see the Nazi stalker and the hidden Red avenger; and suddenly the pulling of the trigger and the death of the invader. That also is as personal as your fist.

I am afraid we have kept our newsclips in the "parade" or early 1942 stage of warfare and that someone with a limited imagination is holding back the pictures we ought to see. I think we are making them, because we've got good men at the front. We also have good men at the back; one of whom may change the entire outlook: I mean Frank Capra.

Col. Capra, at this writing, is in charge of the Army's film unit making a series of pictures under the general title of *Why We Fight*, the first one being *Prelude to War*. Here you have foreign as well as American newsreel stuff; a masterly cutting and editing job, a sound and sensible commentary; and a use of musical effects which is truly startling. Here a master of fiction discovers fact. And, best of all, here you have the great chance; for if this picture is taken into the big theatres and shown to civilians as freely as to soldiers, Capra and a few others may begin to get out of the files those true newsreel pictures we ought to see.

Finally, as an epilogue, I want to record my deep dissatisfaction with a Hollywood job. It isn't newsreel, but it is supposed to convey real emotions. In a misguided effort, I think, to publicize young Margaret O'Brien, or to capitalize on her publicity, someone has put her into a film, a one-reel bit, with James Cagney and Ann Sothern; Cagney, poor wight, looks positively sick when he has to make short speeches to God (including, God help us, "Thank you, God"); and the little girl is remorselessly put through the whole of Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address*, with ghastly coyness all around.

For the life of me, I can't remember what this picture was trying to sell! ⌗

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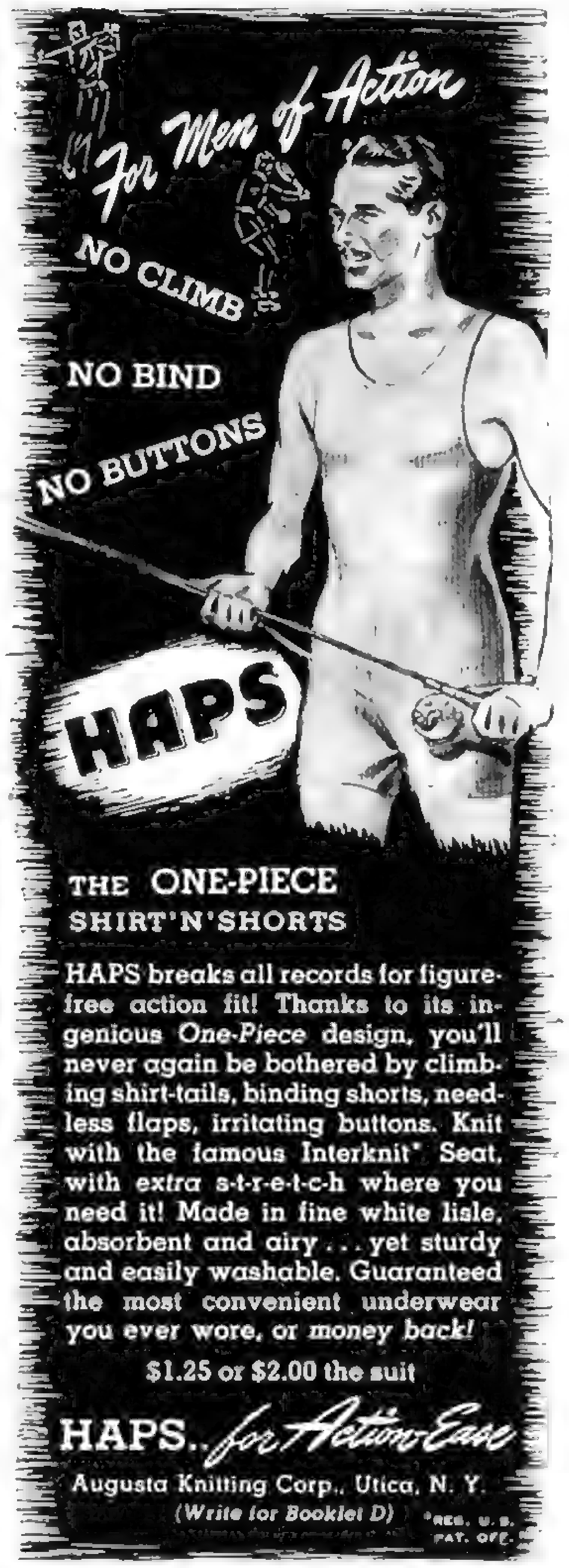
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To Camp or Not to Camp

Continued from page 39

a marvelous breeding ground for inferiority complexes and self conscious fears.

Because of the stepped-up physical activity, camp schedules should allow one hour of sleep more than the child gets at home. There should also be a full hour "siesta" after lunch—not only in the camp folder, but in actual practice. Strenuous and restful periods should be alternated and there should be some free time just to dream. In the old days it was taboo to "waste" an hour—in the old days, too, children lost weight in camps because of overactivity.

2. What are the qualifications of the camp director? What is his objective in engaging in camping?

I knew a businessman who got the idea that summer camps were a new and growing enterprise. So he opened one. The few campers he lined up spent a miserable summer, with inadequate recreation, poor food, bad leadership. And the businessman lost money. Directing a camp is a job for a professional. To do it a man must know as much about child psychology and personnel administration as a superintendent or a principal of a school. Beware of camps used to foot the bill for the training of a football team, the members of which are paid counselors.

3. What about the tent or cabin counselor your boy or girl will have?

The strongest influence on your child will not be the camp director, nor the members of the teaching staff, but the counselor of his cabin. Cabin life is intimate. Each cabin group is a "family" to which the counselor plays father, mother, companion, guide and friend.

Is that counselor mature? Is he college-trained? Has he demonstrated leadership with young people? (Being captain of the school eleven doesn't answer that one.) Does the camp provide a day off every week? Twenty-four-hour-a-day responsibility for six to twelve boys or girls demands vitality, poise, unlimited patience—he'll need that day off to recuperate.

A few camps still follow the vicious practice of engaging staff members on the basis of how many campers they signed up. This is equivalent to choosing your doctor on whether he can do eighteen holes in par.

4. Will your child be treated as an individual, or will he be cramped into a set form? Some children are timid, exclusive, and dependent; others are aggressive, independent, and ready mixers. Some are expert in sports, others in dramatics. Will the boy have the opportunity to do what he likes, or will his program be strictly mapped out for him?

5. Will your child gain new interest in the out-of-doors? Many camps are no more than summer resorts. The boy should learn the thrill of exploring woods or lakes; of taking care of himself on canoe trips, hikes, or fishing trips. He should experience the emotions that come from contact with flowers, mountains, trees. He should learn to feel at home with Nature—a kinship the city dweller usually loses.

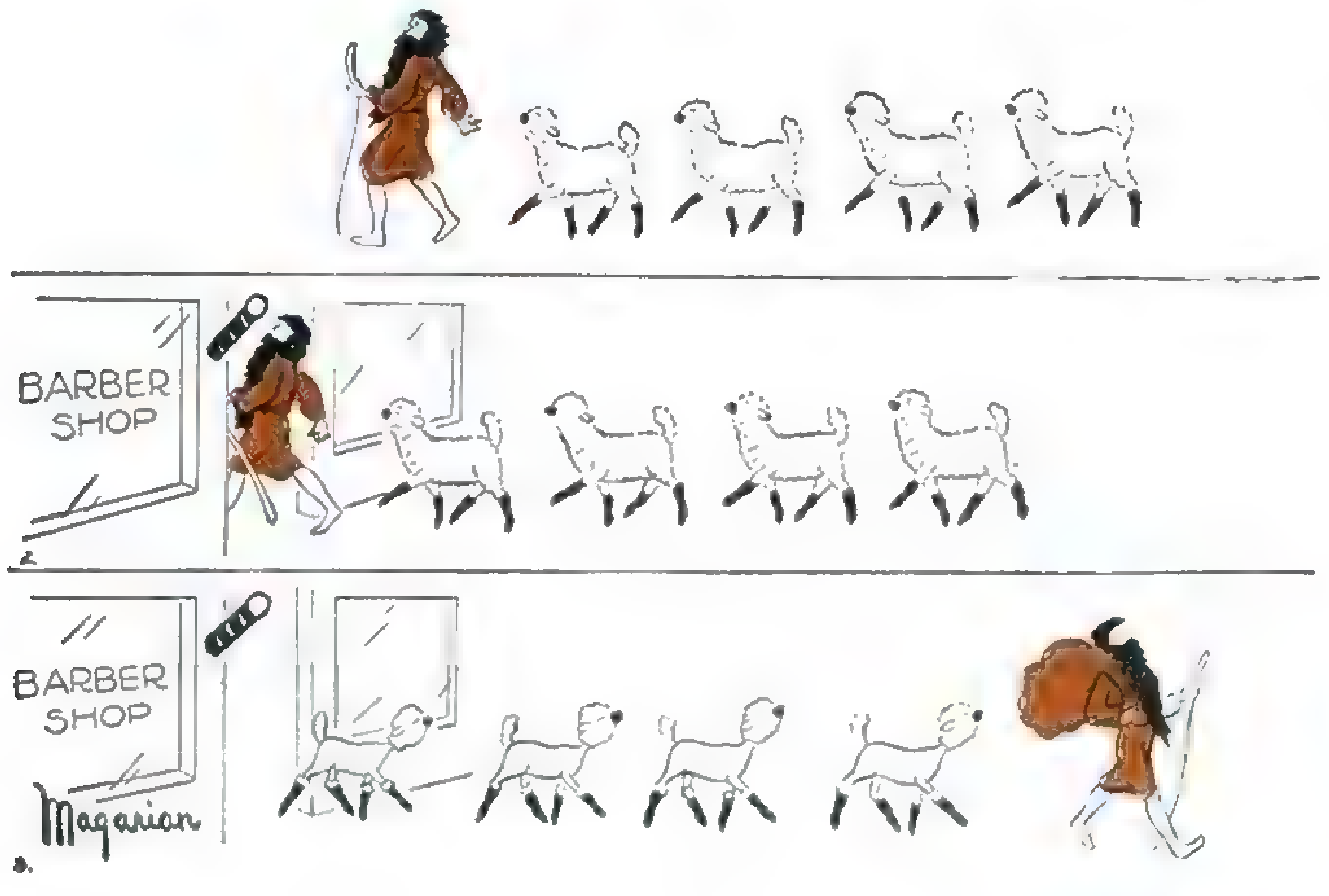
6. Consider the spiritual aspects of the camp. By this I do not mean its formal religious activities, but its spirit. Is it a happy, joyous community? What are the ideals of the director? Does he realize that the experiences these boys have under his care will influence them the rest of their lives?

Parents should realize that sending a child to summer camp is an experience for himself as well as the child. It is the first step in a separation that must day by day grow wider. Choosing the camp is not the parents' only responsibility—allowing the camp experience to flower and grow is also his job.

A mother who had sent her six-year-old son to camp became nervous after a week of his absence and hurried to the camp to find out how he was getting along. When she saw him she rushed up to fondle and caress him.

The little boy drew back from her, and straightforwardly informed her: "We big boys in camp don't kiss our mothers!"

The poor woman was shocked, but later she was able to smile, perhaps partly at herself. For the camp was fulfilling its job—her little boy was already on his way to becoming a man. ⌗



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RECIPE

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1 cup port wine
½ cup raisins
½ cup fine sliced orange peel
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon flour
½ cup water

Mix port, raisins, peel and salt. Add paste of flour and water. Cook in saucepan over low heat, stir until thickened. Yield: two cups.

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A flair for flavor and care in preparation—these are the "ingredients" in the fine Southern foods for which White's is famous. Skill and care—the same two qualities—make Goebel Beer famous for its distinctive taste. Treat yourself to Goebel. We're sure you'll agree you've never tasted finer beer. Goebel Brewing Company, Detroit, Michigan

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Listen for the Depth Charge

Continued from page 51

room. The tour is a bewildering exhibit of machinery and instruments, with the normal everyday utensils of living tucked in among them. Bunks lie under, over, and beside torpedo racks. A cook is baking cherry pies in an oven sandwiched into a mass of radio apparatus. There are bunks over and under the crew's mess table.

The inspection trip ends when we crawl on hands and knees through a hatch into the main battery tank, where the ceiling is just twenty-six inches from the floor. "Don't touch any of the metal on either side of the catwalk because it's all charged," warns McGrath. We sit very still. The catwalk is just fourteen inches wide.

After a quick visit to the bridge, from which our escort now is visible through hard driving rain, we return to the wardroom to talk to McGrath and Connole, and to wait for the first dive. The clock shows 9:10 . . .

9:30 . . . The messboy brings us coffee. We've argued our way through the war and have reached the subject closest to us: what we would do if we were home.

9:32 . . . As McGrath begins an elaborate, step by step narration of what he's going to do his first day in the States, the granddaddy of all automobile klaxons blasts twice through the ship. Dive! Chairs go over as the officers lunge for the control room. As we follow, Thomas' voice comes over the speaker: "Battle stations submerged . . . forward to the torpedo room . . . this will be a practice run . . . fire one slug . . . disengage."

9:33 . . . The red lights blink out on the "Christmas tree" and are replaced by green. The "tree" is the control board which indicates whether outside valves and hatches are open or closed. If a red light stays red during a dive another *Squalus* disaster is in the making.

9:34 . . . Surprisingly, the depth indicator shows 50 feet. No sensation of submerging. Diesels off, the ship slides silently along on her batteries. No rolling now; she's as steady as a rock. There is no strain on the faces of these officers and men in the control room. This is a routine ingrained in them during months in enemy waters, when the slightest error meant death. Intently they study the dials . . . Depth? . . . Angle? . . . Speed? . . .

9:35 . . . Pleatman's voice booms over the speaker: "Forward room, get tubes ready for firing . . . after room, get tubes ready for firing." Immediately Thomas speaks again from the conning tower: "Stand by for a setup . . . up periscope . . . mark bearing . . . mark range . . . down periscope . . . give that angle on the bow 70 degrees starboard."

9:36 . . . McGrath, standing behind the enlisted men handling the bow and stern plane controls, speaks over his shoulder to a seaman, "After trim, Packard?" I watch a white-haired, bespectacled man turn four valves in response. He is Chief Motor Machinist's Mate Edwin Packard, fifty years old, twenty-seven years in the Navy, twenty years in submarines. His home is in Springfield, Massachusetts.

9:39 . . . Thomas' voice: "Fire one . . . fire two . . . fire three." The raider shivers slightly as 2,700 pounds of water blasts from each tube, theoretical "torpedoes" on their way toward the destroyer. Immediately the klaxon blasts three times, the signal to surface. The dying-cat screams of the low pressure blowers emptying the main tanks begin. Twenty seconds later we surface and "crack the hatch." McGrath drones over the speaker: "Report to the bridge we're riding the vents . . . main induction valve open . . . bow planes rigged in . . . ship rigged for a dive."

9:42 . . . Thomas' bronzed face is happy. Computation has shown that all three "torpedoes" would have found their mark, 1,400 yards away at the moment they were fired.

The bridge is as uncomfortable as before. Rain spatters our oilskins like BB shot, and seawater from the dive drains dismally through the scuppers. Through the murk the destroyer flashes congratulations on her blinker as she slashes across our bow a thousand yards away. Four lookouts take their stations, one for each 90 degrees of the horizon. This may be a practice for us, but Jap submarines like to practice, too. And the torpedoes they would use on us, given half a chance to sneak up on us, would not have quotation marks around them. We go below.

Thomas is talking with an Army observer as we re-enter the wardroom. His words seem to sum up this undersea business pretty well.

"Submarining," he says, "is a lot like football. My crew is a sixty-five-man team, on which every man must play his part, exactly and at a given moment. The difference is that if a man fumbles we lose lives, not yardage. So we don't fumble."

They are of the breed of tough Mike Fenno, with his Navy Cross and Gold Star, who sneaked the gold from Corregidor in his submarine and stopped on the way out to raise hell with a Jap convoy. Or Lieut. Comdr. Creed Burlingame, who tried to sneak his sub away when found by a heavily armed Jap patrol vessel. But when one of his machine gunners was killed beside him, Burlingame got mad, spun his ship on a dime, and went in and sunk the Jap.

Or equally tough Lieut. Comdr. Bill Brockman. Brockman likes his cigarette and always has been irked that the need for complete blackout prevents his smoking on

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the bridge at night when his sub is surfaced. Recently he was on the surface close off the Japanese coast, picking away at a Nip convoy, when a shore battery of big coastal guns opened up on him. The bursting shells lit up the sea like day so . . . "What the hell!" . . . Brockman had his cigarette while he finished working over the convoy.

At 11:35 a.m. word is passed through the submarine that the destroyer has reached position for the second phase of the problem, the depth charging. We catch a glimpse of her from the bridge as she appears over the horizon, then we go below for the test.

11:51 . . . Klaxon blasts the dive signal. Thomas' voice comes over the speaker: "Battle stations submerged . . . open the bulkhead stops and circulate the air . . . open all vents." The lights on the "Christmas tree" change again from red to green, the racket of the diesels dies away, and we sink slowly and silently beneath the surface. I look at the dot on the chart which marks our position; the water here is 670 feet deep. McGrath sees me looking and grins.

11:54 . . . Thomas: "Rig for depth charge attack . . . rig for depth charge attack." The steering is shifted below to the main control room and the conning tower, as the weakest part of the ship, is abandoned and sealed off.

11:56 . . . Getting hot, oppressive. Notice slight pressure on ear drums. Depth indicator shows 51 feet. Thomas is at the periscope, sweeping the sea in a 360-degree circle. Connole at the plotting board impatiently wipes perspiration from his eyes. McGrath concentrates on dials and gauges. I watch Chief Motor Machinist's Mate Packard. He still looks bored.

11:57 . . . Get first chance at periscope. The destroyer is smashing directly toward us, taking green ocean over her bow. Fifteen hundred yards away. Water engulfs the periscope as we sink farther.

12 . . . McGrath takes time from his gauges to tell me the depth charge will be fired any minute now. Says to listen carefully for it. "It's going to be (——) yards away, so you might not hear it if you don't listen," he cautions. I listen, expecting I don't know what . . . something like a pin drop, I suppose.

12:03 . . . Listening. No pin drop yet.

12:07 . . . Still listening. No pin drop yet.

12:10 . . . Still listening. No pin . . . WHAM! The raider reverberates deafeningly as a giant hammer crashes against her metal hull. A sickening swooooosh of water seems to come right through her plates. Light fixtures tremble, rulers and pencils fly from the plotting table, a plate shatters on the floor in the wardroom. The submarine shudders in the undersea turmoil of the blast, recovers, and moves on.

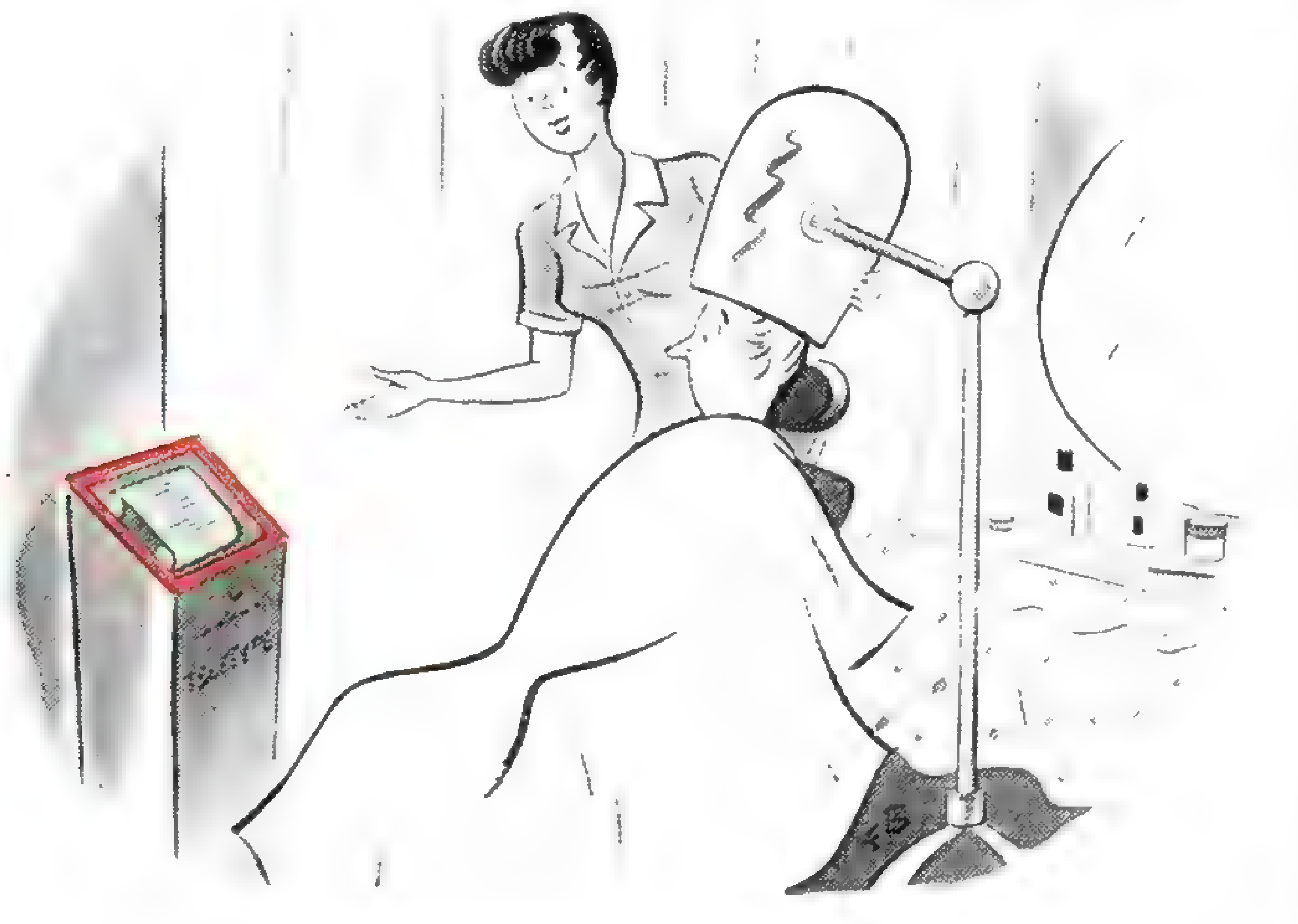
Shaken by the unexpected ferocity of the blast, I glare resentfully at McGrath, with his talk of listening so I wouldn't miss it. He's laughing, so are Thomas and Connole. The greenhorn has paid, as usual.

It is obvious that both officers and men have enjoyed the explosion. To them it was like fireworks, loud but safe. They've had too many of another kind, lying still and silent on the bottom while light bulbs smash overhead and cork insulation jars down about them. Wondering if the next one will be . . . IT!

12:15 . . . Thomas speaks: "Secure from depth charge attack . . . full stop on all engines." The annunciator clangs, shifts from Ahead Two-Thirds to Stop. We drift without sound, sinking gradually as we lose way . . . 77 feet . . . 80 . . . 82 . . .

Again Thomas' calm voice comes over the speaker: "We are going down to (——) feet . . . all departments check carefully for leaks . . . all engines ahead one-third . . . all ahead two-thirds." The muffled whir of the electrics begins again. This time there are no jokes; the greenhorns are forgotten. We are going down where the water is black and chill, where no ray of sun has ever penetrated. Where every square foot of our hull must bear a pressure of

Continued on page 166



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MORE PLEASURE MILES, LESS FOOT EFFORT

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The WESTBURY

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Listen for the Depth Charge

Continued from pages 51-165

(——) pounds, or else.

12:17 . . . I watch the few instruments I understand. The depth indicator needle creeps across its dial . . . 90 feet . . . 95 . . . 100 . . . As we reach a hundred feet the annunciator bell clangs again as Thomas shifts the speed to All Ahead Full. Full speed ahead, running blind at 100 feet. What would happen if we hit another submarine, a coral reef.

12:19 . . . (——) feet. A stream of seawater thick as a pencil finds its way through the packing of the periscope housing and hits the floor of the control room like a liquid bullet, (——) pounds of pressure behind it. No one pays any attention to it. The stream is thumb-thick. McGrath finally turns from his dials, glances at it, slides a pail under it, and returns to his dials. "Doesn't mean a thing," he assures us. "Why during a real patrol we've often had water ankle deep here in the control room from depth chargings and deep dives."

12:21 . . . (——) feet. . . . The raider's bow, held down during the dive by the forward planes, comes up and she slides silently forward at full speed submerged. There is (——) feet of ocean over us, yet this control room might be an office ashore except for the heat and thick air. Thomas picks up a telephone and receives reports from the other departments. In an annoyed voice he announces there is a leak around the after capstan shaft, and another "sizable" one over the number four engine. Nobody seems worried, just irked. This will delay their departure on patrol.

12:31 . . . We've waited ten minutes at (——) feet, alternately charging forward at full speed, then drifting. Once the destroyer rackets over us like an elevated train. No more leaks develop, so presently the klaxon sounds its triple blast, the low pressure blowers take up their scream, the bow tilts up as the forward planes bite into the sea, and we rise. Two minutes later we break water, and a sailor unlocks the conning tower hatch and goes up like a monkey to the bridge. His first words indicate how much a (——) foot leak test and a depth charging affect this crew.

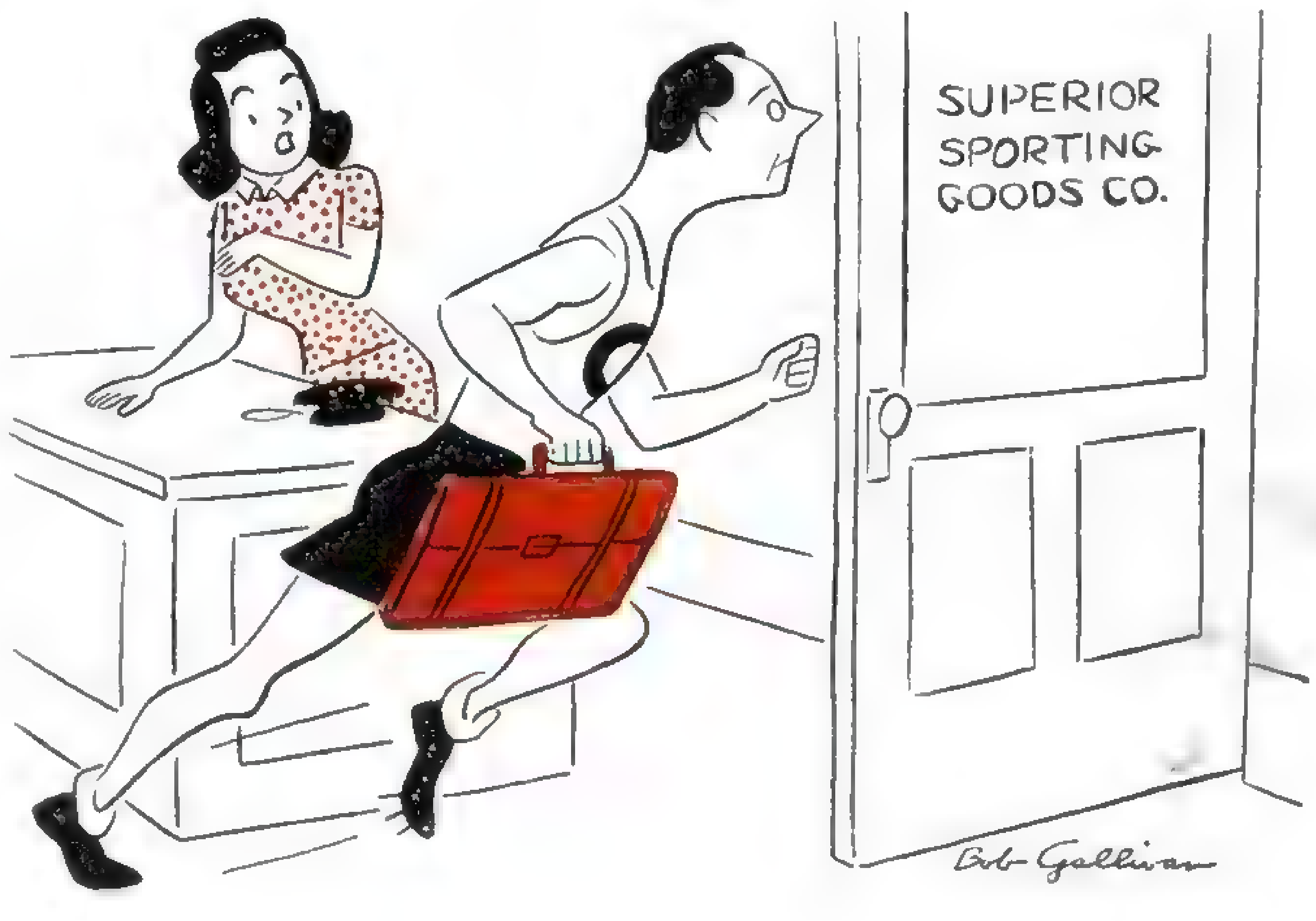
"Hell, it's still raining," he says.

Postscript: A few days after this story was written we went to a heavily guarded dock before dawn to say goodbye to the .... . and her crew. We made a last quick tour through her. Her leaks had been stopped, her fuel tanks filled. There were no empty torpedo tubes this time; every one had a live load. Spares crowded both torpedo rooms. Belt ammunition for her machine guns and shells for her heavier caliber deck gun crowded the tiny office of the yeoman who had taken our names. Spare boxes of breakfast food, overflow from the food storage bins, were jammed between the ventilation pipes at the tops of the corridors. Sheets, blankets, and first-aid equipment were packed into a tiny closet which could be entered only through the officers' shower. It was going to be a long patrol.

Saying goodbye was awkward. We were all embarrassed. Men cannot find the right words for a moment like that. As the hawsers were cast off, McGrath on the deck reached out and shook our hands in his immense fist. "Well, boys, save us a beer for when we come back," he said. As he stood watching us, the raider moved out with the same lack of fuss, turned on her heel, and was gone. In a few minutes she was out of sight.

That's the submarine navy. Their patrol will take them for weeks or months into the most dangerous Japanese waters. When not the hunter they'll be hunted themselves, natural prey of every Jap patrol vessel and plane. Death will ride with them always, waiting for the right Jap depth charge to fall, waiting for an overtense, overtired boy of 20 to pull the wrong lever just once in a fast dive.

"Save us a beer, for when we come back!" ##



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War-Time Kentucky Derby

Continued from page 54

magazine shows—it is not a superhuman feat to avoid going on a lemon or a total bust or to point out a colt that will finish close by, even if not dead on the front end.

As basis for a realistic analysis of Derby aspirants, one need only take a coldly factual view of two-year-old racing in any year. The juveniles, after January 1, begin to perform on the winter tracks at the extremely abbreviated distances of two and three furlongs, one quarter and three-eighths of a mile.

This sort of racing, which tests only ability to break fast and to develop maximum speed quickly, throws into prominence as winners a group of colts and fillies that can do supremely well just what they have been asked to do—get going quickly and keep it up for a short distance and a few seconds. But as the season advances, as horses move north into Maryland, New York, Illinois and New England, and as the distances of races for two-year-olds are extended to four, four and a half, five and five and a half furlongs, the contests begin to test something more than mere ability to break fast and develop and maintain speed for a few rods.

Even the more extended short sprints begin to test, to a certain extent, the intrinsic class of the entrants. And intrinsic class, to put it quite roughly but about as well as it can be put, means speed plus gameness and consistent honesty of performance. With the importance of the bare start and of ability to get in stride quickly diminished by the longer distances, a new group of frequent winners in good-class races begins to emerge, normally containing none of those that were among the leaders of the two and three-furlong specialists. And a good many of the new leaders at four, four and a half, five and five and a half furlongs in May, June and July fail to show much when asked to go six furlongs, three-quarters of a mile, in top-class company.

In other words, every material increase of distance is significant in relation to the modern horse. Just as the first group of two-year-old leaders from Winter racing are displaced by a second group of leaders in Spring and early Summer when distances are somewhat extended, so also are the latter leaders normally displaced by a new group in mid-Summer, when distances are stretched again to six and six and a half furlongs, particularly at Saratoga.

And then in the Fall, after the six and a half furlong Belmont Futurity, come stakes like the Champagne and Pimlico Futurity, where two-year-olds for the first time are asked to go something like a distance, and where a real champion over routes the next year at three and later at four may begin to offer definite and concrete evidence of the magnificent stuff that is in him. This Count Fleet did in the Fall of 1942 just as Challedon did in the Autumn of 1938 by winning the New England, Maryland and Pimlico Futurities within a brief space of time.

Frequently colts apparently of top class, like Devil's Thumb in 1942, will be retired for their two-year-old season without being asked to compete in the Fall at distances of a mile or more. If that is the case, in endeavoring to judge them as potential route-horses for the great three-year-old classics the next year, one can go only on general manner of performance in sprints, and—a somewhat fallible reliance—on breeding.

Count Fleet is bred to go a distance, but far more important than that endorsement of his chances at Churchill Downs are his splendid performances over middle distances in October and November of 1942 and his tenacious manner of racing in sprints from his very first start. Several times he ran second to another horse, but he never faltered or quit, no matter what the pressure of pace or weight, and he always was closing fast at the end.

The colt is certain to open in the future or Winter books on the Derby as one of the shortest priced long-range choices for the race ever recorded.

As a mere matter of betting technique, I would prefer to await the day of the race and take his actual price then, because something may pop out of winter racing, out of the Chesapeake Stakes or out of the Wood Memorial that some players may fancy to have a chance against the Reigh Count colt. That, of course, would tend to improve his price. But fair price or short price, bet or no bet, I can't get away from this colt as the probable winner, possibly by lengths, possibly in a driving finish against some spring development that really will test his mettle. And we know—which is really the whole point—that in the case of Count Fleet the mettle is there.

At this writing—about the first of December—I understand that the Count will not be raced during the Winter but will be turned out at the farm in Kentucky to rough it and grow, and in the early Spring will get his preliminary training at Hot Springs, Arkansas. That is as it should be. The owner of a potentially great colt owes it to the racing public to give him a chance to develop between two and three without risking his development and soundness before the important Spring and Summer classics that really count because all the good colts and fillies are in them. There is not one sporting owner in the country who would not rather win a single Derby, Preakness or Belmont than a dozen Flamingo Stakes. ##

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Spin the Wheel and Win

Continued from page 31

accused of "throwing" prizes. Even in the most honest of drawings, queer things had been known to happen. Back in 1772, highly reputable Harvard College held a lottery with which to raise funds to build Stoughton Hall, had invested $2,000 of its own funds in the chances and had realized from the sale of tickets a tidy sum. Then Harvard had held the drawing and, unquestionably to its own amazement, itself had won the capital prize of $10,000.

Harvard, of course, remained above reproach. But about these lotteries operated by managers and agents, the public was beginning, with reason, to wonder. In particular the public began to look askance at this thing called policy. For here was something that toiled not nor spun, whose proceeds went not to state or city, but to the bank accounts of private individuals ingenious enough to invent it and carry it on.

But from 1820, which marked the debut of the promoter, until lotteries were outlawed in northeastern states, ticket-sales boomed. It was that momentum that gave impulse, in Louisiana, to what has been called "the most colossal private speculative enterprise in the history of the world."

By Act 25 of 1868, the Louisiana legislature granted a charter to the State Lottery Company which gave the corporation a monopoly on the sales of tickets within the state, in return for which the tax-exempt corporation would pay the state $40,000 a year for twenty-five years. There, the Magnolia State started something that was to deal in hundreds of millions of dollars and to guide Louisiana politics for nearly a quarter-century.

At its height the Louisiana Lottery held two drawings daily at 4 p.m. at St. Charles and Union Streets in New Orleans—supervised by Generals Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard and Jubal Anderson Early, late of the Confederates.

With the world as its market, the Louisiana Lottery went after business. Years before direct mail became an institution, it sent out 6,000,000 mailing pieces a year and spent $120,000 for postage.

It paid its shareholders handsomely—110 per cent in 1887, 120 per cent in '88, 170 per cent in '89, 125 per cent in 1890. Uninhibited except by the standards of the two fine soldiers who supervised its drawings, the Louisiana Lottery eventually became involved in free-for-all brawling, with echoes across the continent.

Congress heard and cocked an eyebrow. In Louisiana, itself, despite the $40,000 that yearly popped into the state treasury, there rose grumblings at the lottery's thumping returns to its owners and the bad name the lawsuits were earning for Louisiana. The state had recovered, financially. The carpetbaggers had fled. Louisiana moved toward completion of her housecleaning.

Alarmed, the lottery company said to the state, in effect: "Let's talk this over. Would you feel better if we upped our yearly payment to the state treasury—from the $40,000 where it now stands to a half-million?" The state said no.

The lottery company said, "Well, let's not quibble! How about a million?" Still the state said no.

In 1890, Congress moved to localize state lotteries by forbidding the mailing of lottery advertising and lottery tickets; and in 1892, Louisiana outlawed lotteries and officially the Louisiana Lottery gave up the ghost.

As the states discovered, competitive lotteries, all running at once, not only defeat their own purposes, but also bring the lottery idea into disrepute. The answer would be *one* nationwide lottery conducted for *one* purpose.

It was a mistake for the states to enter partnerships with promoters. The answer to that would be Federal administration, with the law framed to forbid, under penalty, sharing of lottery income with promoters, middlemen, or private persons of any kind.

As Louisiana learned, it was a mistake to foster a private lottery with part of the proceeds going to shareholders and a part to the public treasury. The answer would be a Federal lottery, run by the Government and unrelated to private enterprise.

In 1934 Congress considered a bill to authorize the Veterans' Administration, with the approval of the President, to conduct lotteries to be administered by the Post Office Department to raise funds not exceeding $1,000,000,000 in any one year. Although, in committee hearings, the bill was supported by cogent arguments, the reason for its failure to pass was, I believe, the limited scope of its purpose.

Today we are engaged in a global war whose winning will tax our national might. We are united in a purpose broader and deeper than any we've known since our nation's beginnings. We have embarked upon an enterprise that, if we pay for it by conventional means, must be paid for in toil and sweat unremitting. Thus far we are *not* paying our way!

Last December, a Federal lottery plan was publicly proposed by Harry Straus, of Baltimore. He proposed that, out of every $50,000,000 of Federal bonds sold, $1,000,000 be awarded lucky holders chosen by lot at the end of one year, and all bonds payable at par after eight or ten years.

Under the stress of World Wars I and II, certain of our moral concepts have undergone change. Specifically, we accepted without question the setting up of our nation's biggest lottery of all—the Selective Service system.

A Federal war-fund lottery could be quite simple. Ignoring the method by which the winning

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numbers would be established, such a proposal is best visualized in "units." Assume that a unit is 1,000,000 tickets, to be sold at $5.00 each. The million tickets' sale would bring to the Government $5,000,000. Interest at 2 per cent (less than the rate the Government is paying on the present series of War Bonds) on $5,000,000 for five years is $500,000. For each 1,000,000-ticket unit, this $500,000 would be set aside for the prizes to be paid in the present-series bonds. The plan would provide that the counterfoil of every ticket—the receipt stub—could be cashed with the Government at its face value ($5.00) any time after five years from the date of purchase. While the ticket-purchaser would hazard his principal not at all, the Government, at a cost of 2 per cent would have, for five years, the use of $5,000,000. (The tickets, redeemable at par, would be non-interest bearing.)

Having looked into history and observed the curious antics that morality, when confronted by a wheel of fortune, goes through, I am mystified. But it does seem that those who have objected to lotteries in the past because a lottery was a form of gambling, would approve a lottery in which nobody loses, nobody's family goes without bread, and nobody's baby without shoes.

Now let's take the million-ticket unit and expand it. Assume that postoffices, banks, and other authorized outlets would sell 20,000,000 Federal-lottery tickets a day. Twenty million tickets would pour into the Federal Treasury $100,000,000; and that, multiplied by 300 (the working days of a year) would yield an annual aggregate of $30,000,000,000. That figure, besides representing a right potent help to our needy Government, approaches the difference between the spendability of our people under a war economy and our national income—a margin that, to avoid inflation, must be neutralized.

Though redeemable after five years, the ticket-counterfoils, duly registered in the purchasers' names, would be non-negotiable. Hence they could not circulate as money and increase inflation. To sum up the advantages:

1. Such a plan would help the Government—and help it *now*—finance the war.
2. It would fight inflation.
3. It would guard—Government and ticket-buyers against loss.
4. By providing for the redemption of counterfoils after five years—for the holders' convenience, the counterfoils could be converted into non-interest-bearing bonds—it would set up a new inducement to the people to save.
5. It would broaden, tremendously, the public's financial participation in the war effort.
6. With the inducement of great potential gain, it would enable us to help pay for the war, deriving some excitement in the process. And in these times—a little fun won't hurt us. ###

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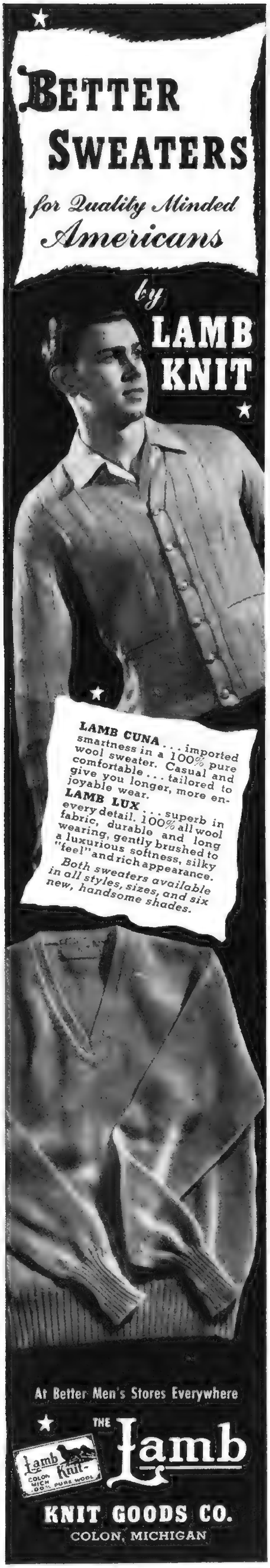

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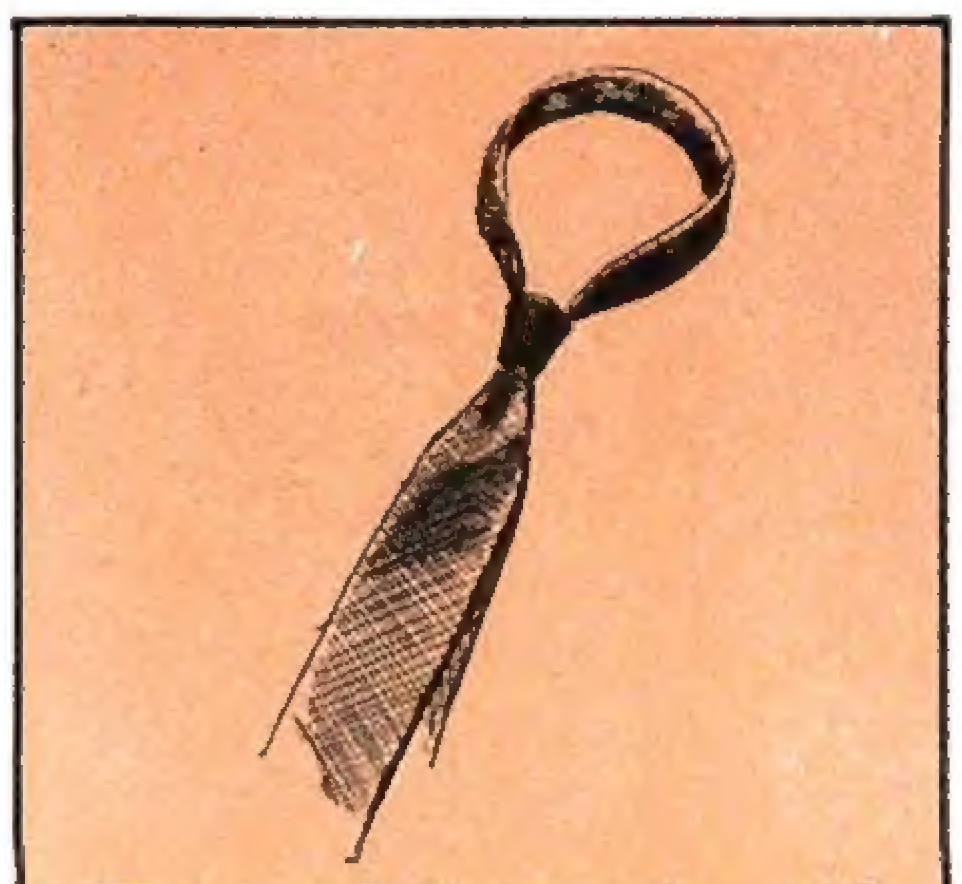
Simplicity's Godchild

Continued from page 77

full range of the studio floor. The microphone stand hampered its maneueverability. Again Eddy turned things upside down—this time to develop a new sound pick-up system.

While having a tooth filled, Eddy observed the arm which carried the dentist's drill. He got up with the towel around his neck and studied the drill machinery. That afternoon he drew up the first design for a ceiling-suspended boom that enabled the mike to reach all corners of the studio and still not interfere with the camera. The dentist completed the filling when Eddy returned two weeks later in search of another idea.



The mufti-knot tie with knot of one shade and apron or end of another makes neckwear news. Color combination, blue knot, maroon end.

With this ability to create inventions during his working hours Eddy thought it needless to push a mower through the grass surrounding his country home. After obtaining an old mechanical lawn cutter that had not worked for twenty years, he borrowed a knife and salad plate from his wife's kitchen and then bought a battery and coil from a junk yard. While neighbors stared, bulb-eyed in amazement, he fastened the battery and coil on the salad plate, used the knife in a magneto-spark arrangement and started the decrepit machine. He came to grief only when he got tired of having to walk behind this contraption to steer it. He fitted out a seat for himself on the mower, devised a steering gear and then climbed aboard. Forgotten, however, was a means of turning off the motor while he was in his perch. Realizing that he couldn't get off as long as the machine was in operation, he stuck grimly to the steering wheel until a sudden bump in the terrain threw the mower out of control. Then it zoomed and zagged about the lawn, utterly guillotining a bed of zinnias and finally stopping when it tried to knock over the house. Eddy's been pushing a hand mower ever since.

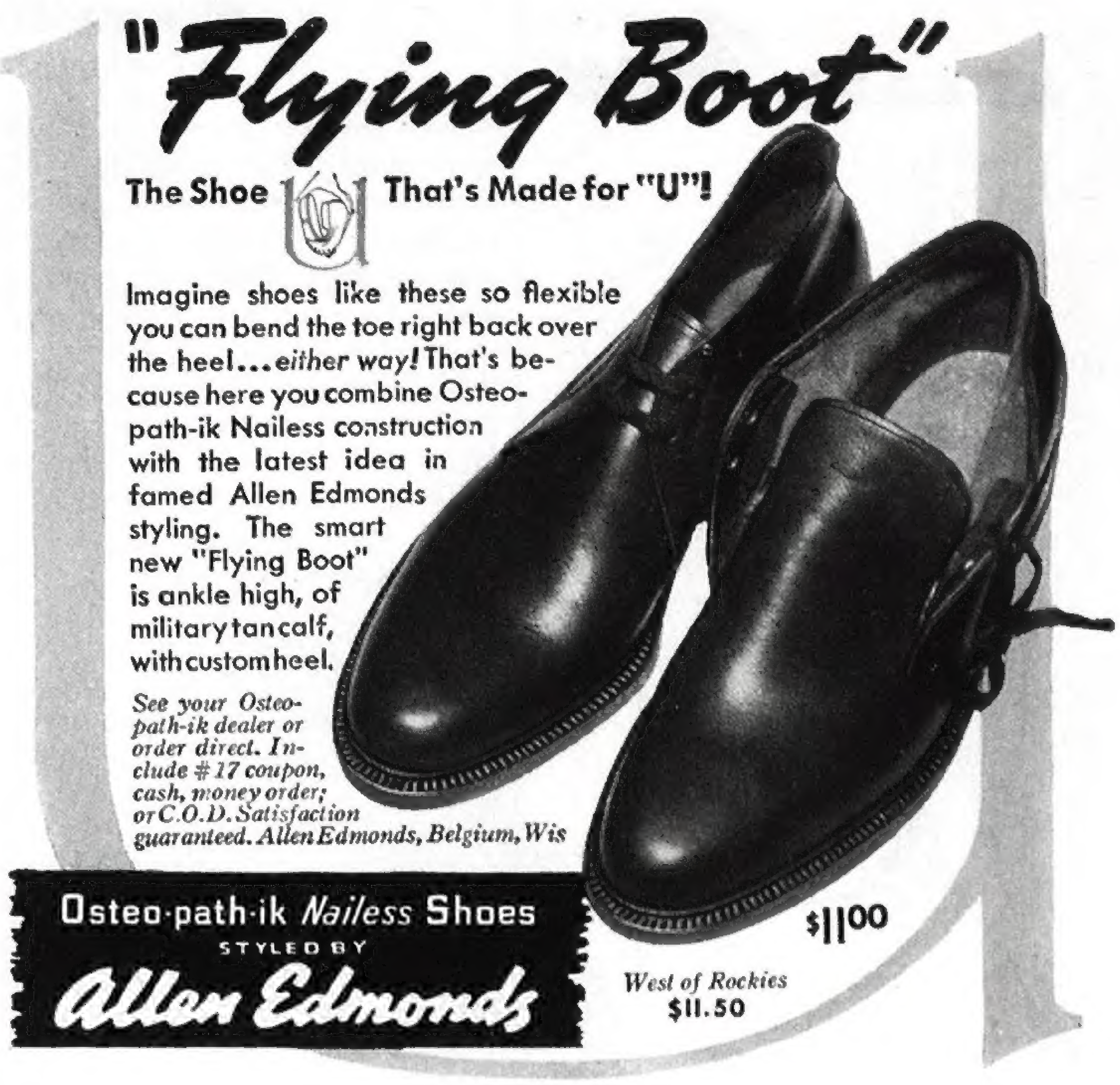
While creating RCA's sight effects, Eddy's unrepressed humor frequently broke out. On one set, scheduled to be used shortly before a station announcement was made, he had a theatre billboard read—"Coming soon: Announcer Joseph Conn and his station break." He proposed a series of citations such as: For air-conditioning men "who, unlike other departments of NBC, purvey both cold and hot air"; For television studio guides—"The gold braid and plush carpet phase of radio"; For engineers—"The Buck Rogers squad"; And for announcers—"Virtuosos of the polysyllabic delivery, maestros of the tri-tonic chimes."

Eddy brought television some of its most professional set construction. Utilizing miniatures in the same way that Hollywood does, he staged the bombing of a mountain valley by having dust blown out of a hole in the tiny replica of the mountain scene. Sponges, he found, made excellent trees when dyed green, and iron filings, kitchen matches, mouse traps, corn flakes and plaster of paris all became useful in his work. Once, in a drama, the television camera was supposed to go from a character looking at a book case to a book falling off the shelf. In rehearsals Eddy's mechanism of having a wire tilt the book off worked perfectly but when the play was on the air, it failed to accomplish its purpose. The camera went as per schedule: from the actor to the book, to the actor, and then back to the book. When the camera returned a second time to the book a hairy hand was seen reaching out from the shelf to knock it over. The hand was Eddy's; he hadn't realized how quickly the camera would swing back to the book. Eddy was so skillful in miniature set construction that a group of Boy Scouts asked him to speak at one of their camp meetings. One Scout asked how Eddy had prepared for his RCA job. "Can I do it, too?" asked the inquisitive Scout. "Sure," answered Eddy, "just know nothing, but be sure you you know lots of nothing. I know nothing about art, electricity, mechanics, optics and chemistry, but I use them all the time." While the Scouts pondered this one over, Eddy borrowed a knife and carved out a few standard Scout contraptions, such as the ball in the cage.

While all these inventions were materially responsible in bringing the television industry from childhood into adolescence, Eddy's most important creation from a national point of view now is something that is basically frustrating to him. In an hour of crisis—after the Pearl Harbor infamy—he suggested a method of screening applicants for radio technician ratings in the Navy, producing and administering the well-known "Eddy" test. His solution, however, is frustrating because it is unpatentable now. Having thus cracked one of the threatening bottlenecks in the procurement problem, the "Eddy" recruiting test remains a Navy secret. "And after the war it won't be worth patenting," he says, sadly.

Part of the test's amazing effi-

Continued on page 172



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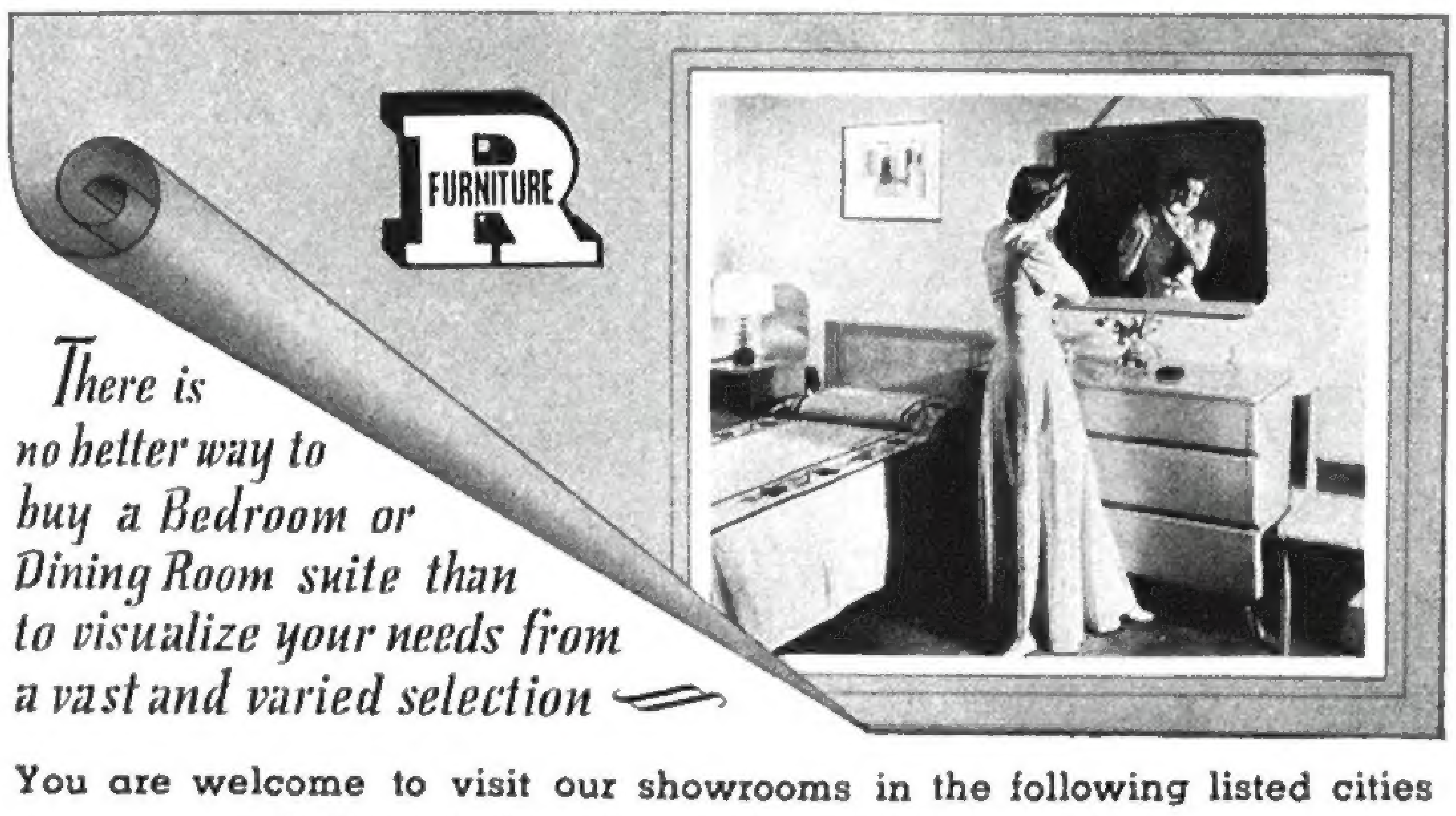

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Simplicity's Godchild

Continued from pages 77-171

ciency can be traced to Eddy's work in ultra-high frequency technique while directing television station W9XBK in Chicago. This station, utilizing the same type of waves used in the new plane-spotting devices, was put together by Eddy almost piece by piece, block by block. Starting from scratch after leaving RCA, he uses his skill in improvising devices to build with pennies what had formerly cost thousands.

"Time and again he'd come over here," reminisces John Balaban, president of the chain that owns W9XBK, "and say he needed more money. I told him we didn't have it and then he'd go back to the station. A few days later he'd call me over—and there, so help me, was the thing he had wanted to buy. In just a few days' work he could make anything he could not pay for with our budget." The station needed a certain type of camera which was unavailable to Eddy, both because of its 20,000-dollar cost and because priorities had stopped production of it. Eddy's first action was to take an old style "jeep" camera and turn it bottom side up. He made a new covering for it, and suspended it with wire, hooks, screens and poles. The resulting device was just as effective as if he had purchased one of the 20,000-dollar models. He equipped a mobile sound truck for his station, patented a lens adjustment system and proved that motors in various locations could be synchronized with one of his devices. Balaban, a quiet man ordinarily, is extremely talkative about Eddy. "What?" he says, "you saw Eddy first and then you talk to me? That's poor showmanship, my boy, just poor showmanship. If I have Bing Crosby in a stage show do I open the show with Bing and close with a juggler? Not on your life. I open with the juggler and smash through at the finish with ol' man Crosby. Same thing applies to you. I'm the juggler and Eddy's the star. You saw him first. Now I'm just an anticlimax."

When somebody reminds Eddy that he has come a long way since leaving the Navy he is quick to point out that he started in television by digging a gas main for the Farnsworth Laboratory in Philadelphia. After being retired, Eddy took a Civil Service examination in 1934, and was qualified as a radio engineer with an annual salary of 4,600 dollars. He never got to Washington, however, because in Philadelphia he met Philo Farnsworth. When Eddy saw the garage "laboratory" in which Farnsworth hoped to develop television, he shelved the government offer. After digging a ditch for the gas pipe to the lab he graduated to machinist, receiver designer, and eventually program director, obtaining patents for superimposition of optical images and improvements in cold cathode oscillating circuits. He started writing magazine articles, one of which attracted the attention of RCA's officials, who offered him a job. He took it and moved his wife and three children from the Main Line to their Port Washington home. This was the same wife he had married in the middle of a Chinese revolution in 1927. She was also the same woman who on seeing the lanky Eddy in a newsreel before she knew him, remarked to a friend, "Whew! How'd you like to reach up that long-legged guy and kiss him good night?" ╫

Esquire on the Record

CAMPUS CHOICE

Favorite records of down-beat fans from four campuses are shown in this chart, which ranks the top tunes in the order of their popularity as shown by our point system. Figures indicate the relative favoritism for each song at the various colleges. Bradford Junior College figures came from Ye Lantern Shoppe of Bradford, Mass.; Pomona's from the Academy Music Co. of Los Angeles, Calif.; Beloit's from the Music Record Shop of Beloit, Wis.; and Oregon State's from the Kienle Music Co. of Corvallis, Ore.	BRADFORD JUNIOR COLLEGE	POMONA COLLEGE	BELOIT COLLEGE	OREGON STATE COLLEGE
Moonlight Becomes You (Victor 20-1520 with Glenn Miller)	1		6	6
There Are Such Things (Victor 27974 with Tommy Dorsey)		1	4	
Serenade in Blue (Victor 27935 with Glenn Miller)		6	1	
I Had the Craziest Dream (Columbia 36659 with Harry James)	2	4	3	4
Mister Five by Five (Columbia 36650 with Harry James) (Capital 115 with Fred Slack)		3	2	
Why Don't You Do That Right (Columbia 36652 with Benny Goodman)	4	2		
Moonlight Mood (Victor 20-1520 with Glenn Miller)				1
Stardust (Victor 27520 with Tommy Dorsey)				2
Begin the Beguine (Bluebird 7746 with Artie Shaw)				3
Dearly Beloved (Victor 27970 with Dinah Shore)		5		
At Last (Victor 27934 with Glenn Miller)			5	
Brazil (Columbia 36651 with Xavier Cugat)				5

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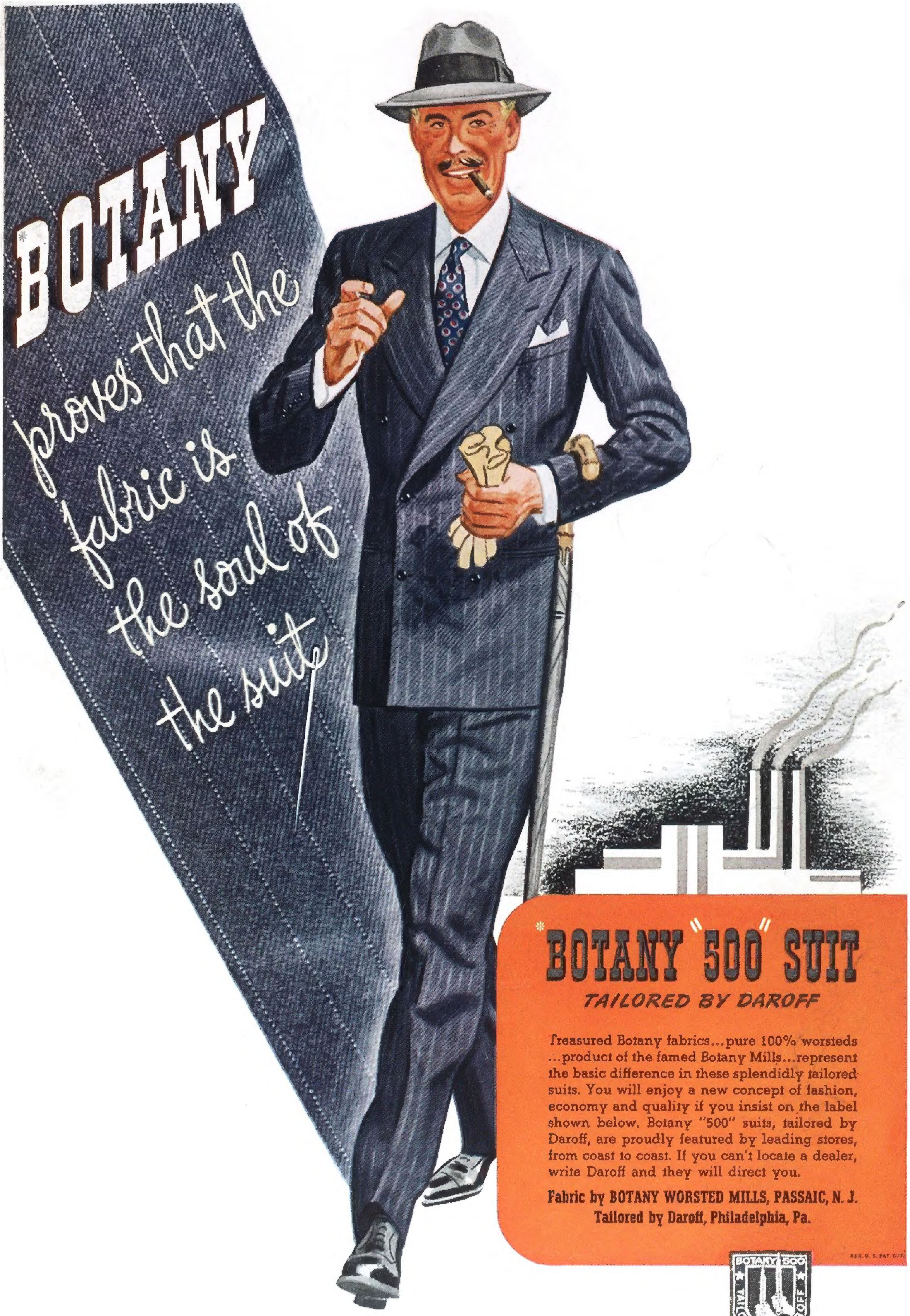
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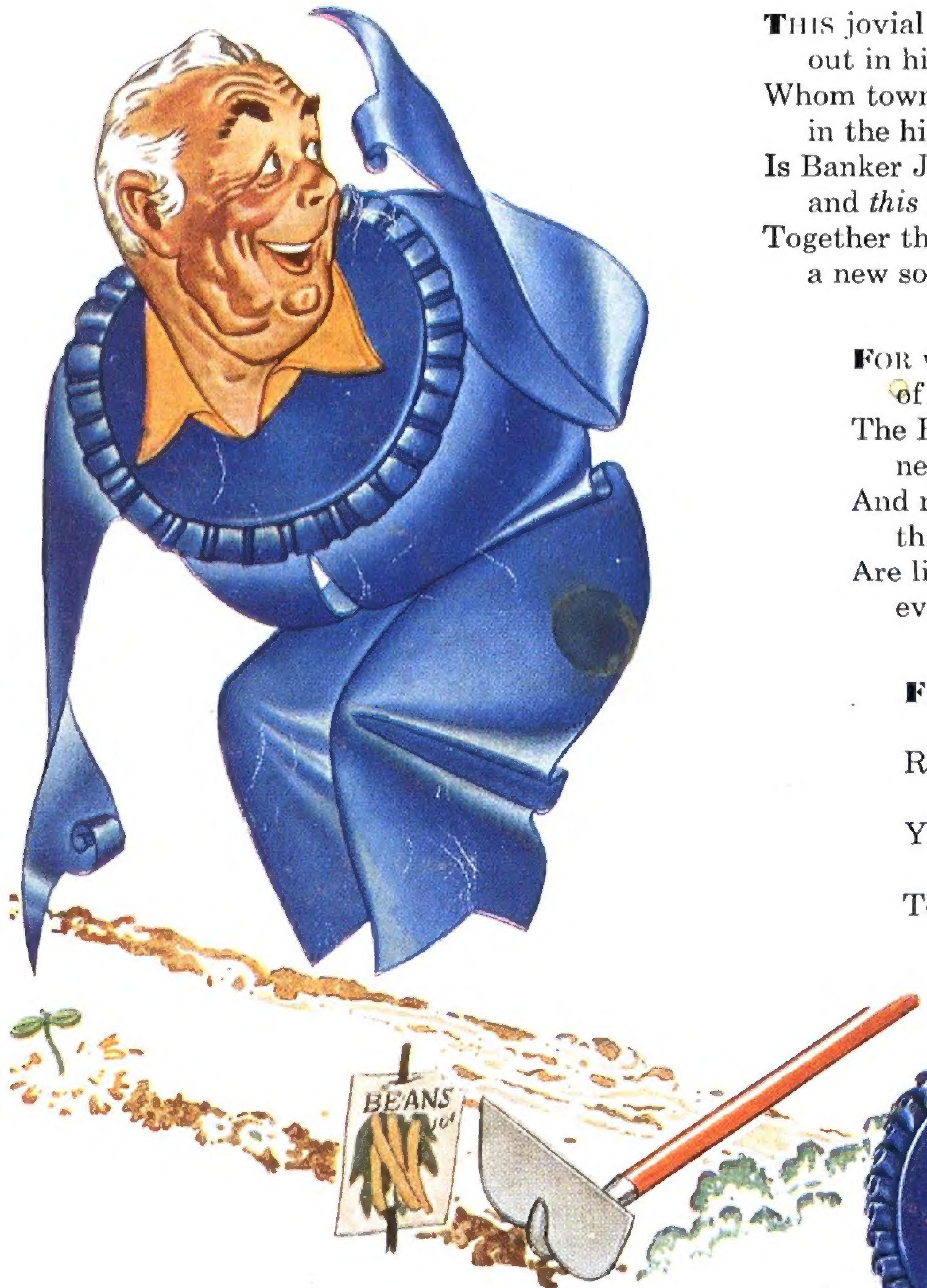
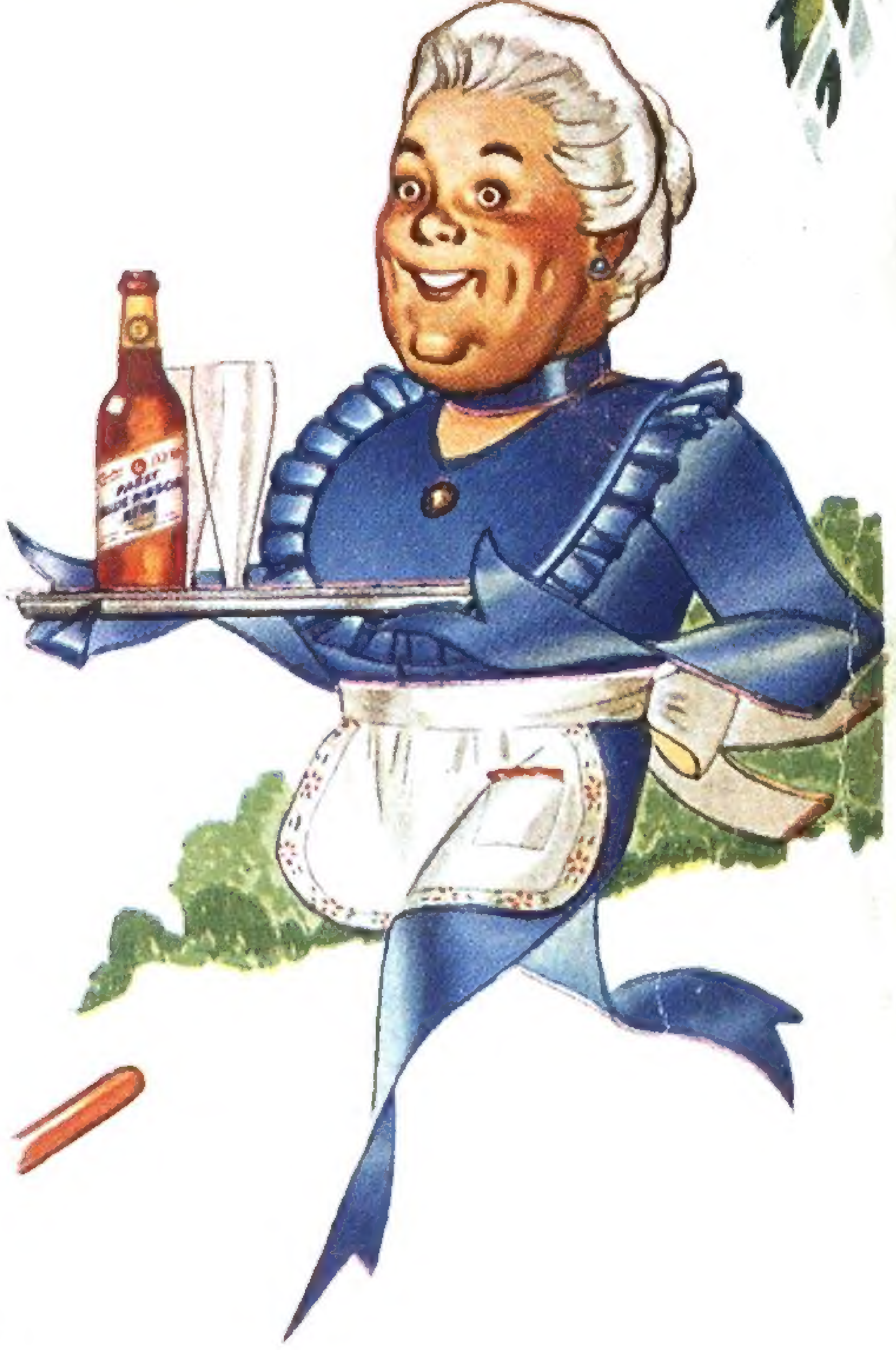


THIS jovial gentleman
out in his yard
Whom townspeople hold
in the highest regard,
Is Banker J. Buxton—
and *this* is his wife
Together they're living
a new sort of life.

FOR what with the shortage
of tires and such—
The Buxtons aren't traveling
nearly as much,
And now they've discovered
that life's greatest treasures
Are little things, simple things—
everyday pleasures.

FOR instance, they've found that
Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer
Refreshes, relaxes, and brings them
good cheer—
Yes, all over Blue Ribbon Town
there's a trend
To the friendlier taste of
this *full flavor blend!*



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